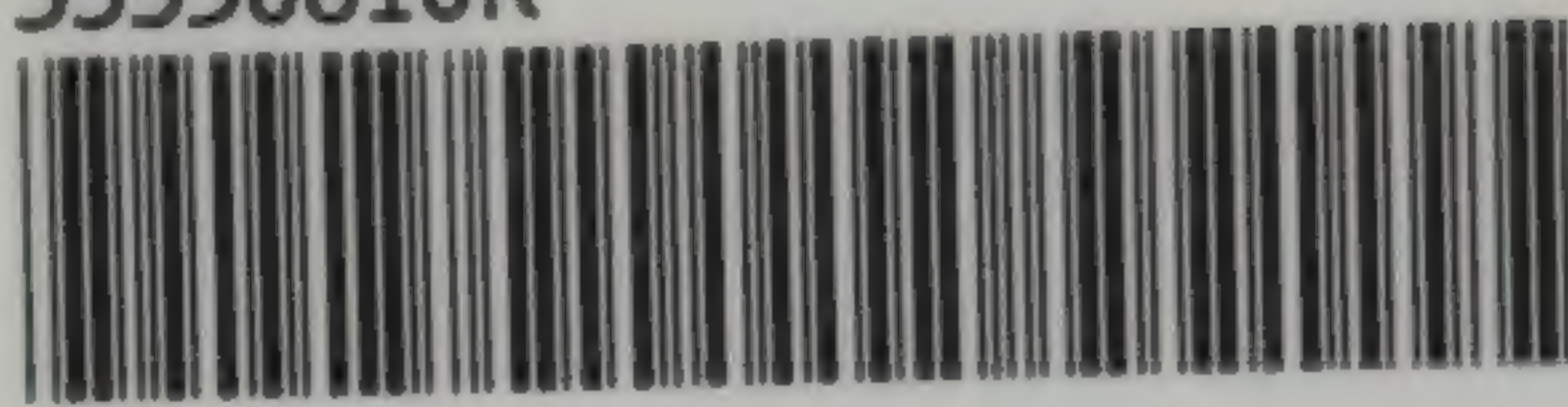


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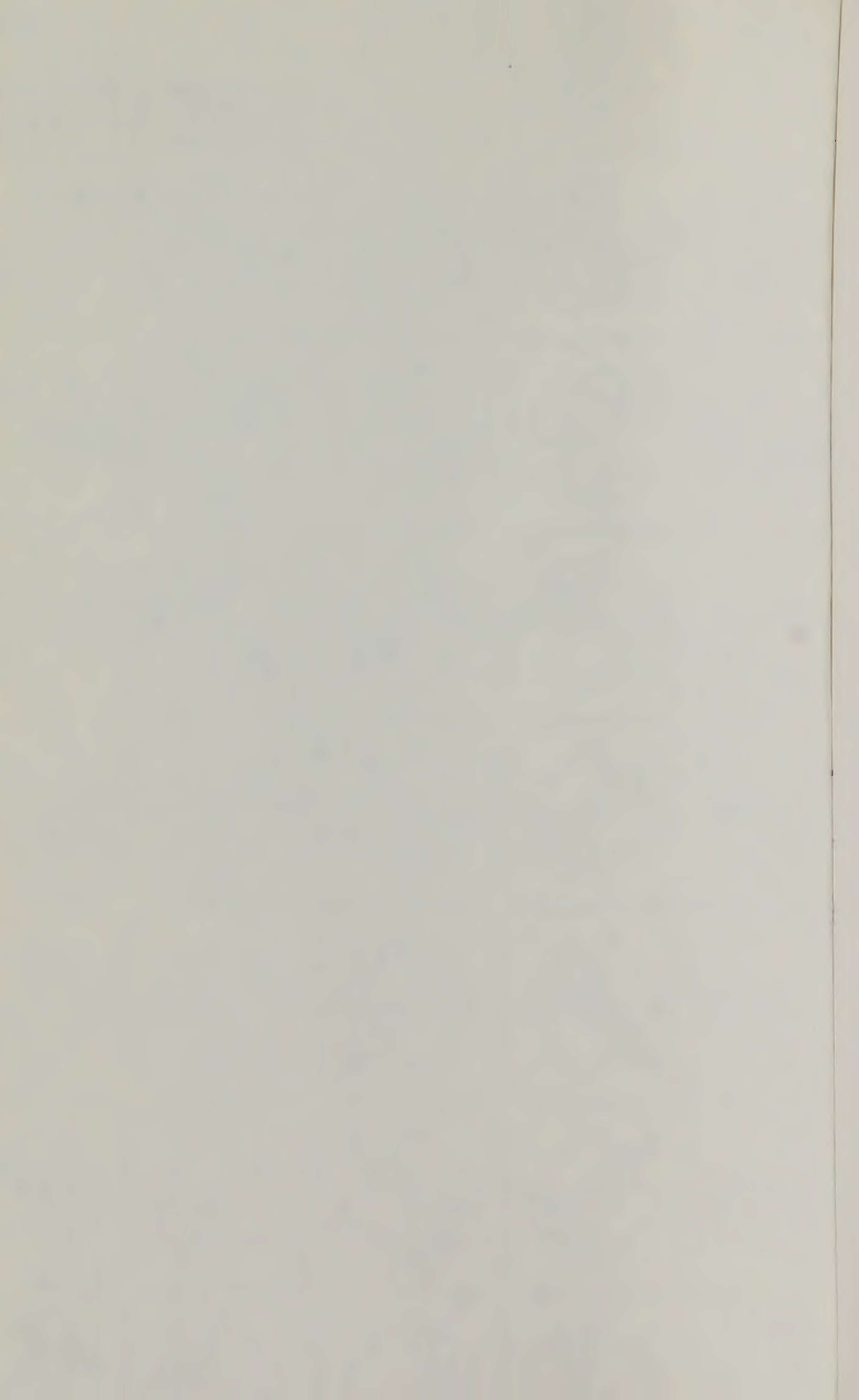
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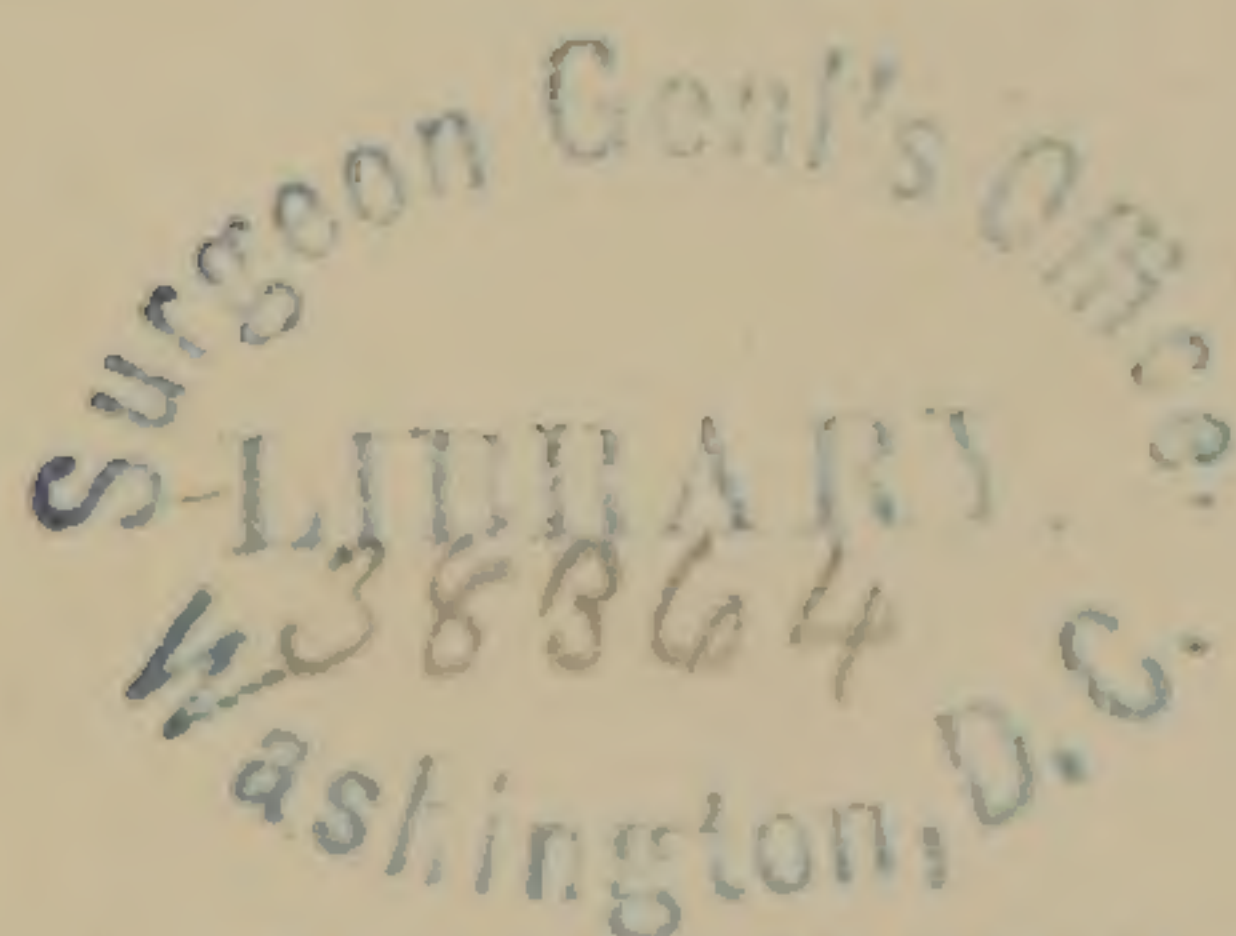
OF

A PHYSICIAN.

BY

JOHN DARBY. *epseud.*

James Edmund Garretson
"



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ODD HOURS OF A PHYSICIAN.

ANTECEDENTS.

A BOOK, as a man, has antecedents. Acquaintance with either is not, perhaps, better to be commenced than by learning something of such pre-associations.

The antecedents of this little volume are found in the circumstances, that the author having written a book which was not without a satisfactory share of success, it brought from his publisher a request for a second; and this so persuasively worded—as reference was had to the banker—that to have denied it would have been to admit that a person may be afflicted with the *cacoethes scribendi*, and at the same time be insusceptible to the solid arguments of the book-makers,—a thing, so far as the author can learn, never yet known, and not well to be made a precedent by anybody.

Terms settled (it is comfortable to have all responsibility on the back of the publisher), it remained simply to decide as to the nature of the new book, and to secure consent to the employment upon the title-page of a name differing from that upon the first book, as well as that on the record page of the author's family Bible; not that a *nom de plume* designates an especial modesty, or is indicative of any particular indifference:

on the contrary, it may be doubted if such shielding of one's identity is not rather of questionable significance. Without consuming pages, however, in the discussion of this matter, it may be asserted, without fear of successful contradiction, that nowadays, as everybody runs into print, the private station has become the seat of honor, and one may not be rebuked in desiring to be classed with the most respectable company.

Again, one may not be averse to giving forth thoughts, good, bad, or indifferent, as they may prove, yet not deem it necessary to the influence of the writing that in *propria persona* he be associated with them. If a thing be good, what odds who created it? And if it be bad, certainly the less it has to support it the better. Still another reason which may influence a writer in disguising the ego is, that in this very practical age the world has come to judge of a man by what it is pleased to term his stability. A man must be inferred to be thinking of one thing all the time,—“sticking to his work,” as we have it. A doctor is not to don a straw hat, neither is he to take off his black coat. A blacksmith had much better set fire to his smithy than let a patron find a work on Paleology upon his workbench.

Everybody thinks, thinks all kinds of thoughts, and about all kinds of things, and the thoughts of everybody are interesting to somebody. The thoughts of Socrates, and of his pupil Plato, interest the world, and have done so for the past two thousand years. A village politician or metaphysician is not without his share of auditors, even though the coffee-bags and barrels in the back part of the country store furnish abundance of seat-room for all of them. I will write

down my odd thoughts, then, I say, and these shall make the book. If they make not a good book, nor an interesting one, I can only regret it, consoling myself with the reflection that there must at least be found people enough on the same plane with it to compensate the publisher; and he satisfied, I am sure I should be. One cannot expect everybody to be his friends, or that overmany people should be able even to find half an hour's entertainment in his company. The book, then, is to be the odd thoughts of odd hours. Neander, or the village optimist, as you may find it. If it shall please you to sit down with me, we can at least compare "life thoughts."

SUCCESS.

“**T**HE whole secret of a man’s success in life,” said a lecturer at a college commencement, “is to be found in three words,—Choose, Begin, Stick;” and in his conclusions he was, I am convinced, about right.

A man engaged in a calling for which he has neither predilection nor talent has, in his pursuit, simply a life of toil: no ambition inspires him, neither does satisfaction in what he accomplishes cheer him; the life employment of an individual should constitute the pleasure of the life, thus overcoming the first, greatest, and generally most lasting drawback,—the retardation of friction.

To know what one may like, and what he shall continue to like, should be felt to be of vital consequence, so far as the selection of a pursuit is concerned; and from the necessities of the relations of “short lives with long arts,” it is seen to be a matter which, in its settlement, should have as little delay as possible. For some, happily, this question is settled by the nature of their organization, some one faculty having development in that excess which makes to the ruling passion or inclination all others subservient. Thus, we would say of Buffon that he was born a naturalist; or of Leon, the delineator of Sappho, that he was made by nature a painter; of Dædalus, that he grew an architect. Lionardo, the Italian, as a child exhibited such power

in art, that when, in a picture of Christ's Baptism, he painted for his preceptor the figure of an angel, Verocchio threw down his brush and declared, in his chagrin, that he would never take it up again, "for that a child had excelled him." Titian, when in pinafores, made fame by creating pictures from the expressed juice of flowers. Murillò, as a boy, was an artist whose works never lacked sale. The genius of Amerighi was so near the surface, that a single month at color-grinding with a Milan artist converted him into Caravaggio.

Genius, such as these exemplified, is temperament; physiologically speaking, this is certainly the right name to call it by,—and men so constituted can no more be else than what they come out than may the worm of the cocoon save itself from becoming the butterfly, or than may men of large viscera deny their lymphatic relations, or the man of nerve repudiate activity.

But, intellectually speaking, the majority of men are without temperaments, or, if not this, they are at least not sufficiently one-sided to have the peculiarity remark itself. For all, however, there are points about even these stronger than other points,—parts which will endure the stress of burdens better than other parts. These are the men that "choosing" concerns.

HOW SHALL SUCH MEN CHOOSE?

If a man might select to go to some particular place led to by various ways, he naturally desires to take that one which may be most in consonance with his habits and inclinations. Now, if to him all the roads be alike

unknown, he may only inform himself concerning their various attractions by two means: either he may learn of others who have journeyed over the roads, or, otherwise, he must travel each for himself. The first of these would, without doubt, be the most time-saving. The second, however, seems, by common consent, in America at least, to be the adopted way. It is, I suppose, in obedience to the injunction, "Try all things, and hold fast that which is good." This latter plan has, without doubt, its advantages, which none may dispute. It has, however, unfortunately been allowed to consume the whole life of many a man. Whatever may be the manner of the choice, such choice would seem important or unimportant as the man is with or without temperament.

SUCCESS.

A wise choice in occupation always, and to every character of individual, considers the length and breadth of a work. It has often enough come even to my own observation to see grand men stranded by having started their boats in a wrong direction, running up stream, with the water growing shallower and shallower, instead of down towards the river and towards the sea. One of the finest minds among my acquaintances lies high and dry upon a carpenter's bench. Had his boat been started right, it would to-day have been on the highest and most vital wave of the ocean of metaphysics. I have seen shopkeepers measuring tape, bound in tape,—bound as fast as was Laocoon in the folds of the serpents, and being crushed as hastily out of

the joys of living,—who, had their business been to measure the lines of the universe, would have invented planispheres with Hipparchus, or taught the principles of trigonometrical calculations with Ptolemy.

BEGIN.

This is the second word in the secret of our lecturer. A choice, however good it may be, is, of course, to no purpose without a beginning of work. Some persons are good enough in the making of the choice, but they are all bad in the making of a beginning; without a beginning there can be no middle or end to a thing.

The time that a man shall begin a thing may be a matter of circumstances; thus, I once knew a young man who had to struggle through five years of labor in a blacksmith's shop before money sufficient could be saved to buy the tickets matriculating him into a medical school. Doctor Samuel Jackson, so long the eminent Professor of Physiology in the University of Pennsylvania, sold medicine behind the counter of the apothecary until forty years old. A famous publisher, whose choice was the ownership of a great newspaper, had to toil twenty years as office-boy, clerk, printer, and book-maker, before his work could be commenced. But a time to begin that may be recognized by everybody is, "The earliest time possible." Nothing is more adverse to success than putting a thing off; not only does it shorten the span of life, but it shortens and debilitates the nature of a man. He who acts on the political motto of Talleyrand is apt to find to-morrow a day that never arrives. Just this moment there comes

to my mind an artist for whose abilities I have great respect. The choice of the man is to paint a great historical picture, but each day he waits on the morrow for an order, and he has so waited, day after day, for years. Yet in these years hours have been profitlessly spent, quite sufficient in number, I am sure, to have created his image. This man is unwisely putting off his beginning. The sooner after a choice is made a beginning is commenced, the better. Begin to-day, if so it may be, to-day is sure.

STICK.

No one thing has more effect upon a result than sticking. The aphorism "that the trickling drop wears away the stone," is not, by any means, too old to deny it a repetition: to stick is to conquer a success. One may not, perhaps, imagine a thing that will not yield before sticking. To see a man change from point to point is to get his measure without asking, and is to prognose his future without needing a gift of prophecy. Sticking gave to Kepler the laws of planetary motion. Of Luther it has been remarked, "That it was a great miracle a poor friar should be able to stand against the Pope, and that it was even a greater that he should prevail." In an age when the voice of the church possessed among the people the influence of God's voice itself, Leo X., in bull, solemnly condemned and excommunicated Luther. But the reformer heeded the interruption so little that he was even spurred by it to the conception of the idea of a church of his own. When Charles V. summoned Luther to Worms, and

emperor and princes united in his condemnation, it produced in Wartburg Castle a translation of the New Testament,—never was there recantation—never vacillation. Sticking resulted in the Reformation. Huygens, by sticking, evolved the truth of the application of the pendulum for the corrections of the irregularities of the clock, having first discovered that the vibrations made in arcs of a cycloid, however unequal they were in extent, were all equal in time. Galileo and Huygens revolve with time, as the two hands go around the face of the clock they created.

Sticking always results in something,—it results in the man doing his work. Whether the work be famous or infamous, useful or useless, depends, first, and most importantly, as the individual is concerned, on the choice he has made; it depends, secondly, upon circumstances. Every man owes it to the relations of his life to discharge a duty; and he is bound, in contributing to the common fund, to do his best. What such best shall be is not always what one might desire. But a man of two talents who brings other two, is every whit as manly a worker as he who, starting with ten, increases them to twenty. A true judgment of a man considers not the result of his work more than the tools with which a result is obtained. Newton, in adding gravitation to the laws worked out by Kepler, deserved not the credit of the latter,—the stem of the apple had at least had a nick put into it in the “*Introduct. ad mot Martis.*” Never did Giotto more impress Cimabue than when he showed him the crude drawing of the sheep, made by the shepherd boy with a bit of broken slate upon the smooth rock. Or, perhaps, never

did Da Vinci exhibit the force of genius to the inspiration of others more fully than when, on the fig-tree stick, he executed his work of the Gorgon, the snakes, lizards, and toads, which the peasant was afraid to touch.

A noble mind wavers never in doubt of itself; the estimate of its power, and of its work, is not from without, but always comes from within. It asks not, neither heeds what the world says; but in whatever situation it finds its place, it recognizes that "station may not honor man, but it is man who honors a station." And that it very well may be that

" More true joy Marcellus, exiled, feels
Than Cæsar, with a Senate at his heels."

SPENDING.

“’**T**IS pleasant,” says Cowper, in his suggestive poem of “The Task,”

“Through the loopholes of retreat
To peep out at the world. To see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates,
At a safe distance, where the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on the uninjured ear.”

Life at twenty and life at forty,—there is a great difference. Which has the advantage is only, perhaps, to be answered by individual experience. Twenty years ago I read Alphonse de Lamartine’s “Raphael,” and pulse to pulse did my heart beat with his creation. I, too, floated over still lakes in dying sunsets. I, too, caught the soft music of the sphere as it came from ruby lips and pearly gateways. I, too, breathed the odors of Araby as a warm breath swept over my cheek.

Twenty years ago, just after finishing the reading of this book, it was carried off by a fair friend. And at forty, on my very birthday, was it brought back to me. At forty, then, I re-read Raphael. Alas and alack! the lakes had grown rough and damp, the sunsets were tame and cold; upon pearly teeth I had seen sordes, and ruby lips had shown the blush of rouge; odors had grown faint, or, what amounted to the same thing, my nerves had diminished in their sensibility. Then

I cast aside forever Raphael, and said to myself, The time of the lake is passed, and you are upon the river; and, even from the river must you go on to the things of the sea.

* * * * For an hour I have been sitting, this page before me, making rings of smoke, and watching them as suddenly they whisk through a crack made by the lowered sash. * * * The lines commencing the paper I indited as a text for something I desired to write about life; but through some influence almost beyond my control, when the soft dallyings of Cowper had been written, the pen seemed determined to add a something from Bailey. And this is what it wanted to write:

“Use, use is life, and he most truly lives
Who uses best.”

Twenty years ago, for the first time in my life, did I copy Cowper's lines, and, more than this, attempted an essay on them. To-day, this moment, the paper is before me, yellow and dim, from its long hiding in a dark corner of my desk. Twenty years ago were the days of Raphael. I cannot, to-day, I find, copy for my publisher the yellow manuscript. It may not, then, be esteemed strange if, just here, a thought intrudes concerning the propriety of what, in these odd hours, shall now be written. What may be thought of these pages when another twenty years are passed? Shall the judgment of sixty differ from that of forty, as has forty from that of twenty? Well, I say to myself, and I believe, this will be so; yet, at sixty, I doubt me if they would get rewritten.

•

But my text answers not the requirements of the thoughts ; I will get a better from Shakspeare :

“ One man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms ;
 And then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
 And shining morning face, creeping like a snail
 Unwillingly to school ; and then the lover,
 Sighing like a furnace, with a woful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow ; then a soldier,
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like a pard,
 Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth ; and then, the justice,
 In fair, round belly, with good capon lined,
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances,
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slippered pantaloon ;
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;
 His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank ; and his big, manly voice,
 Turning again toward a childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange, eventful history,
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion ;
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.”

Shakspeare, says an eminent barrister and critic, is, in his truths, like the inspirations of the Bible, “ the study of them enlarges and widens the meaning.” We refute this, however, in this particular instance at least, I think, in asking if the poet himself is sans anything of the true life, even after two hundred years of burial.

It is, then, of true life I would write, and the Avon poet, who I may not admit in his description to com-

pass life, does yet very well remind me of what I would say.

The two things most alike in this world are living and shopping. A man has to spend of life as he has of gold,—just so much. As he parts with this capital wisely or unwisely, so he gets in return good or evil. If, having but a single dollar, I enter a shop, and in the purchase of any one thing—a handkerchief, if you please—I lay it all out, when supper-time comes round I must go hungry. If in riotous living I spend my thousands, I may some time lack the shelter which pennies of the thousands might have provided. A man cannot have the “penny and the whistle.”

The capital of human life is, no doubt, for a wise purpose, a limited one. To invest it seems to be the problem most deserving attention. This capital is in the hands of a man without restrictions; where he invests it, and how, is his own concern. Quickly, however, is he to learn that investments mean permanency, and that to change these at will, is about the most difficult of difficult things.

To shop wisely with the money of life, is to consider well, for what one spends it, as a man buys, he keeps; never, indeed, can a purchase be fully gotten clear of, or exchanged; this, every buyer will surely find out.

A young man with his capital fresh in the pouch of his nature starts out to the shop. Here is plenty to attract him, no lack of objects to invite his outlay. Yet, even if he have but a very common share of judgment, he recognizes that there is choice to be made; his money may not possess him of all that he sees,—what shall he buy? How shall he know what to buy?

Twenty years ago I translated from the German of Jean Paul Richter the following story. Let the young man with his money in his pouch read it :

“On a New-Year’s night stood an old man at his window and looked, with a glance of fearful despair, up to the unmovable, ever-blooming heaven, and down upon the still, pure, white earth, whereupon now was no one so joyless and sleepless as he ; for near him stood his grave, and it was covered with the snow of age, not with the green foliage of youth. From a whole rich life had he brought nothing but errors, sins, and bitter memories, a wasted body and a desolate soul, a breast full of poison, and an old age full of repentance. To-day the beautiful days of his youth reappeared like specters, and reconveyed him to that lovely morning when his father had placed him upon the crossway of life, which leads, on the right, over a sunny pathway into a large, quiet land full of light and harvests, and which, on the left, plunges into the mole-walks of vice, into a black cave full of distilling poison, full of hissing snakes, and of dark, sultry vapors.

“Alas ! the snakes were hanging on his breast, and the drops of poison were upon his tongue, and he knew now where he was. Distracted, and with unspeakable grief, he thus appealed to Heaven : Give me back my youth, O Father ! place me again upon the crossway, that I may choose otherwise. But his father and his youth were gone long ago. He saw *ignes-fatui* dancing upon the marshes and disappearing in the cemetery, and he said, ‘These are my foolish days. He saw a star fly from heaven, and, glittering in its fall, it vanished upon the earth. ‘That am I, said his bleeding heart, and the

snake-teeth of repentance digged deeper and deeper into his wounds. His flaming imagination showed him flying night-walkers upon the roofs, and the wind-mill lifted threateningly its arms for his destruction, and a skull, having been left behind in the house of the dead, assumed gradually his features. In the midst of this struggle the music for the New Year flowed down from the steeple like far-off church melodies. His emotions began to soften. He looked about around the horizon, and over the far-extending earth, and he thought of the friends of his youth, who, now happier and better than he, were teachers of the earth, fathers of happy children and blessed men, and he said, Oh, I might also, like you, slumber with dry eyes through this first night if I had willed it; alas! I might have been happy, my dear parents, if I had but obeyed your exhortations.

“In the feverish remembrance of this time of his youth, it appeared to him as if the skull in the house of the dead raised itself up. At length it became a living youth, by that superstition which, in the New Year’s night, sees spirits of futurity.

“He could look upon it no longer, he covered his eyes, a thousand hot tears dropped from his cheeks, vanishing in the snow. He sighed disconsolately, in accents scarcely audible, ‘Come back, youth, oh, come back!’ And it did come back; for thus horribly he had only dreamt. His errors alone had been no dream. But he thanked God that he, yet young, was able to turn round in the dirty walks of vice, and to return to the sunny path which leads into the land of the harvests.”

The implication of punishment for life-laws broken,

to be meted out in some future sphere, may be left for the pulpit. The future which our suggestions consider, is to-day, to-morrow, every day. Eternity, for the man who would live right, has no beginning, no ending,—to-day is of eternity. Assuredly is this true of all questions which involve good or evil. Who that has not bought a dollar's worth of heaven, as he has dropped his money upon the counter of a widow's wants, or who that has not received his complement of wretchedness from the dollars drawn to his own till, leaving empty the purse of an orphan?

“Once in my youth,” says Montaigne, “I bent me down over the delicate freshness and fragrance of a sweet mignonette plant; it was beautiful, and the breath of God came from its throat. This was in the morning. In the afternoon I had sinned to the deserving of hanging; and when, in the evening, I came back to get consolation from my flower, alas! its fragrance was all gone and its freshness had turned into dry leaves.”

A man who buys of evil, is no less a fool—ay, even is he a greater—than he who casts his notes upon the waters, watching them as they float away. The last loses alone of good; the first loses not only his good, but replaces the good with evil,—

“Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.”

“The mewling, puking age of infancy” we know. The scene “that ends the strange, eventful history,—the second childishness,” we daily see. So, also, do we see the actor, ere he speaks, walk from the obscurity of parts beyond the wings; but before he passes out the other side he has played a part, and that which he has

said or done is to leave its impress, stronger or lighter, greater or lesser, forever,—as a word, however lightly whispered, agitates the surrounding atmosphere and has the movement limited by space alone.

“Use, use is life,”

and life is immortal.

When one walks upon a street, he finds himself instinctively measuring the character and nature of the people he meets. This is truly an instinct, and comes from its relation to that law of nature which is known as impressibility; that is, that molecular life is influenced or modified by that which acts upon it. So that, as a man can make no movement, however slight, which alters not to an extent his muscular relations, so is no thought indulged, or act committed, which leaves not, in its own way, a lasting impression. So true indeed is this, physiologically, that it interprets to him who may read it, the character and nature of that book of life wherein is recorded all the actions of our being. Let us make an illustration: “That is a bad man,” say you, as one crosses your way; or, “In that face is the countenance of virtue.” Why do you so judge? It is not probable that you may have any special reason to give, but you do not hesitate to affirm that you are seldom mistaken in these judgments. Well, ask now your friend, the closer observing physiognomist, about the two passers, or ask your neighbor, the phrenologist, as he calls himself. Little by little will these, with their cultivated powers, spell out the impressions which, like letters strung together, make the books of the two lives. Page by page will they read, missing nothing,

and at length shall you know, from the beginning to the ending, all of the lines that have been written. It is no truer that muscles, bones, and ligaments are influenced to their strength or weakness by that which is put into the blood for their nutrition, than is it, that the soul of a man shows the pabulum upon which it feeds. The story of a life, body and soul, is the story of an animal fed upon pigment. For experiment's sake take a young pig, fresh from its mother, and of rapid growth, feed it alternate days with food containing madder and food without the coloring matter; in a month the animal may be killed, when dissection will reveal in its bones layers of red and layers of white, as regular in the rotation, as was the feeding.

Or, to take another example, also a very familiar one: prick into the skin in earliest boyhood India-ink. It remains, some of it, even although happily modified, when old age has come to the man. Yet, in the years which have intervened, the epithelial tissue in which it lies has been in constant alteration. True, the ink must disappear, all of it, some time,—not from life however, not from nature. So long as matter shall last will it exist. I only want to impress that in your relation with it you modified it and it modified you.

If the shop in which one buys, contains bonds which pay a continuously increasing interest, shall a purchaser not better take of these, than of stocks which are worthless, or of chattels, which may be absolutely hurtful?

A good action radiates good, and an evil deed circulates evil; shall one, then, not rather do that which is good?

A man is a free agent to himself. Shall he, then,

as his turn comes, play the seven ages, taking no lesson from the past? Will he say, A bearded pard is the fourth part, and I must play the pard? Now war is coming to be recognized as the disgrace and offense of high civilization, and woe may it be to him by whom the offense cometh! Shall he not then rather beat his sword into the pruning-hook, and in the higher and nobler pursuits of peace, give to himself, and insure to others, that quiet and calm which is the joy and the comfort of living? Sophistry may only satisfy the soldier of defense—never him, of offense.

If use is life, to do good and to get good is the life of use. Not is life to be viewed as seven seasons, but as three: spring, the season of preparation; summer, the season of development; fall, the season of giving forth. To yield, is the highest development of man-life, as it is of tree-life; and as a tree is known by its fruit, so becomes a man known. The tree that produces the best fruit is most valued, best attended. So man, producing good fruit, is cultivated, and men bring to his support all that best ministers to him; and if he grows greater and better than all other trees, so it is to his honor and glory to stand out a landmark to the world.

But a tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and is cast into the fire. The moral axe which strikes down a bad man is not of less temper or edge than is that which cleaves through a bad tree. It differs, however, from it in being a blade which rises out of a man's own self, and its strikings are of each action; so that as a man of ill grace strikes, happily his axe strikes also, and thus, with each blow he makes, his

ability to strike hard is diminished. The world, seeing not the axe which cuts him, looks at him as a man losing character, and says of him, "He will soon be powerless for evil, for all his reputation will be gone."

PRINCIPLES.

“AN ordinary man,” says Godwin, in his “Study of the Classics,” “sees an object just as it is presented to him, and sees no more. But a man of genius takes it to pieces, inquires into its causes and effects, remarks its internal structure, and considers what would have been the result if its members had been arranged and combined differently, or had been subjected to other influences. The man of genius gains a whole magazine of thought, while the ordinary man has received only one idea; and his powers are multiplied in proportion to the number of ideas upon which they are to be so employed.”

In the museum of the University of Pennsylvania hangs the portrait of an eminent man, in which he is represented as leaning against a massive block of granite; across the face of this block, three times repeated, is the meaning word, Principles, Principles, Principles.

As it comes in the way of a man to grow in the comprehension of the things of life, he will find that more and more is it impressed on him, that nothing, but that which ignorance makes, is complex; that anything and everything, understood, astonishes much more in its simplicity than it did in the dim light of its obscurity.

The law of the needle, said Howe, is, I see, that the eye should be in the point, and not in the head,

and so, the moment the eye was changed, the needle made twenty stitches where before it had only been able to make one; and mankind wondered, and each day wonders not less, that the stupidity of the world, never, until the nineteenth century of the Christian era, saw the principle of managing a needle.

Principles are, however, to be grasped alone from that preliminary comprehension of things which considers details; a man crawls with his finite mental feet from the spring's mouth to the spring's source; from the phenomena to the force from which phenomena come. It is thus, or otherwise, that there is a genius not of growth, but of birth; or perhaps it very well may be that there are even two such sources of true knowledge, that is, the inductive, and the inspirational.

To induce, a man must possess that through which induction comes; this possession is knowledge: recall the aphorism of all civilization, "Knowledge is power."

Let us for a moment think of the science of language. What must have been the crude condition of that which to-day, from twenty-six irregular marks, composes many thousands of words, which words, in the various transpositions which we can make of them, express all the science, the art, the poetry, and the literature of the world! Or think again of all the music of the world, of the grave, godly strains of Beethoven, or of the pipings, which dance of themselves, of Offenbach,—the changes of seven notes,—simply, seven notes. Or still again, think of the great mechanical works accomplished by man. The stones of the Pyramids raised; seas turned from their channels; mountains razed; steam harnessed to wheels, and working as docile

as the veriest galley-slave, — all, all done with five simple instruments. Or still again, count the stars of the sky and number the grains of sand upon the sea-shore,—it is easy to find the number. You need but nine figures and a cipher. Yes, wonderful, and of witchery, as it seemed to the unlettered dweller of the forest, it is even, as remarked by Cardell, “That the instrument of all intellectual improvement, of social enjoyment, of commercial transactions ; the great mental attendant from which the dearest ties of domestic life derive their highest gratification ; the handmaid of science in all its walks ; the medium of instruction, civil, moral, religious ; the basis of all the relations of peace and war ; of public security and personal right ; of jurisprudence, and the decisions of life and death ; the whole composition of individual elevation and national glory so inwrought with every ligament of social existence,—all this amazing machinery depends on the combinations of twenty-six little marks of different forms made on paper, and called letters.”

But how, and whence came letters? Letters came as all things come, that is, being a creation of necessity. Let me offer an illustration.

Some few years back there lived, in the city of Philadelphia, a strange man, who wandered about the streets hatless, and whom the people called Munday or Monday, otherwise the “Hatless Philosopher.” One afternoon, followed by a troop of boys, his usual attendants, I saw this man stop, in an apparently reflective mood, before a store sign upon which was inscribed the name “Caveson.” Turning, after a moment, to his followers, he said, “Boys, can any of you tell me how

this man came to be called Caveson? It is just from the matter of a principle. The father of this person lived, in some long-ago-forgotten time, in a cave. What so natural as to distinguish him from his neighbor who lived in the wood, by designating him from his residence? Thus he became 'Cave,' the man who lived in the cave. In the course of time, this man in the shop here was born; he had to have a name, so it came, by the same principle, that people knew him as Cave's son. The apostrophe, as you must see, soon made itself felt as awkward and unnecessary; it was dropped, and from that hour the man was Caveson." Just here an inductive urchin, of Jewish type, cried out, "But how about Caveson's son,—what did they call him?" "Go to your school, instead of lounging about the streets," answered the Philosopher, "and you will discover that by this time your Hebrew fathers had learned grammar, and having 'case,' they never could, thereafter, have had any trouble about such matters."

Just as Cave's son became Caveson, so letters came, must have come. With man's advancement, requirements grew, or rather, made themselves felt; ingenuity developed with requirements.

Let us for a moment pursue this subject. It very well serves as a type of all inductive knowledge; in it may be seen all of advancing life.

The hieroglyphics of Egypt, which were the letters of the Egyptian, numbered two hundred and three. Perhaps, better than call them letters, we should designate them as signs. They were the crude creations of the predecessors of Phœnicia's Cadmus; they were

better than no signs, but, as higher requirements proved, they had not in them the capability of passing beyond symbols. Hence we wonder not now that the Egyptian transmitted to his succeeding ages no poetry or literature, it was simply that he had no alphabet in which to write such things; his signs were paintings, and who has ever painted the words that burn? He could tell, and has told, of his wars, and of his arts, of sciences, policy, and laws, but in higher composition he was dumb.

The fault of the letter, or sign, or symbol of Egypt, call it what you please, was the lack of a mathematical precision. To write much, was to increase the number of the hieroglyphics; to increase the number, was to confound the meanings. Now, it is with letters as with machinery: to do much work with them, the elements of their construction must be simple, easy of understanding, and effectual in application. The letters of Cadmus, if indeed it were he who invented the letters we now use, are reducible to a mathematical certainty in the matter of unlimited application; simple lines and marks that they are, made, all of them, in a moment, they will write as readily the history and poetry of a world as the simple explanation of their own invention. And thus we are led to see that this wonderful thing called language, which even the library of an Alexandria, with its half-million volumes, did not exhaust, lies, all of it, in twenty-six little marks. Ah! what shall man not know, when he becomes able to see in all things, as did Cadmus, of the secrets of language? The houses of the mysteries are as soap-bubbles, when we may reach to pierce them.

To be able to do, is but to know; to know, is, by contemplation and investigation, to possess one's self of that knowledge which, as Bacon calls it, is the "force, or power, of life." But, "Even as a hawke fleeth not hie with one wing, even so a man reacheth not to excellency with one idea"—tongue, is the word of the philosophic Askam, from whom I make the quotation.

This I want to say, that no thing is known, solidly, outside of the reasons concerned in the construction of that thing. What an unintelligible mass of confusion must ever remain pathological matters to him who possesses not the weights of the physiological balance! With what may he measure derangements? With what illumine the obscurities? And then again, in turn, who can learn anything of physiology without a foundation for judgment fixed in the laws of anatomical construction? And what man, still again, may read the general law of form, who, with microscope, grasps not first the secrets of histology? How incomprehensible, to the illiterate mind, must it be, when, from a marl-pit, the palæontologist picks up the half-decayed tooth, and from its anatomy reads the history of a race dead a thousand years! Nay; even more than this; when, from that single symbol, he re-creates, with wood and plaster, the exact form of the entire animal, never perhaps, seen by human eyes. Yet, to the scholar, the work has been very easy; to do it, he needed alone to know the principle of type conformity.

Life is conformity to law. This I believe to be the highest text in medicine. The phenomena of the earth

and of the heavens are simply expressions, true to their laws as are the revolutions of the wheel. Nothing in all the world's creation is complex. What should be to man the obscurities of medical diagnosis, when it is permitted him to look to the very limits of sidereal space? When a physician sees not fully and distinctly the disease of his patient, he is ignorant, must be ignorant, because he fails to read causes that exist, and which causes, in the very law of nature, are readable. Not, however, as all must understand, may such ignorance reflect specially on any individual practitioner; all his fellows may be equally unable to the translation. But this reflection it does make: every phenomenon has its cause, every cause is capable of analysis. Learning is not complete in a man until he has the key that opens every secret. Does this expression seem pretentious? Not so. Adam and Eve got learning enough to discover that they were naked. The nineteenth century clutches by the very blade the flaming sword that drove them from Paradise, and turns it into a message-bearer to run up and down the earth. Or, if the sword rebels and would strike, man fends the blow with his lightning-rod.

“It moves,” said Galileo; with his newly-invented telescope he had caught the secrets of the heavens, and had overturned the unintelligible unrealities of the Ptolemaic theory. It is very simple to us now that we know it. The law of the balloon is now no mystery even to a child; but Bartholomeu Gusmão had to endure the tortures of Dominic's Inquisition because his invention was deemed by his ignorant Jesuit brothers to be of Satan rather than of science.

The fault of the age is, that man knows entirely too little, or entirely too much,—too much for the Ptolemaic faith of the monkish fathers, too little for the materialistic* flight which, it may be, is to unite him on a higher plane with the religion which, as a scientist, he is now accused of wandering from. God has multitudinous attributes. The sum of his total, or the secrets of his analysis, man is never perhaps to read. But this is the only knowledge he may not attain to. To him, I am sure, are all other mysteries given,—he may not, by searching, find out God, yet he may learn of Him. But milk is for babes, and strong meat is for men. Let babes take that which best suits them, but when men revile the meat which may alone appease the appetite of a Herbert Spencer, a Tyndall, a Darwin, an Emerson, or any other thinker, let them remember the contempt which all the casuistry of Tiraboschi succeeded not in turning from the milk-drinkers of the Inquisition, the persecutors of Galileo and Gusmão.

The study of the laws of life is materialism, but materialism is not infidelity. It is time, if, indeed, the time has not already come, when intelligence shall have outgrown this, its greatest heresy to itself. “Know thyself,” is the advice of God, and no man knows of himself without knowing just that much more of God.

The study of self, of life, is materialism. “My invention,” said Gusmão, “is not of Satan, is not in opposition to any law or belief of the church, the navigation of the air is the simple understanding of a

* Materialism is not accepted in these papers as denying spiritual relations.

natural law." Not so, however, thought his fellow-Jesuits, and so Gusmão was thrown into the deepest dungeon of the Inquisition for being heretical and in league with evil spirits. Can this Florentine professor, in his Copernican heresy, know more than Pope, councils, and fathers? asks the antagonist essayist of the man who had discovered more of God than had all the ignorance of his times. "It does move," answered Galileo; and the church and the people of to-day repeat, "It does move." "The Inquisition itself will float in my balloon," cried Gusmão from his deep cell, and Catholic France has floated. Materialism,—why, materialism is (to the understanding of God) what the understanding of anatomy is to the comprehension of physiology, or what physiology is to the knowledge of pathology. Materialism never has, never will, never can be in opposition to religion. To theology, it has been and may still be; but a great mistake is made when theology and religion are used as synonymous.

I would, just here, be well understood and not misquoted. My own soul bows in reverence, beyond any words I might speak, before my God, the Creator of the world. But the subject of religion appeals to me with a grandeur and a greatness, and withal, with a simplicity which raises it so high, that the dross which man throws over it, somehow or other, fails to obscure it to me. Where duty is so plain, the technicalities of science do not seem to me necessary to its elucidation. If (between materialism and theology) there is confusion and conflict, it is only the difference of two things which, from opposite aspects, gravitate towards a common center. When the two classes map their circle,

each will, from necessity, clasp hands at this center ; this cannot be otherwise, else is truth not truth, or else are men dishonest to that which is the very pith of life, and are fools in their very constitutions.

The difference between the scientist and theologians is the difference of Philip's son and the Babylonian priests. When Alexander overran Babylon, he brought from every country which he had conquered one of its priesthood. Assembling them all together he asked, "Do you venerate a highest invisible being?" All bowed themselves and answered, "We do."

"With what title name you him?" asked the king. Thereupon answered the priest from India, "We name it Brahma ; that means the great." The priest from Persia, "We name it Ormus ; that means the original light." The priest from Judea, "Jehovah Adonai ; the Lord who was, is, and will be." And thus every priest had an own word wherewith he denominated the Most High. Then in his heart angered the king. "You have only one ruler and one king," said he, "so shall you henceforth have only one god ; Zeus is his name."

When the king had spoken there was much sorrow, for the priests said to themselves, "How can we love a new god?"

At length a Brahmin, a gray-haired sage, begged permission of the king to speak to the assembly. Turning himself to the priests he thus addressed them : "The heavenly constellation of the day, the well of the earthly light, shines it in the country of each of you?" All bowed themselves together and answered, "Yes." Then the Brahmin asked them one after another, "How

name you the same?" Each one answered, but each had a different name. Then turned the Brahmin to the king and asked, "Shall they not name henceforth the constellation of the day with the same word?" At these words the king became full of shame, and said, "Let them each use his own word; I see well that the image and sign is not the essence." (*Krummacher.*)

We come back. A principle is like the delicate lever, which a slight hand touches, and a huge steamship is moved. But the lever mover must understand the relations of the lever. This is knowledge in detail; a wise student seeks always from the details, the principle, thus he gets hold of the lever. "Give me a fulcrum," cried Archimedes, "and I will move the world."

Let us work out together a thought, a study we may call it. Let us see how a circle, little or great, has always a center. This shall be the thought.

God is omnipresent. Yet when a man supplicates God there is a light of his nature which always places before him a father with an individuality, whom he addresses. Can anything have individuality and yet be omnipresent? Is this the same as asking "If a thing can be in two different places at the same time?" We will consider the answer materialistically.

I speak before you a word, Water. Already has the mind in its presence that which is known as this substance. Every one of us has the same sense of recognition. No two differ in what is seen. This, then, which we see, which we recognize, is a thing with an individuality. So much is certain. Water has individuality.

We pass to a second proposition. Water is omnipresent.

Take a vessel and fill it with ice, set it out on the hottest, driest day of summer; soon its whole surface is covered with beads of water; the cold vessel has simply condensed surrounding moisture. Or get up early some summer morning, and see the dew with which the earth washes her face; the spigot of radiation is not less simple than is that which man turns in his bath. The air, then, is full of water, and the finger may make no motion in space that does not displace this substance. Burn a piece of wood, dry, if you please, with the lapse of ages; analyze the smoke which ascends in the combustion, and in every pore of the wood you will see that there must have been moisture. Take the carpet upon your floor; if you find not water in its fibres it is rotten, and you will need to throw it away. Take a bone, the identical one, if you might find it, which gave origin to the expression, "Dry as a bone," subject it to the action of a fire which shall burn out even but part of the animal moisture it contains, and you will have no longer a bone, but dust. Take the paper upon which you write; take your books; in all, will be found water. Take man in his lordliness. Water is he, all of him, but an almost inappreciable moiety.

Water is everywhere at the same time.

Water is, then, omnipresent.*

If thus, materialistically, we demonstrate the omnipresence of a created thing, is it not a negative proof

* Criticism may be anticipated by admitting that water is not recognizable by analysis in even all the things which have been mentioned;

quite as strong as a positive, that the Creator is more subtle than that which he creates? We assume, then, logically, the proving without a doubt that could arise on the question. Let us also repeat the other aspect, for it is a comfortable expression to mankind, God, with his omnipresence, is Individual.

We pause here to consider the knowledge which enables us to know, inductively, what we have just averred.

If we say water is in everything, and as we know everything passes away, either it must be that water is a continuous creation, or otherwise it must be directly correlative.

Let us look.

Here is a spring, away, if we please, upon a mountain-side. We stand for awhile and watch the water as it comes bubbling through the sands in the bottom. We will dig, we say, for we wish to find the source of the bubbling; so, as we work, we come soon to a crevice; here is the water; foot by foot we follow this crevice; it leads us to the surface. A spring, then, is simply water coming up through the earth, which water had soaked in from its surface. This our digging has proved to us.

We will follow the water from the spring; it is a mountain rivulet: the grass, and ferns, and birds drink of it. We follow it to the meadow: it has grown into

it is not found in oxide of iron, in crystals, etc. It may be denied that as water it exists in the brain; but not to digress to a discussion which passes beyond the demonstrations of analytical chemistry, water is a substance so widely diffused that one may scarcely conceive where it may not be, and, as such a substance, it answers best the purpose of our illustration.

the creek ; it becomes of the river ; of the bay ; of the sea. Now we seat ourselves upon the shore. What are the great rays extending away off into the sky?—water-rays, the shore-man calls them. Let us follow. Behold ! it is the water of the mountain spring. We go not far before we see the vapors condensed into a cloud, and the cloud is carried by the swaying winds over the mountain ; here it meets with some colder strata, and down comes the water in the form of rain. We run to look at it, but even so soon has it sunk away into the crevice. Then we say to ourselves we have seen a circle.

Have we worked out our thought? And may not even this single illustration suggest that profoundest things are capable of ample and simple explanation?—that even of God may we learn something by the seeking.

I object to the common criticism on the word materialism, because it seems to me that they who criticise fail to see that its definition is of a necessity changed by the circumstances of the times. Matter and spirit correlate, and in their transmigration fulfill all laws and serve all purposes ; but materialism treats alone of law, not of the maker of the law. Materialism (in the analytical nature) precedes faith, as symbols and signs precede speech. Materialism is the one side of a circle that leads to God,—the maker of Law, just as Bible-faith is the other side. The first teaches a man the attributes of his God by carrying him over God's footsteps ; the second is the same knowledge, received by what we have suggested as inspirational.

From a common source has come all things. One

circlet is associated with another, as are the circlets enlarging from the stone which agitates the water. A man getting his teaching from inspiration is as one raised above the water and seeing the circlets as they enlarge from a center. The materialist seeks the center, being led from the circumference. Let not centralist and materialist rebuke each other, but rather recognize that to each pertains the same center and the same circle.

“Children only, and not men,” says the sacred book of the Hindoo, “write and speak of the speculative and practical faculties as two ; they are but one, for both obtain the self-same end, and the place which is gained by the followers of the one is gained by the followers of the other.”

L A W.

LAW it is which governs, or should govern, all things. Absence of law, or absence of conformity to law, gives much more of dis-ease, than ease. Let no man complain in his short-sightedness that he is under the dominion of law, even although its clutch may be about his throat, or its incubus upon his estate : let him rather look farther.

Here before us stands, if we may make an example, a poor little girl ; she shivers in the thinness of her blood ; she is putrescent from its pollution. She suffers from the infringement of law ; yet in her person has she not broken the law wherefrom she suffers. She is laboring, we say, under a transmitted disease ; the sin of the father is visited on the child, and to the fourth generation is this perhaps to continue.

In reflecting on a case of this kind, we are led, naturally, to consider the subject of the waste and repair constantly at variance in the human economy,—the laws of nutrition, if you please ; and in such reflection we find forced upon us the conviction of the agreement with modern science ; of the inferences or prophecies, the deductions or inspired sayings, name them what you will, of those whom we infer to have known nothing logically of what they affirmed. To say, in an isolated or abstract manner, that one shall suffer for the sins of another, seems, and indeed is, repugnant to all

sense of equity ; but when wider viewed, when one rises above the mists which environ him in his individuality, when he comes to a recognition of the principles which govern, if, then, he does not cease to think of equity, he finds himself at least lost in wonderment of a law through whose provision he has been so well and so fully cared for.

Life and fate may be likened to the revolving wheels of a great chariot, yet luckily for us, guided in an unerring, undeviating course. as when a Phœbus holds the reins, not roving and erratically moving as with a Phaeton, to set a world ablaze.

The type of life is a unity. Vary as it must, change as it will, it passes onward step by step, stage by stage, in an eternal progress—or shall we better say, in an eternal circle?—until the single cell becomes a man, and until—who may say otherwise?—the man grows unto his God, to become again a part of that from whence he came,—as God is life. As a sunray set free from its center, passes through immensity, doing in its passage, who shall say what good? becomes imprisoned in a clod of coal, passes again after generations of generations to its chemical elimination, which we call fire, is again freed, again on its round, and finally, after a varied service, finds itself whence it came.

Or, as water has a distinct individuality, let it be for us in what form it may, one it is, like unto God : the same, everlasting and eternal ; it changes form but alters not ; it passes along in its cycle, now the rolling waves of an ocean, now the solid and ponderous iceberg, anon as the insensible perspiration ; with the same sparkle it refreshes the lips of a dying infant

and lashes to his destruction the storm-tossed mariner ; it obeys the laws of its existence, and in so obeying can heed as little the calls of him who would woo its rain-drops to his parched fields as him who prays the stay of a deluge.

What is this law of force which in the abstract seems so merciless? It is the law of the sunshine, which gives life alike to the fields of the just and the unjust ; the law of the water, which, while it floats to the destruction of some peaceful town the iron-clad monster of war, carries, as well, the love-freighted argosy to the relief of a Leyden. It is the law of nature, firm, unchanging, immutable as creation itself, for it is creation.

Let us look still farther.

Life is a formative process ; a process of development, growth, maintenance. The principle is alike in all beings. Indeed, I take it that it is alike in everything, in a stone as in a man, and I am compelled to see that it is perfect. Will you answer that the individual runs out and dies? It may simply be told you to look wider ; life dies not. What man calls death is only change of form ; is only the correlation of one thing into another thing. Nothing is lost. No more than is lost the sunray which changed and correlated from a bright essence into the black, silent coal crystal, or the water, which perhaps that very sunray may have evaporated and carried away from sight.

Some time during the earlier weeks of the last summer there came to my office a beautiful woman, with bitter complaints of an ugly hair-mole that had fixed itself upon her cheek. I cut this (to her, disgusting

thing) from its location, and, macerating it into a liquid manure, little by little made a lily, which was growing in my garden, appropriate the tumor; in a month, a short month, nature had converted the deformity into a fragrant nosegay, and that which was so offensive became a source of delight. It was simply a matter of correlation.

The full knowledge and the observance of law would necessarily give man the all-sufficient command of his molecules, would yield him all protection, would insure him all comfort.

Let law be obeyed, and law is found man's minister; let law be disobeyed, and law becomes man's executioner.

Born and reared, the physical life of man is a simple matter of chemico-vital assimilation,—nothing else; by processes natural, the deficient is renewed, the lost is replaced. So long as the phenomena of waste and repair are in harmony; so long, in other words, as the builder follows the wake of the scavenger, so long man exists in integrity and repair,—just, indeed, as houses exist. Derange nutrition, and at once degeneration, or rather, let us say, alteration, commences. Assimilation, it is true, may go on, but it is as the new wine put into the old bottle; it is the strong, not taking the place of, but attached to, the weak: all will fall together. Derangement of nutrition is derangement of law. Alas! that we are yet so ignorant that there are many things about our house, which, seeing them weaken, we know not how to strengthen. About the brick and the mortar, the frame and the rafters, we are not unlearned; but within are many complexities,

many chinks and crannies, full in themselves of secondary chinks and crannies, and these so small, so deep, so recessed, that it happens every day that the destroyer settles himself in some place so obscure, that while he kills, he laughs at defiance. You or I meet with an accident in our watch, break a crystal, or a hand, or the case becomes damaged, but straightway we find ourselves wise enough to appreciate the harm, and the ill is soon repaired. Perhaps, however, the watch has fallen, and we take it up, yet see nothing amiss, but from that hour, although it goes, it goes wrong. We are led to know that something is required; we consult, then, the watchmaker. He may or may not see; this would be according to his light. What the man with a magnifying lens would observe would not be discovered by one with the unassisted eye. What sufficient knowledge would quickly correct, would remain unhelped by the inexperienced. If we were all that watchmakers like ourselves should be, and—may I not say?—judging what we may come to learn, from what we have worked out—should be—can be; a man could be made to keep time until he died from old age or annihilating accident. This I firmly and fully believe.

Yet, if we cannot always save, we never lose. Happy world, and happy “life” of the world, that the unity cannot be destroyed,—that “form,” mocking man’s failures, will, let alone, or, indeed, however maltreated, take care of, and restore, itself! Offenses, whatever their character or nature, wear themselves out, or are overcome. In the physical world we have all the proof we need of such a law; it may, for all that is known, apply as well to the spiritual. Will not this little girl

we example, in the fourth generation be purified of this specific offense? or if it happen that the poison which courses through her blood is as the blood itself, and may not be overcome, will she not, from necessity, run with it, as did the swine into the sea, and will not thus the parasite be destroyed? We all have seen, doubtless, some great oak, around which, year after year, the tightening garniture of an ivy-vine has fixed itself, and we have watched the tree until we have seen it die; but a day came when it fell, and with its fall we saw slacken and die the grasp of the parasite. What then? From the thing passed away, be it tree or man, mineral or metal,—from the element into which the thing has passed, comes forth new forms. What matters what the likeness? Does not the water fulfill alike its mission, whether we have it as the clouds, which modify the sun's heat; as ice, which cools the fevered patient; or as a dancing rivulet, which, as it leaps and splashes down the mountain-side, delights the senses? What should it matter to a nugget of gold taken from the hillside whether it adorns the finger of beauty, or passes to the avaricious palm of a grasping creditor? Should a piece of iron think itself ill used because the workman moulded it into a rivet rather than incorporated it into the fly-wheel of a steam-engine? I put it to you, if a rivet that holds well does not its proportion of good with the fly-wheels? All pieces of iron cannot be fly-wheels, and it certainly would be sad enough for our comfort if all the ore was made into rivets.

Unity and individuality are not, however, synonyms. Man, not as a combination of elementary substances,

but as man, as the father, the husband, the celebrity, must have, and craves, immortality. Yet, who thinks or cares for such individuality when he reads the history of the genus? Man was smothered and buried at Pompeii; but who knows, or even cares to know, his name? What, in the future, are the features of the man who blessed the world with the sewing-machine? or what of him who put into harness the lightnings? Tell me who lifted the stones of the Pyramids, or who carved the mercy-expressive eyes of the Sphinx? Man. But what was his name?

About the dispensations, as they are called, the mysteries, who may know? That it is necessary, or even useful, that we should bother ourselves about them may be doubted. The man who lives well to-day must be fitting himself for a better living to-morrow. To me it seems that man attains his highest elevation, certainly in his relations to his fellows and to himself, and it may be believed also to his God, when he works just as all the rest of nature works; that is, fixes himself and holds on, doing his best. We know what we are; but who knows what he will be? Shall a violet grumble that it has not the strength of a pine? or the tree complain that it lacks the odor of the flower? We will not, as Physicists at least, go outside that we can attain to. If it please God that my direct Ego is to be forever and eternally retained without alteration, why, as I feel now and am informed, I think I should be very grateful. The other day I was sitting at table with a reflective friend, when the subject of two roasted ducks, then before us, came up. We were sympathizing for the dead birds, until suddenly it struck us that from

fowls they were to be correlated into human bipeds, into the higher life of humanity; and in this conviction we went at the ducks with a relish,—a relish tinged alone with the regret that they could not know what a service we were doing them.

Man may not discuss the attributes of the soul: he may only query. Yet seeing, as he must, so much of good, recognizing that all of which he fully knows is good, why, before any change, should he falter? Is the soul of a man, as it represents and is the Ego, his nearest relation to the perfect? We know not otherwise, and we may not, perhaps, by searching, find out; but this we may know, and do,—we may rest in law, which has never yet been discovered to be unjust, partial, or weak.

CORRELATION.

THE doctrine of the "Correlation and Conservation of Force," which men strangely speak of as a something new, and which, unfortunately for an advancing acquaintance of the masses with their Creator, through his wonderful works, many unreflecting or illiterate of our clergy continue to denounce as a delusive doctrine, is, and has been, necessarily, the law of life and progression from the beginning.

I say illiterate clergy. This term, to the popular ear, sounds harsh. It sounds harsh to my own; but the reflection of a single moment must show that the harshness is in our prejudices, not in the word. We rebel not when we hear the expression "illiterate doctor." Indeed, while regretting the necessity for the use of such a term, it becomes us that we like to hear it, as it is to the credit of our intelligence that we recognize the something that sets itself as a bar between what we know to be a grand science and him who lacks even the conception of what it is to represent it. Men do not confound the terms illiterate doctor and medicine.

"It is a humiliating, but instructive, fact," says the learned and most orthodox Dr. McCosh, "that many new discoveries in physical science have, in the first

instance, been denounced as atheistic, because they were not conformable to the opinions which religious men had been led to entertain, not of God, but of the phenomena of the world. Even the illustrious Leibnitz charged the system of Newton with having an irreligious tendency, and (as I once heard Humboldt denouncing, in an interview I had with him a few months before his death) sought to poison the mind of the famous Princess Sophie of Prussia against him. It is a curious circumstance that the law of gravitation had to be defended on the side of religion, at the beginning of last century, by Maclaurin, in his 'Account of the Discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton.' In the last age, numbers, trained in a narrow theological geology (not found in Scripture but drawn out by wrong inference), opposed the discoveries as to the successive strata and races of animated beings on the earth's surface, and could scarcely be reconciled to them when such men as Buckland and Chambers, Hitchcock and Hugh Miller, showed that these facts widened indefinitely the horizon of our vision, added a new province to the universe of God, by disclosing a past history before unknown, and opened new and grander views of the prescience and preordination of God. And in our times there are persons who cannot take in these new doctrines of natural history and comparative language; not because they run counter to any doctrine or precept of religion, but because they conflict with certain historical or scientific preconceptions which have become bound up with their devout beliefs."

It is related by Dr. Elam that when Sir Humphry

Davy was making his great researches into the constitution of the earths and alkalies, some of the chemical professors felt greatly aggrieved at having their previous notions disturbed. A noted professor in a Scotch university refused all recognition of these researches, as long as he decently could do so. When ultimately compelled to make some allusion to them, he did it very briefly, accompanying it with the opinion that Mr. Davy “was a very tiresome man.”

Correlation means the conversion of one thing into another thing. Thus, if I take a basin of water, and, placing it over a fire, bring it to the boiling-point, I change, or correlate, the water into steam. And now again, if I catch this steam and put it into the receiver of an engine and confine it there, so that in its expansion it can act alone upon the piston, I convert it, through the instrumentality of the machine, into power, and with the thing thus secured I drive a train of cars or a steamship. If a piece of zinc and a piece of copper are placed in a receiver together with a menstruum of any solving fluid, sulphuric acid for instance, an action of dissolution and combination, which at once commences, results in a new production, or a change of one thing, or force, into a new thing,—this new thing being, in this case, galvanism. If now, desirous of another conversion, I subject this force to the influence of an electric machine, I possess myself of a new form of power, through its correlation into electricity. Electricity I may convert into heat, heat into vegetation, vegetation into a man, and so on in an eternal round. This, then, is correlation, or the conversion of one thing into another thing.

Correlation is a sermon so loud, so grand, that all of earth, and sky, and heaven makes its voice.*

Where may one begin to speak of correlation,—of the everything, and nothingness, of matter? Life is a circle, without beginning, without end; there is no commencement, we may catch the link anywhere. To speak of bodily death is a misnomer, or, if by death we mean disappearance, then is the term of even cruder meaning; a dead man disappears not even so rapidly as does a living one, and the more rapidly a live man dies, the more vigorously does he live.

The tenure of a man upon what he holds is so slight that one may scarcely reckon the time in which he holds

* "Two things," said Immanuel Kant, "fill me with awe,—the starry heavens and the sense of moral responsibility in man."

"In his hour of health, and strength, and sanity, when the stroke of action has ceased and the pause of reflection has set in, the scientific investigator finds himself overshadowed by this awe of Kant. Breaking contract with the hampering details of earth, it associates him with a power which gives fullness and tone to his existence, but which he can neither analyze nor comprehend."—TYNDALL.

"Positive philosophy maintains that within the existing order of the universe, or rather of the part of it known to us, the direct determining cause of every phenomenon is not supernatural, but natural. It is compatible with this to believe that the universe was created, and even that it is continuously governed by an intelligence, provided we admit that the intelligent governor adheres to fixed laws, which are only modified or counteracted by other laws of the same dispensation, and are never, either capriciously or providentially, departed from."—MILL.

"A little philosophy," says Bacon, "inclineth men's minds to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion; for while the mind of man looketh upon causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them and go no further; but when it beholdeth the chain of them, confederate and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity."

it. The individuality, the Ego, is the inappreciable ; around this clusters that which we call the man, but which is, in fact, that which rather conceals him from our sight. The curling locks, which the barber has just thrown among his refuse, are not our friend ; yet, only an hour back, we distinguished him by these very locks. The envelope of a man is truly of the dust ; and as dust it is with him to-day, it is with something or somebody else to-morrow. It is added to, or thrown off from, a man in every respiration, in every motion, at every thought, every turning. Let the blacksmith hammer with his brawny arm, and his biceps grow to clubs. Let the fakir bind up his leg, and it dwindles to a reed, too feeble for the support of a child. The epithelial scales which, in the morning ablution, are washed from the face of a beauty, may, on some other morning, adorn her tresses in the shape of a leaf from her garden ; while the leaf, faded and cast away, may, in its turn, give to the passing cow the means for the milk which gives back to beauty, in convenient season, the lost epiderm.

Of matter, as the material, there is in the world just so much. We call nature lavish and prodigal, but this is not just. Nature is like unto a coiner, who, in his production, throws aside that which is of the same value as the gold which he perfects ; but he wastes not his residue : simply does he remelt it, and thus its coinable characteristics become as before. To stand with educated intelligence in the presence of nature, is to stand before God and be dumb. Who may utter the simplicity, which is itself the stupendous ! Twenty-six marks are the life of all the tomes of the English language,—fewer

elements (as we may some time come to learn) constitute the world. Take the gases, substances which we see not, yet themselves made up of less tangible things; put together a few atoms of oxygen and a few atoms of hydrogen, and behold the wonderful result in water,—that same water which is in itself nearly all the body of a man. Take again a few atoms of oxygen and a few atoms of nitrogen, and behold atmospheric air,—that air which is the life and breath of the man. Will you distinguish between the piece of charcoal, which you throw from your soiled fingers as an offense, and the precious diamond so carefully guarded?—it is a few equivalents of carbon, only this. God plays with the elements as the poet with his letters, as the musician with his notes. Poetry is the correlation of the twenty-six marks of the alphabet into words, which words, in their turn, make ideas, and these, in turn, fire a soul or soothe it. Music is the correlation of seven notes into harmony, and harmony rolls from earth to heaven, and from heaven back again to earth. Shall not God, from a single element, make all things, as even from the wood of a single tree has a man made his house and the furniture of it? I doubt me if our sixty-four elements shall not soon develop into compounds. I think it can scarcely be that Omnipotence needs more notes wherewith to make his harmony than does a man.*

* It is suggestive that at a period when mankind had about wellnigh wavered from a polytheistic faith and the Greek mind had dawning over it monotheism, that Thales, the most reflective of his age, felt that he found a synonym, at least, of this God in Water. A distinctive character of the Ionic school was inquiry into the constitution of the universe. Thales, speculating upon this constitution, could not but strive, as re-

Let us break this circle of life at the link of man. What is man? A composition of body, of spirit, and of soul.* Let us analyze these. With the first, at least, we shall have little trouble,—to this our knowledge is quite equal.

The anatomist, looking at man purely as an animal, discovers him to be a machine made up of, first, a bony framework, which affords to his form stability and uprightness. That he may have the conveniences of multitudinous movements, he finds this skeleton composed of very many pieces, even so many as two hundred and six distinct bones; these, in character, differing as indications require of them,—some, for convenience in locomotion, being long; some short, where strength

marked by his biographer Lewis, to discover the one principle, the primary Fact, the substance of which all special existences were but the modes. Seeing around him constant transformations,—birth and death, change of shape, of size, and of modes of existence,—he could not regard any of these variable states of existence as existence itself. He therefore asked himself, What is the invariable existence of which these are the variable states? In a word, what is the beginning of things?

"To ask this question was to open the era of philosophical inquiry. Hitherto men had contented themselves with accepting the world as they found it, with believing what they saw, and with adoring what they could not see."

Thales felt that there was a vital question to be answered relative to the beginning of things. He looked around him, and the result of his meditation was the conviction that moisture was the beginning. He was impressed with this idea by examining the constitution of the earth. Here also he found moisture everywhere. All things he found nourished by moisture. Warmth itself he declared to proceed from moisture. The seeds of all things are moist. Water, when condensed, becomes earth.

* To Anaxagoras, five hundred years before the Christian era, are we indebted for what may be termed the physiological recognition of a spirit force; it was crude, but he had caught the idea.

and compactness are required ; some flat, as where a cavity is needed, or extensive surface for attachments demanded ; some irregular, as where indications are of special character.

Passing from the general to a special examination of this framework, the inquirer finds his wonder begin as he recognizes how everything seems to have been considered and provided for. Analyzing a young bone, for example, he finds that in its composition it is quite half made up of animal matter, differing in this respect from the bone of the adult, which contains not so much perhaps as twenty per cent. Here we have explained the infrequency of fractures in children, and recognize the Divinity that protects the tottering and uncertain footsteps of infancy ; the bone of a little child will bend, but it will hardly break. Again, let a long bone be examined, the bone of the arm, or of the thigh, as we may please to pick either up. In moving our own limbs we do not feel the weight of these bones, and yet, considering what the arms have to endure and to what the legs are subjected, we infer that they must be very strong, and this indeed they are, but made so, not through mass of material, but arrangement. Let a section be prepared of one of these, and the riddle is explained,—the bones are cylindriform : there is then very little weight, for it is not mass, but form, that is depended on. We illustrate this to ourselves by tearing in twain a sheet of foolscap paper. Rolling the two halves up, one in the form of a cylinder, the other with the layers tight and compact, we find the first to support a weight perfectly astonishing in comparison with the other ; and from our experiment, too, must we recognize that here it was

that man learned the strength of the tube. The skull, too,—examine it; its office is the most delicate, and perhaps the most important, of the skeleton. Within its cavity is an organ so delicate that even the force of an ordinary blow, carried to it, would derange the harmony of its actions, whilst the shock which would come of jumping only a single foot, if not provided against, would destroy it forever. See the provision made by nature for the protection of this organ. The cranium, instead of being composed of a single piece, is made up of eight bones; these, in their articulation, are so arranged as to deaden and to disperse blows received by any one of them. But more important than this, we find, in examining any of the pieces, and, of course, the whole of the vault, that it is composed of three layers, the middle being so soft and spongy as to be completely non-conductive; showing to us at once that a blow received upon the external table, or layer, would have indeed to be very severe in character, if even it were so much as felt by the brain, or even, indeed, by the internal plate. This explanation we demonstrate by the experiment of the balls, so familiar to every student of physiology. Four or more balls, one being of spongy bone, the others of ivory, are suspended to a frame by strings of equal length, so that when the balls are in position each rests one against the other. If the spongy ball be removed from the line, and the first ivory ball be drawn back, say one foot, and then be allowed suddenly to fall against its neighbor, it will be seen that the force of the blow is transmitted from ball to ball, as proven by the last one flying off in the direction of the impulse given by the first; indeed, measure-

ment will show that so fully has the force of the blow been transmitted, that the distance passed over by the last ball is almost equal to that of the ball giving the blow, so direct and full has been the transmission of the impulse. Repeat now the experiment, putting the spongy ball in the line: the last ball does not move, the blow has not now been transmitted, the cellular ball has absorbed the whole of it.

The relation of the brain to the trunk is precisely on the same principle. A shock received upon the feet, from falling or jumping, is entirely lost as it tends to pass from vertebra to vertebra,—cartilages, placed between each of these bones, breaking the conduction and completely absorbing the force.

Covering the framework of a man are the muscles—instruments of leverage, every one of them—soft, yielding, yet possessed of a force that explores seas and overruns territories. A muscle in man differs in no respect from the meat of a butcher's stall; but how wonderful is that which so little attracts observation! Pull a muscle to pieces: it is composed of a hundred little muscles, and these little muscles, in turn, are made up of a hundred others. It is no matter that we term these latter fasciculi and ultimate fibers; the greater differs in no respect, save in bulk, from the smaller.

A muscle possesses a life force peculiar to itself: we call it contractility. As with the sensitive plant, apply an irritant, and instantly it contracts, or shuts upon itself. Not only does it possess this life while the man, of which it is a part, is said to live, but even after men call him dead does it continue. Prove this with the electric shock, and the life of the muscles will speak

from their dead and senseless envelope of integuments. Take the heart from a living sturgeon: the heart is simply a muscle; lay it, all palpitating and beating as it is, upon a plate; it will palpitate and beat for days, as though it were a perfect life in itself. The phenomenon is not less wonderful that we say the heart possesses a ganglion of its own.

Shall we look at the liver of a man? it is a great viscus, the very largest gland in the body. To understand it, men have had to study it in sections and relations. And yet, coming at last to the anatomical ultimate, we describe it as a cell, a very little cell, with a tube of outlet from it. Around this cell, enveloping it, are vessels of supply blood, and vessels of venous blood,—this is all. From the *vena portæ*, bile is eliminated, and the associate veins are simply the carriers away of refuse material. The little tube seen passing from the cell is a bile duct. This is the liver, all of it. The great viscus is only a repetition of these little cells. It took, however, many generations and ages to make this analysis, and even now that it is made, the miracle of bile secretion is not less a mystery; for why should the little cell make bile?

Take next the brain. It is a soft, semi-fattish-looking mass, the most unsolid and unsubstantial seeming thing in the body. Let us analyze it: out of one hundred parts, some eighty are nothing but water, such water as one washes his hands in.* Eight more parts might not be told from the white of a common egg. A little fat,

* The writer will not be understood as expressing himself in the chemical sense.

red and colorless, some osmazome, lactates, and phosphates, and this is all, physically, of that instrument which acts to the revolutionizing of lands and overturning of continents. Who may explain it? Oceans lie still and idle in the summer sunshine, albumen, in great excess, rests inert in every hennery, fat covers the shambles, and inorganic matter forms the hills of the earth.

Is it wonderful? is it beyond faith? Yet Dante, and Shakspeare, and Milton, move and thrill these brains with twenty-six marks. It is wonderful, yet is it simple. Further does the likeness go: letters, while so few, are exhaustless. Who shall write them out, or who fail to find them for his transpositions? G-o-d, spells, and implies to us, all that is great, all that is glorious, all that is worshipful. The very same letters reversed, and a common animal is set before our imagination. A brain—the brain of Plato—buried, or planted by a hog-pen, comes back, most likely, nothing better than a thistle, scattering weeds instead of truths.

Even a brain—we will not say mind—is matter, and whether wheat or weeds shall come from it, must depend on the relations of its particles to the something superior to it. This is in the province of creation. Does such an argument convince a man of the absence of free agency? Well, then, let it excuse the shiftless poverty that tills not a field, because, left to itself, weeds cover it.

The body of a man is a machine, from which, as a model, all invention has drawn its inspiration. So beautiful is it in its proportions, so accurate in its adaptation of means to ends, so costly, apparently, in

its apparatus, that one looking at it without experience would say, Surely so grand a thing was made to last forever. Does it?

To deny the resurrection of the body is to speak the words of a fool. As two added to two makes four, so surely is the body of a man resurrected, and so surely does it live forever. And this is the resurrection of the body,—as science demonstrates it.

The body of a man, be he king or subject, wise in all learning or blank in all ignorance, is matter, simply matter,—the same kind of matter precisely as exists in the horse which he drives, or the dust he strides over. The bones which bear him upright differ not in analysis from those of the cat purring at his feet, neither do his muscles present differences with those of the ox he kills and feeds upon.

When a man dies we bury him from sight. But when, after a greater or lesser length of time, we open the tomb wherein we laid him, he is gone. Where?

When a stick of wood, tough and gnarled, and resistive of the axe, is laid upon the blazing coals, it soon disappears, and nothing is left of it, not even, after a very short time, the handful of ashes; it is gone. Where?

When the dead bird, which yesterday was killed and left lying in the forest, is, after a week, searched for, it is not found; it is gone. Where? All are on the road of their resurrection.

A man, a log of wood, or bird, subjected to analysis, are found made up of like material, differing alone in the combination and arrangement of particles. As respect is paid to these particles, nature shows no preference,—

decomposing and disintegrating a dead prince with as little regard for the odor of the sulphuretted hydrogen evolved, as though the noble had been the hound with which, in chase, he may have lost his life.

Decomposition is recomposition, and recomposition is resurrection. Of the handful of dust left to us of the dear friend dead ten years ago, we see that part of the body we knew most resistive of change: the rest is gone; part of it before first he was covered from our sight, for even then his eyeballs had sunken and his cheeks had become wan and emaciated.

The brain of a man we have seen to be composed almost wholly of water; so, in like, is every portion of his body. The evaporation of the fluid constituents of a human body carries full ninety per cent. of it into the atmosphere.* What becomes of this part of him? It mingles with the moisture of the elements, and soon, condensed into drops of water, falls back to earth, to be drunk by you and by me, by the herd of the field, by the forest oak, and by the lily nestling at its root; and thus, sucked up by the veins of a man, or cow, by the rootlets of the tree, or flowers, it finds a new existence almost ere it has lost the old. What of the residuum?

When a man has consumed his wood, he saves his ashes for the cornfield. Now, for experiment's sake, he plants of his grain two hills; into one he puts ashes, into the other none. When the harvest-time comes, lo, where the ashes were placed is his crop double.

* Blumenbach possessed the perfect mummy of an adult Teneriffian, which, with its entire viscera, weighed only seven and a half pounds.

Then he says, "My ashes have I turned into corn;" and this he knows is truth. Then, weak from his labor, and lank, he eats of his corn, and new life and vigor come to him. Again he says, "I have changed my corn into a man;" and this he also feels to be a truth. Where the battle-field was covered most thickly with the slain, men come to gaze in wonder at the luxuriance of the verdure. Alas! the husbands, the fathers, the sons, long looked for at the family hearth, are, by the wand of the enchanter, converted into the long vines and rank grass that moan uneasily in the night wind.

An eccentric man declaring he would not lose the limb which had been amputated, buried it by the root of a grapevine; the crop, when the season came, was threefold. As he ate of the fruit he said, "Thus I resurrect myself to myself." And surely he did so.

Where the dead dog rotted on the bank-side, the sod is rank with life,—there are maggots, plenty of them, but the dog is gone. In turn, the birds of the air will find the worms, and thus, with wings, dog and maggots shall fly through the sky—simple translation through the decomposition of compounds into elements, and the recomposition of elements into compounds—this is the story of the circle of matter.

Is it horrible thus to dispose of a man? The problem of the body it is, remember, we are discussing. A man is more than the body; to confound the body and the man is worse than is confusing the clothing and the body.

Man is a complex organization: this is most true; but the law which evolves and creates him works

with as little effort as that which produces a diatome or a sponge. Indeed, I have frequently thought that the overweening self-respect a man feels for his body must come, necessarily, of an ignorance which excludes him from an ability to compare himself with the rest of creation. Matter is matter. The autumn frosts wash out the fresh green from the waving leaf, and the autumn frosts wash out the fresh bloom from the cheeks of beauty; and beauty and the leaf fall, and mingle their dust, on a common floor.

SPIRIT.

This is the second person in the trinity of a man.

The relation of the spirit to a man is of the earth, earthy. True, we may not define its form, neither render its analysis; but this is only because of inability from ignorance,—it is a something that escapes a positive demonstration, yet not negative proof. “Answer me a question,” said a rich Hindoo to a begging fakir, “and I will relieve thy necessities. Thou sayest there is a God, and that thou knowest it. Show him to me and tell me what color he is.” The fakir sat musing a moment; then, gathering a ball of clay from the ground whereon he sat, suddenly, and without warning, cast it with force into the face of the inquirer, who, in pain, ran roaring away. “Thou hast pain,” screamed the fakir after him; “thou knowest it. Show it to me and tell me what color it is.”

When a man lies sleeping, wrapped in profoundest slumber, he breathes as easily, digests as comfortably, aerates his blood as fully, and performs all functions of organic life as satisfactorily, as when his most wake-

ful moments may be spent in considering these things ; and he does thus because these functions are presided over by a power which can operate entirely independent of his judgment or direction. The relation he, in his Ego, holds to these things is as the relation of a master to the servants in his kitchen,—the servants, not the master, do the work, and the work can go on, even although the master travels thousands of miles away, just as it goes on when, with watchful eye, he stands on the threshold of the scullery.

Let us look at the natural reasons for this.

Examining the constitution of a man, we find that he has a twofold nervous system, distinct, indeed, as is the parlor of a house from the kitchen. The one, the cerebro-spinal, occupies the cranial cavity and spinal canal. It is the very lord of the mansion, or, better speaking, it is the residence of the lord,—his living-room. The second, the sympathetic, consists of a number of little bodies, or ganglia, scattered over the house, standing in place like so many servants, which, indeed, they are, each one having a special duty to perform, and doing it without, in many instances, receiving ever a command from the occupier of the premises. The body, as an organism, might be truthfully likened to a hotel, in which, with no directions from a guest, the work, without confusion or fail, goes on, the Resident finding all his wants anticipated. The relation of the sympathetic nervous system to the cerebro-spinal is no closer, nor more intimate, than that of parlor and kitchen through the bell-wires ; indeed, the more one studies the relation, the more he is impressed with such an analogy. The parlor can com-

mand the kitchen, as it is the higher power, but a physical kitchen will work, even though, as in the person of an idiot, no parlor occupant resides in the house. Query?

As a servant, in his physical conformation, differs not from the master of a house, so do not the ganglia of the sympathetic system differ from that of the great brain. Let a brain be examined, and it is found made up of white and gray matter; let a ganglion be bisected, and the two colors are found in like relations. Examine in turn these white and gray substances, and both are found composed of cells and conducting filaments. The analogy, however, stops here: the houses are alike in their general construction, but the occupants differ vastly. The resident of one is spirit; of the other, Soul.

The subserviency and relationship of spirit to matter are exhibited in the constant union of the two, and in the similarity of the natures of both. Matter belongs specially to no individual body, nor does spirit; neither has its Ego. As the world contains just so much matter, which matter correlates itself from thing to thing, and is constant to no thing, so spirit is an essence diffused through all things, the special property of no thing. There is a spirit of the tree which throws forth the leaves folded in the branches, there is a spirit of the ox which chews its cud by the roadside, there is a spirit of the man which circulates his blood and elaborates the chyle that nourishes him; but the spirit is a common spirit, as is common and transmigratable, the matter of the tree, the ox, and the man. The same spirit is of the tree to-day, of the ox to-morrow, of the man the next day.

When a grain of wheat is buried in the earth, it impregnates, through the spirit that is in it, surrounding influences, and springs up out of the ground enshrined in a new body; and the very matter of which the grain was composed, rotted, and resolved into elements, is sucked up and made new in that which came from it,—body is correlated through spirit, and spirit is enshrined through body.

But, by the first grain was sown a second, yet from it came nothing. Wherefore? This second grain was matter alone; it had no life. Because, then, that it produced not as the first grain, it differed from it in the absence of something, and this something was that wherein consisted its vitality,—a something unseen, unseeable, yet recognized by every man who distinguishes of one thing that it lives, of another that it is dead.

Is, then, that which is the life of a thing of less consequence than the matter composing the thing, that when it goes out it is annihilated? Nothing is annihilated; everything is immortal,—at least in the earthly sense. What, then, becomes of spirit? Just precisely what becomes of matter; it is used again,—used over and over forever. There is just so much spirit to animate just so much matter; from *necessity* they must correlate in concert, and this they do.

The life which went from the grain of wheat found a new combination, as did the matter of the grain, and both exist to-day as both existed in the beginning.

SOUL.

What may a man write, or think, of his soul,—the divine part of himself, the Holy Ghost residing in a temple of flesh? The soul of a man is the man, the only thing worthy of consideration, or thought, or care. It is the Ego, the individuality, that which is, and shall be, the only thing which changes, or correlates, never.

“I cannot,” said the monarch Cyrus, when he came to die, “persuade myself to think that the soul of a man, after having sustained itself in a mortal body, should perish, when delivered out of it, for want of it.”

Epictetus, when suffering agony from the cruel treatment of his master Epaphroditus, smiled as he told him, “That if his leg was twisted longer it would break;” and this did result without disturbing his composure. When asked how he could maintain his equanimity, he replied, “That the body was external.”

“The soul,” believed Plato, “is, and ever was, immortal. In its anterior state of existence it had accurate conceptions of the eternal truth. It was face to face with existence. Now, having descended upon earth, having passed into a body, and being subject to the hinderances of that bodily imprisonment, it is no longer face to face with existence; it can see existence only through the ever-changing flux of material phenomena. When, for example, we see a stone, all that our senses convey is the appearance of that stone; but, as the stone is large or small, the soul apprehends the idea of greatness; and this apprehension is a reminiscence of the world of ideas awakened by the sensation. So, when we see or hear of a benevolent action, besides

the fact, our soul apprehends the idea of goodness. And all our recollection of ideas is performed in the same way. It is as if, in our youth, we had listened to some mighty orator, whose printed speech we are reading in old age. That printed page, how poor and faint a copy of that thrilling eloquence! how we miss the speaker's piercing, vibrating tones, his flashing eye, his flushing face! And yet, that printed page, in some dim way, recalls these tones, recalls that face, and stirs us somewhat as we then were stirred. Long years and many avocations have somewhat effaced the impression he first made, but the printed words serve faintly to recall it. Thus it is with our immortal souls. They have sojourned in that immortal region, where the voice of truth rings clearly, where the aspect of truth is unveiled, undimmed. They are now sojourning in this fleeting, flowing river of life, stung with resistless longings for the skies, and solaced only by the reminiscences of that former state, which these fleeting, broken, incoherent images of ideas awaken."*

"Know thyself," said Proclus, repeating the Delphian inscription, "that thou mayest know the essence from whose source thou art derived. Know that of the Divine One thy soul is but a ray."

The expression "ray" is, to the mind of the writer, one of the most suggestive in relation with the soul. Man was simply a mould of earth; God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul,—*i.e.* into him entered of God Himself: "Know that thy body is the temple of the Holy Ghost." "De-

* Lewis.

file not thy body, which is the temple of the Holy Ghost." Floating through the German type of thought, having especially no author, is the enunciation, "Man is God and God is man." The idea might invoke a volume of reflections. It is not sacrilege thus to associate ourselves, our souls, with whence we came. Yet, may two classes alone consider such a relation without confusion,—the profoundly philosophical, and the profoundly simple.

Falling back upon the assertion, that, in the common voice is found the truth, it is felt and recognized that every instinct of man points him to immortality,—no faith, no doctrine, no belief has the widespread base of the immortality of the soul,—in some form or other it is the faith of every living being. The religious sentiment itself is, as remarked by Baring Gould, a fairly presumable proof that there is a something to be obtained beyond mere worldly good. "Every other instinct," suggests Mr. Gould, "is seen to have some positive aim and object, and it is against the analogy of nature to suppose the religious instinct an exception."

Psychologically viewed, catalepsy might be described as a condition of the body, in which, for some of sundry reasons, the soul is temporarily unable to make use of it.

Somnambulism yields a negative proof of the separability of spirit force and soul force. A somnambulist walks, precisely as he digests. At the hour of his wandering one recognizes (aside from the excito-motor) no controlling or directing influence. The senses, the avenues pertaining alone to soul-life, have in them no sensori-motor expression; the man looks, but he sees not; he listens, but hears not. If he feels, it is simply

with organic sensation, and with no instrumentality of appreciation as the sense proper of touch is concerned.

“When we are awake,” says Aristotle, “we have a world in common. When we dream, each has his own.”

A special sense destroyed, it is seen how the soul struggles not to lose, in the direction, the power of communicating with the world. A soul having lost its avenue of sight, will feel a color, or co-ordinate its movements through the senses of hearing and touch. A deaf man will hear through his eyes, as, when blind, he reads through his fingers.

“If I would epitomize Schelling,” says Mason, in his “Recent British Philosophy,” “it would be in having him express faith, not as a spasmodic action of the soul straining into a void, but as that certain intuition of absolute truth which has been, is, and ever will be, the sustenance of mankind, the basis of religion, and of all great action,”—soul instinct.

Animism, among the lower races of mankind, is markedly exhibited in their uninstructed perceptions,—an illustration of which I certainly may not better render than by allusion to a late review, in the *Psychological Journal of Medicine*, of the new work of E. B. Taylor on “The Philosophy of Religion among the Lower Races of Mankind,” and on which subject, for its widest range, the reader may be referred to the “History of Philosophy,” by the learned George Henry Lewis.

Religion, with heathens, if we choose so to express ourselves (though I must affirm that to me few appear possessed of higher or purer light than was Confucius or Socrates), divides itself into two great divisions: 1. Souls. 2. Spirits.

“The savage mind,” says this review, “appears to have been especially struck by two groups of phenomena, which they endeavored to account for on a scientific theory.

(*a*) “That which constitutes the difference between a dead and a living body, the fading of light from the glazed eyes, the cessation of breath, the stoppage of pulsation, the loss of consciousness and voluntary motion,—in a word, of the phenomena classed together under the heading ‘Life.’ These they especially associated with the breath. How naturally we may learn from the story of the deaf, dumb, and blind Laura Bridgman’s dream, which she described by the gesture of taking something from her lips, explaining in words, ‘I dreamed God took up my breath to heaven.’ The language of the world will express this deep-lying connection in the many cases where the word breath has come to denote life or soul: from the Australian wang and the Malay năwa, to the Semitic nephesh and the Indo-European pneuma, anima, ghost, etc.

(*b*) “The phantom copy of man seen in dreams and visions, apparently thin enough to flit through space and permeate solid nature, and to evade the dreamer’s waking grasp. This is especially and naturally associated with the shadow, an association also well expressed in languages, from the Ojibway otahchuk to the Indo-European skia, umbra, shade.”

“Now, the savage to a remarkable extent connects these two conceptions into what may be called an apparitional soul, a ghost-soul. He considers that what causes death and what causes visions and dreams are one and the same. There are some who try to separate

them, as the Greenlanders and the Feejeeans ; but the generally received connection of the life with the phantom into a soul-ghost is the very key to savage psychology."

"Thus the Nicaraguans held that when a man dies there comes out of his mouth something resembling a person, which is the life, and which departs to where the man is, but the body remains here. Parallel to this is the African conception of the man's shadow seized by a monster, whereupon the man afterwards dies. The soul-ghost appears in dreams and visions. Live men's souls may do this, as when a Feejeean's soul goes out in sleep and troubles other people ; but especially the souls of the dead are supposed to do this. Thus Wilson says of the negroes, 'That their dreams are visits from the souls of deceased friends,' and the habit of talking dreams over makes them dream the more, till they have almost as much intercourse with the dead in sleep as with the living in waking, and can hardly distinguish dream from fact."

"The animistic theory, as it explains death, so among many races explains sleep, and with this dreaming works in, as when the Greenlander lies insensible while his soul goes out visiting and hunting. The Karens cleverly account for our seeing known places in dreams by saying that the leip-pya can only find the way where it has been before in life. It explains coma (where the body lies senseless while the mind wakes with new experiences), as when Australian or Khond sorcerers go out of their bodies for spirit-knowledge, or when, in the Vatus-dæla Saga, the Fins sent to visit Iceland lie rigid while their souls go out on the errand and return

with information. Of classic tales appropriate to these things, is the story of Hermotimus, whose body his wife burnt while his soul was gone out in search of spiritual knowledge. It explains sickness, as when the Karens call back the *kelah* of a sick man, and the sick Feejeean may be heard crying for his own soul to come back."

"When the body dies, the soul departs to its place. Not content with this, the lower races assist nature, and when a warrior or chief dies, dispatch wives and slaves, whose souls are to continue their earthly relations. Thus the Feejeean and African are buried with wives, slaves, etc., the custom extending upward in the Hindoo *suttee*, etc."

"That animals, 'our younger brothers,' as the North American calls them, have souls like men, is an obvious inference to the lower races. Therefore animals also are sacrificed for the dead,—the horse for the red Indian, the dog for the Aztec and Greenlander, the camel for the Bedouin."

"As regards the details of the doctrine of a future life among the lower races, no immortality is recognized,—the soul is ethereal and surviving, not immaterial and immortal. It carries on a mere continued existence, as shown by dreams and visions. The descriptions of future existence current among the lower races are not limited to a single theory, but may include every idea likely to occur to them. The conception may be roughly divided as follows:

1. "The doctrine of the ghost hovering or wandering on earth, or coming back occasionally to visit its former home, is displayed among mankind from savagery upward, especially causing the prevalent fear of graves;

and the practice of offering food for the dead, usual among most savage races, lasting on among such nations as the ancient Romans and modern Chinese, and even now surviving in form in the Eastern Church.

2. "The doctrine of metempsychosis. The transmigration of the souls of the dead into other human beings is well marked among the Greenlanders, where widows will make it a plea for the adoption of an orphan child by some rich man, declaring it to have received the soul of some one of his family ; or among tribes of Nootka Sound, who account for the existence of a distant tribe speaking the same language, by supposing them animated by the souls of their own dead. In Africa the dead are buried near the living, that their souls may enter new-born children. The indigenes of Africa, America, and Asia account in this way for likeness to deceased relatives, and look for personal likeness and marks of ancestors on new-born infants. The belief in transmigration into animals is well marked among the lower races, as in Greenland, where a man will avoid a particular animal as food, on the score of a deceased kinsman having passed into such ; among the Icannas of Brazil, who imagine that brave warriors become beautiful birds, and cowards, reptiles ; or the Zulus, who believe that certain harmless common house-snakes are animated by the souls of their deceased kindred."

In the very center of the encephalic mass of man is a little body not larger than a pea, called by the anatomist the pineal gland. This body, the ancients affirmed, was the seat of the soul. They thought this because, running from it, they discovered certain lines which seemed to them as reins, through which the body might be in-

ferred to be directed, and because (permitted alone to dissect idiots) they found this little body to be filled with sandy particles. Recognizing a distinction between spirit and soul, and not allowed to examine the pineal gland of a perfect man, the inference was a natural one, that in the presence of this acervulus the idiot differed from others; and as what they esteemed the soul was absent in the idiot, so, as all other parts of his brain had a normal appearance, it seemed a just conclusion that here was its seat.

The brain of a man, with the exception of a circumferential wall of cells, and a ganglion lodged here and there, is simply a mass of filaments or cords. Cleverly traced, these cords are found to run to every avenue of sense, and to associate with them return cords from such avenues, so that it would seem as if the creative faculty of the mass lay strictly and exclusively in the wall of cells; and here, differentially judged of, it does reside. Now, as we understand that the actions of this part of the system are not an immediate necessity of organic life, we locate here the highest relations of the human organization, and look here to see what we may of the material associations of the soul.

As a king sits high above his subjects upon his throne, and from it speaks behests that all obey, so from the throne of the brain cells is all the kingdom of a man directed, controlled, and influenced; for this occupant the eyes watch, the ears hear, the tongue tastes, the nostril smells, the skin feels; for it language is exhausted of its treasures, and life of its experiences; locomotion is accomplished, quiet insured. When it wills, body and spirit are goaded like overdriven horses.

When it allows, rest and sleep may come for recuperation. In short, the slightest penetration may not fail to perceive that all other parts obey this part, and are as but ministers to its necessities.

But we are not to be understood as confounding the encephalic cells with the soul. It is only that through these, as a mechanism, the soul finds its expression, just as steam must have an engine for its expression. Steam, however, is not less motive force, or the equivalent of it, that it rushes unconfined through the atmosphere, and soul is not less soul, or less life, in lacking a machine, or agent, through which it may hold communion and discourse with earth. The oratorios of Haydn are not organs, violins, and cymbals, but these material things are the instruments through which alone the oratorios speak, and without them the grand strains remain voiceless.

In what men call dreams, seem best exhibited the separability from the body and the individuality of the soul. Not only this, but its habits, when disembodied, may be understood ; more even than this : it should dispossess man of the regard for his flesh, exhibiting to him, as it does, that his pains and his aches, his cares and his anxieties, his slow progresses and his cloggy relations, are not really of himself, but of the dead weight which, in his body, he carries. A dream would seem to be simply the stepping out of one's self from the confinement of his house. The house of a man, the body, lies sleeping upon its bed ; the Ego stays with it, or not, as it wills. Think what a dream is. And is not that what the soul is ? No bounds or space confine it, a body it makes to itself at will, it is as much in a

body of its requirements when out of its flesh as when in it; in short, it is, to its own will, omnipotent; how it shall move, who can say? What it may do, who may imagine? Height, depth, width, length, these are boundaries lost to a soul the moment it disembodies itself. "Who seeth me in his dreams," said Moham-med, "seeth me truly."

To know the soul apart from the body is to know one's self, and only thus, I conceive, may one's self be known. Can any man so contemplate his individuality without desiring to come to such an estate? Can he look upon death longer as a something to be feared and dreaded? If a man may hunger not, what to him are the anxieties of support? If he thirst not, what to him the drought that consumes? If the elements may not incommode, what to him are the conveniences the body demands?

The Ego—the soul—is the relation of man to God, all else of him, body and spirit, are of his relations to earth. The body and the spirit of a man change in their association with him at every breath and in every pulsation. The Ego—the identity, the individuality—is, and shall be. This science stands in awe before,—this is above science. This science recognizes, but is dumb in its presence.*

* It is felt that this conclusion of these thoughts is not fully satisfactory, but to extend them before the general reader would not be to add to their interest, and might possibly lead to undesirable confusion. Many aspects of view necessarily present themselves for recognition; for example, it might be asked, wherein differ the encephalic cells of the lower animals from those of man? Or what is the soul state of an infant without intelligence? Or what is the condition of an anencephalia? Such questions the learned reader may not fail to perceive would be injudiciously broached, when only a few pages could be spared for their consideration.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

I WAS sitting, one morning of the past winter, before the great furnace in the laboratory of the Professor of Chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania,—a place most promotive of reflections,—and as I looked through its open mouth on the mass of glowing coals, and about over the mysteriously furnished walls, and into the nooks and chinks, filled with multitudinous and strange things, I thought, naturally, of the alchemists of the olden time, who, in just such mystic places, had consumed their gold and their crucibles, their hopes and their aspirations, their health and happiness, in attempts to discover the philosopher's stone. And I thought, as I sat there, how wonderful it was, how more than passing wonderful, that these learned and reflecting men failed to see that that for which they sought lay at their feet, and enveloped them in its atmosphere!

You have read, in the Arabian Nights, the story of the Fisherman and the Genie. How, when the vase was opened, there ascended from it what was apparently a meaningless smoke, but by degrees the intangible vapor collected itself and assumed, at length, a solid body, and became in shape as a genie, greater in himself than all the giants.

From the vase of life, and from life's beginning, has been going out a vapor,—the vapor of its truths and experience,—a vapor which, to this nineteenth century, and which, to the centuries of the alchemist, should

have been seen to be the genie greater in himself than all the giants. Closer and closer has this vapor collected and embodied itself, until at length, with the astonished fisherman of the Bosphorus, we see the genie, and we exclaim, "The Philosopher's Stone."

Aladdin, you remember, when he needed an answer to a question, or felt a want, rubbed a lamp which he had obtained; from this lamp came a genie who never failed him,—the lamp was truly Aladdin's philosopher's stone.

Tarquinius Superbus possessed the Sibylline leaves,—the oracles of the Sibyls were the voces deorum.

Themonæ sat upon the tripod, and from her lips fell jewels. Jupiter was the inspirer of wisdom, and the uttered words commuted themselves into gold for the adornment of the shrine.

If you had a stone, or lamp, or leaves, which, being consulted, would tell you everything you might know for your good, would you not say, "This wealth of a possession is surely the philosopher's stone"?

Well, as my own uses at least are concerned, I have found such a stone, and this is the history of its discovery. See if it may be also the amulet for you.

I am the fortunate owner of a cozy, comfortably-situated country house. When, from the great world, from the noise and confusion of the bustling town, I find myself in its vine-covered porch; when, seated in easy indolence, my eye wanders over the far-stretching prospect before me, looking at the white wings of ships carrying their wealth of freight along the wide river, listening to the songs of men in the fields; and when the sturdy, ringing blows of my neighbor the black-

smith, at the bottom of the hill, make a kind of dreamy music to the summer afternoon, then I have always gone stone hunting.

One afternoon—a very sleepy kind of a one it was, too—in August, I sat upon the porch of the country house retrospecting. I had thought as I sat there of many things, —things which had long since passed wholly away, save in the odor of their memory.

I had recalled, I remember distinctly, an incident of some fifteen years back, when, on the very threshold of my professional life, I had found myself, one summer morning, seated, in contemplative mood, in Washington Square,—in this sad square where, beneath the profaning tread of the indifferent passers, lie entombed that which was the flesh and blood, the hopes, the sorrows, and the joys of many citizens carried off by pestilence,—nothing to mark their resting-place, their requiem unsung, save by the soughing branches of the great trees which live in the glad sunshine above them. Of these mortals, their lamps out, their individual memories lacking a name, I sat there thinking; of the living, too, I thought. What is it to live? I asked myself. I was just then twenty-five, and the blood was running through my veins like molten lava,—mine was all the vigor of a horse fresh for the race. I felt I could not, would not, come to such feelingless dust as lay beneath me. “*Dum vivimus, vivamus.* If I had to die, I would first live;” this I said.

What is it to live? To this problem my mind continually reverted. What shall a man do to get the most out of his life? At five-and-twenty all feel alike, all ask about the same questions. Well, what was the first

answer that came to me, and what is the first answer that comes to every man at five-and-twenty? Ah, Schiller!—Schiller, like Byron, immortal to the man young and lusty.

“Wer liebt nicht Weib, Wein und Gesang,
Der bleibt ein Narr sein Leben lang.”*

On the Orange Street side of Washington Square stands a very plain Quaker meeting-house. I was attracted by the quiet looks of the people, as they passed in at its wide, inviting gate; and having nothing to do, for I was without a patient, I crossed over and went in with them.

In this Quaker meeting I sat; an hour, perhaps, the silence remained unbroken. Finally there arose an old silver-haired woman, and the words she spoke have lived through all the changes of these fifteen years, and that August afternoon they had repeated themselves in the porch with the ring of their original freshness.

“Why,” said this good woman with a message, “why gad ye about the earth seeking that happiness which is to be found alone within thine own heart?”

The evolution of a thought or an idea is held by many men as unaccountable,—is so, perhaps. How ideas evolve themselves from things as frequently unlike as like we may not decide, unless to say there is a Providence which disposes, let man propose as he will. “Make this egg stand upon its end,” said Christopher Columbus to the learned men who sat in judgment upon his designs. From whence was that thought, the more

* Quoted from Luther by Schiller.

wonderful from its simplicity, which cracked in the end of the egg and thus supported it upright? “That apple,” said Sir Isaac Newton, “tells me the unknown secret.” And now all schoolboys comprehend the idea of gravitation. Yet before the secret in its fullness was divulged, countless had been the apples that had fallen, and countless the eyes which had marked them fall; but in this particular one alone was found the philosopher’s stone. Even the stone of Kepler showed but a glimpse of the truth. Who placed the stone in the apple?

As I sat that August afternoon in the porch, the doctrine of the council ecumenical seemed to be in the atmosphere,—“*Vox populi vox Dei* ;” and then, in some strange, confused way, there seemed upon my ear the wailing lament of Faust as he listened to the drinking-songs of the students; and Cain and Lucifer, plotting to defy God, came before me; and then, in his turn, Napoleon, with a million lives sacrificed to his destiny or ambition, as this may be; and again, good Titus Fulvius, who thought it so much better to save than to destroy; and why it was I scarcely know, but I thought, with a shudder of horror, of St. Bartholomew’s night, and recoiled on the other side when I remembered who, under the guise of a higher profession, burned at the stake Servetus, without pity and without charity; and of many other things akin, and not akin, I thought, and in the confusion which came of thinking I said there is no guide, and felt myself lost in ways which have no chart. Like the fisherman of the Bosphorus, I looked on the smoke as it ascended, but could see no form.

Certain religious professors, persons who feel themselves converted, tell of a change, of a transformation which has come to them in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. I believe in this ; it was, and is, what came to Archimedes in the bath. It was what came to Columbus when he broke his egg. It is what remained with Shakspeare until the light and heat from his pen fitted feudal England to appreciate the higher beauties of the Bible. It is that something which has settled in the brain of the inexplicable prodigy, blind Tom, and which strikes melody where educated fingers fail. It is what has come, and what will come, to any and every person who happens to be in the way of the stone as it falls.*

Now, some persons think they have one of these stones, yet have it not, and other persons have one but know it not. A man, as I saw by the newspapers, dining at a restaurant, bit, while eating an oyster, upon a valuable pearl, yet threw it in disgust away, because he thought it only a piece of shell.

So it is. So curious and various are men in their visions and perceptions, that a something, which to

* Virgil thus describes the Pythoness under inspiration :

“ Her color changed, her face was not the same,
And hollow groans from her deep spirit came ;
Her hair stood up, convulsive rage possessed
Her trembling limbs, and heaved her laboring breast.
Greater than human kind she seemed to look,
And with an accent more than mortal spoke ;
Her staring eyes with sparkling fury roll,
When all the god came rushing on her soul.
At length her fury fell, her foaming ceased,
And, ebbing in her soul, the god decreased.”

one is possessed of priceless value, to another, has in it no life.

But, to my philosopher's stone.

As I sat, that August afternoon, in the porch, watching the meaningless smoke, suddenly, in the very twinkling of an eye, did the form appear, and from that hour to the present one have I rested in a positive conviction that I have a guide, as strong and as reliable as force itself,—a genie greater in himself than all the giants. Do I ask this genie a question, he answers it for me. Do I put him a problem, he solves it. What more can a man want in a philosopher's stone?

And this is the stone which came to me in the smoke, the life truth, which I fully believe is the very vox Dei :
“ *The common experience is the true experience.* ”

Let us at once take this stone, this genie of a vase, this Sibylline leaf, oracle, or this nothing, as it may please you to call it. Let us put it to the test,—let us get proof of its genuineness. What shall we ask it? What do you desire to know? Suppose we ask how a young man, just passing from his Alma Mater into the great business life of the world, should act. Ask it, Alumnus, if the rich man's fee should overshadow the mite of the widow. Ask it, doctors of a clinic, if the hours you spend in your services have not God for a paymaster. Ask it, faltering humanitarian, if laughter provoked in the palace of gladness is better than tears stayed in the house of mourning. Ask it, young gentlemen, whether, in the days of your youth, you shall make merry with Schiller, without counting the reckonings of age. You are thinking, Alumnus, of passing from your college to the marriage state, or, it

may be, your aspirations are alone for a successful practice. Ask about these things. Ask what single-heartedness has to do with success,—what, to its uses, are manly integrity and uprightness. In short, ask the stone which I have just given you, any and everything you may need to know ; it will answer you right, always and for evermore. This, as you look into it, from the very nature of its constitution, you will perceive it must do. It is the apple of Newton, the egg which stands alone of Columbus,—it must be eliminated truth, just as a man will say, “Honesty is the best policy ;” and know it for a living truth by an utterance he never thinks to doubt,—the utterance of “the common experience.”*

Shall we here leave what you may think to be idealism, and for the pleasure of logic chopping try a pass with the foils of our scholarship?

You will tell me that my leaf cannot be Sibylline, because that the voice of men varies with times and circumstances. You recite to me of revolutions and of counter-revolutions. You tell of human slavery permitted, and of slavery abolished ; of bigamy a virtue, and bigamy a crime ; of cannibalism an instinct, and cannibalism a horror. And with the missile with which the imperious sister of John Wesley smote the soul of that wrestling man, when, from the agony of his doubts, he cried that he accepted the Roman aphorism, and

* Locke, Hume, the Sensational School, and the Scotch School, together with Gall and Aristotle, all hold to knowledge being of experience ; *i.e.* the *vox populi*. “Experience,” says Immanuel Kant, “is not a deceit ; human understanding has its fixed laws, and those laws are true.”

that the vox populi was the vox Dei, you drive through my logic your foil, and say, “Yes, it cried Crucify him ! crucify him !”

Now it is my turn.

Can truth be truth to-day and error to-morrow? Yes ; in the sense of adaptation to requirements. As certainly can this be so as that the same sun is the author of both day and night.

Moses was of God, was he not? And Christ is of God. Moses taught an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. And Christ enjoined that if a man take away one's cloak he was to give him the coat also.

In the time of Moses, and following his dispensation, man deemed himself absolved from sin when he paid in kind ; and thus, in requital for his crimes, he offered up bullocks and lambs, and vox populi said this was the Lex Dei. To feel this, and to say it, man must necessarily have recognized that it answered the requirements of the times. If life is a progressive existence, answer me, then, how this could have been less than what the common experience affirmed of it?

Christ, the new dispensation, taught love, forbearance, humility ; taught that more to repentance and atonement was a contrite soul with upward aspirations, than was the flesh and blood of all the bullocks and lambs in the universe. And when, in the fullness of Christ's age, the perceptions of man had been educated to the higher plane of such life relations,—when, in other words, the life progressive had prepared him for it, there was then no hesitation in the transposition, but law passed at once from Moses to Christ, and this

because the law was the common experience which chooses always as it finds its good.

But how reconcile the two?

I do not more fully believe in my own personality than I believe in the laws of Moses; and I do not more fully believe in the existence of the sunshine than I believe in the laws of Christ. And yet, as these seem so in conflict, and the one has been supplanted by the other, can I logically believe they are both of truth and of the very highest right?

I believe in slavery permitted, and I believe in the abolition of slavery.

I believe that bigamy may be the greatest virtue, and that it is the greatest crime.

I must believe in cannibalism, even though with no reasoning can I explain away, or excuse, that which seems to me so horrible.

These things I believe, because, in different ages, and under varying circumstances, the people have found themselves, without volition of their own, in these various ways; and the common experience has felt that these things and ways were right, and people lived in them, feeling no sense, or thought, of condemnation.

To-day, all people warm their houses with coal; a generation back, and everybody burned wood.

Somewhere in the line of my reading I remember to have met with an essay, from the pen of that genial writer John Holland, on the "Unemployed Resources." As I recall this essay, there comes to my mind the idea I want. I propose to attempt to demonstrate that truth can be truth to-day and error to-morrow; or, to put it in better phrase, that truth is a synonym for requirements.

I live, if you please, in a wide, unsettled country; I build my house where I like, and it is right. You, on the contrary, live in the midst of a great city; you build your house where you choose, and it is wrong. What makes the difference? The voice of the people,—the common experience,—this, and nothing else.

One has a farm on the frontiers, but has around it no fences; he has no cattle, neither has he neighbors. But, after a time, a community grows up, and cattle, owned by other people, intrude on, and eat from, his corn-fields; now the experience of his necessities begins to change, and law changes to him, as, wherein it was right to have no fences it is now wrong to be without them.

Let us give the thought a wider range.

In the beginning it must have happened that as man grew into sensibility and advanced in intelligence, or, in other words, as circumstances made man feel wants, and wants became necessities, so, for supply, he turned into the channel which the most naturally invited in the direction of the want felt. Let us, as an illustration, take the matter of cold and heat; these conditions, it is but fair to infer, being among the earliest of his considerations. Where, so naturally as in the forest, should man have learned the secret of combustion?—a lightning stroke perhaps, or the friction of swaying branches. Received, however, as it might be, whether by revelation, inspiration, or accident, it matters nothing. Man had received a great truth. Could it have entered into the thoughts of any one to have rejected this fire, or to have desired, or thought to have

waited, for a something better? Man had found what he needed, and to him a fire of wood was the brightest and greatest heat of life. And all men repeated, “This is the brightest and the greatest heat;” and this it was, and he who doubted, chiming not in with the common experience, must have gone cold, even though beneath the surface upon which he stood lay the deepest coal-beds of earth. It was so, because of some great law felt by mankind, but understood not, having indeed not even a name, by reason of which the resources of life develop themselves in their order, and in some regular succession,—nothing coming ever before its time, and nothing coming, save as out of the smoke of the casket came the genie. Men scent the smoke, men feel the smoke, but see no form. Yet, when the time comes, in an instant, in the very twinkling of an eye, the form appears; and he to whom it is given first to see it, has but to point out the substance, and, sooner or later, it becomes seen of all men. Who now but may crack the egg, or who but may read the law of the falling apple?

But let us see the law (now so plain) of the burning wood. Tree-life must have preceded man-life, for the reason that a soil was needed for the growing of that which was to be his support. So when man was born into the world, hecatombs of forests surrounded him. But, with this birth, the day of this law commenced to pass away,—man felled these trees and burned them; forest after forest disappeared. Yet, as they burned, man saw only smoke: nothing saw he of any form in the smoke. So, generation after generation he burned

the forests, who shall say how many? Finally, the balance of a law—*the natural law*—changed. Man had outgrown his ratio to tree-life, or rather, man had grown out of the tree-life. The tree had accomplished its mission in making a soil of habitat for its successor,—a wonderful work, of which, however, man had recognized nothing. Innocent soul! he thought that trees had grown for the single purpose of being burned. But man felt that the place of the tree was needed by him, and whether he would or not, the law of his circumstances compelled him to cut, cut; and, as in dismay he watched the smoke of his dying fire, behold, suddenly it condensed itself, and the genie appeared,—the genie greater than the giant it had succeeded, and the name of the genie was “stone coal.”

Do we say to ourselves, “How silently and without sign did this great giant lie, till his law called him forth?” It was even so. Just as the great truths of the new dispensation assumed not before men its form of resistless might, neither was seen of them until its habitat had been made by the lower organization of a Mosaic period.

For generations of generations—who shall say how many?—the white sails of man's ships floated over every sea where swam the leviathan,—the whale was the law and the revelation of oil, and other there was none. So man, out of his common experience, said, “This is light.” And that one, who, seeking a brighter or more convenient source, accepted not this common experience, found himself in darkness. It mattered not that he walked over the oil streams of the Alleghanies,

he was in darkness ; he saw not, because the time had not come to see.*

But time passed on, and man, in his development, outgrew his ratio to whale-life, just as before this he had outgrown the law of Moses and the law of the tree. And now—and, mark you, not until now—did he carry his harpoon from his ship to the hillside ; and here, far away from the confusing winds and buffeting waves, did he strike deep, deep into the earth, and from unexplored streams, from miraculous fissures, flowed forth a very sea itself of oil.

Wood preceded coal, and the oil of the animal preceded the oil of the earth. Who so illogical as to say wood is not of truth, because it is now replaced of coal ? Or who would affirm that animal oil had not its appointed work, because there has come after it that which man receives as a truth better suited to his needs ?

Need we pause to make the application ? The law of Moses was, though we may scarcely even yet fully understand it, what the wood was to the soil, what the wood was to the coal, what the whale oil is to the rock oil, what, in a near future, decomposed water shall be to obsolete stone coal. Ah ! what is the destiny of

* In 1820, an expedition, under Major Stephen H. Long, was sent to explore the country from Pittsburg to the Rocky Mountains. The object of the expedition was to inform the government of its resources, and in it were learned men, representing every department of science. " One hundred miles above Pittsburg," says the voice of this expedition, " near the Alleghany River, is a spring, on the surface of whose waters are found such quantities of bituminous oil that a person may gather several gallons a day." Similar oil springs are noticed as existing also in Kentucky and Ohio. But the genie of the oil spring uttered no word, and the learned men passed on and saw him not.

man? and what is to follow that which, of necessity, must pass away? Common experience changes with that by which it finds itself influenced and controlled, and if it cries white to-day and black to-morrow—why, white and black we shall surely find it, doubt it or reason upon it as we may.

But let us again rub our philosopher's stone, and ask it what of slavery, or what of anything else, which, being once its voice, is not now its voice.

A country, says the stone, blessed with enlightenment and grace, with fields so extensive and fertile that well might they have supplied with bread many famine-over-run lands, finds these fields powerless for their good from lack of hands to till them. A sailor, our stone goes on to tell, threading his way through barren and scorched lands, had exposed to him a race lost to every impress of humanity save the form, a heartless people, cruel, devilish. As the sailor passed on his way, congratulating himself that his own lot had been so much the more happily cast, he came to a rude, but strong, pen, the odor of carnage impregnating its very logs. "This," said his guide, "is where we keep prisoners taken in battle; and as we are always fighting, it is always full, and we stick pine splints into their flesh, and we dance with delight as they burn, and as they howl and scream in their agony. And we twist them and drown them, and we crack the skulls of their children between great stones." "Why, this is perdition itself," said the sailor, and tears ran down his brawny cheeks.*

* See Saugnier's Travels in Africa.

In his pity, to save these wretches, doomed to misery and destruction, the white man had no chance but in purchase. So he bought the slaves, and with them filled his ships ; and then back—a mission unrecognized fulfilled—he sailed to the untilled fields in the civilized country. For his captives he built huts, not palaces, but yet, houses better than in their own country they had ever dreamt of. Then into their hands he put the implements of industry ; he taught them how needs were most happily and comfortably supplied, showed them how to replace the wild meat of their flesh-pots with the plenty of thrift ; and having done all this, he looked on them in their bettered condition, and comparing it with the misery of the slave-pens, he said, “This is Paradise.”

But it was not all Paradise.

The children of the captives had not their skulls cracked between stones, but the sailor felt it not wrong to scatter them among his neighbors, neither, having bought them with a price, was he liberal enough to say, You are free ; but he kept them in bondage, and they toiled for him,—yet toiled at the same time for themselves. Just, indeed, as labor always has toiled for capital, or, more correctly speaking, as labor finds its best good in a copartnership with capital, as hands find themselves most profitable when directed by a head, most helpless when they depend alone upon their own sinews.

But the slaves learned the ways of the intelligence which controlled them,—from the barren fields grew out the fruits of knowledge, the ignorant and beastly became the refined and human, the animal of the blood-pen became the man of Christ’s religion.

Now, yet not until now, changed the vox Dei, as expressed in the vox populi. Gradually over the land went a voice, so gradually extended that man comprehended not, for a long time, what sound it was ; then, as a whirlwind, it culminated, and slaves and master were, in a moment, separated. The whirlwind was the law of development and progressive evolution. The sacrifice of life in the Rebellion was simply a result of man's ignorance ; he saw not the irresistible law against which he contended. Before this law is there nothing that may not yield.

Back to the land of the slave-pens has gone, and will go, the prisoner saved by the sailor ; but with him he takes a something he brought not. Where stood the pen, he has built, and shall build, a Liberia, and his city is one set upon a hill, and from it the darkest places of Africa are to be illuminated, and the sunshine of liberty, freedom, and light, which it gives forth, shall make barren hills and desolate hearts bloom and blossom as the rose, and Africa's people shall see, in the future, and shall understand, with amazement, the workings of the wondrous law which disenthralled them.

The price paid—think—was a very small one, and it was as the seed, which, to produce fruit, must itself be cast into the earth and perish.

* * * “Be fruitful, multiply, and replenish the earth.” No voice but the first speech has ever spoken on this subject over the wide, unoccupied lands of America. From England, however, and the over-populated cities of France rises a first faint whisper,—the physicist alone here has heard the voice,—long may it be before

heed is claimed for it in the ears of the people. Yet has the voice modified itself thus much to the world that the speech to the patriarchs, which was the enjoining of bigamy, now discountenances, to this extent at least, over-production. An American writer may not, however, give even thought to this subject; but I condemn not my English brother, who seems to be having it forced upon him.

Let me close these reflections with the expression of the Hindoos: "The great triad has, at different times, become incarnate in different forms and in different countries, to the inhabitants of which it has given different laws and instructions, suitable to their respective climates and circumstances. Thus it is that religions differ, each being suited, and suiting itself, to requirements,—the goodness of Deity naturally allowing many roads to the same end."

TO-DAY.

“**M**IND the light.” This was the message, to the world, of George Fox, the founder of the society called “Friends.” The light of the world is the experience thereof; the highest good is to walk therein.*

Never, in any age, has there shone over the common intelligence a broader sheen than to-day is beaming on the minds of men. The light which seemed heretofore to have glimmered here and there for the few, is now falling upon all people; everybody is thinking, everybody is on the road of progress. To-day is as a morning, with the sunlight awakening the drowsy; mankind are as sleepers aroused. The people stand alert, watching the growing light and looking towards the meridian. What next? is the expectation. Prejudices, like marsh mists before advancing morning, are disappearing. The injunction of the Quaker has become the watch-word of science.

It has come most powerfully to strike the intelligence of the age, that in man's relation to, and worship of, God, he has been exhibiting little else than selfishness; his prayers have been “give,” “give,” and his worship, for a prize not otherwise to be obtained. Heaven,

* “Error does not arise from the senses being false media, but from the wrong interpretations we put on their testimony.”—ARISTOTLE.

the object of his adoration, has been as a something having little connection with the present, being a country geographically afar off, and only to be reached in some distant future. Where has ascended one thank-offering for the good which "covers man as with a garment," a thousand petitions have been clogged about it. From night until morning, and from morning until night, it has not been much but weary complainings, lamentations, and cravings.

This, if God was a giver as man gives, might not be at least without judgment in us, for then should we hope to weary Him into compliance; and there are not too many in his world who would be ashamed of such littleness and meanness.

But God gives not as man gives. True, a sparrow may not fall without notice, no more than may a planet combust; but no special decree or observation recognizes either. A sparrow falls in law as shall a world disappear. But this, instead of being for us to regret, should prove rather our joy, and, indeed, a fullness of satisfaction; and will so prove when a profounder knowledge of the Creator shall give a profounder faith; for we shall come clearly and fully to see our duty, and, walking therein, shall arrive at that confidence which trusts, even though it seems that He "destroy us." We shall have learned that "what is, is best."

Law, then, is the government of the world and of all things therein contained; and this law, like unto man's law, is a studyable code. To read and to know the law, is the wisdom of life.

The yet too common cry that the present is an age of skepticism, is only the lingerings of the voice that

goes ever before truth. The age, rather, is that of investigation and research, not infidelity, except, indeed, that to be infidel is to advance to higher and greater thoughts. Men have ceased to be satisfied with that acquaintance with their Creator which has held Him at such an immeasurable distance,—they are wanting to get closer, they would lessen, or annihilate, the space of separation, as, with steam and electricity, they have discovered that the spaces of earth are to be annihilated, and in so great an undertaking they are most happily succeeding, and the success is coming from “minding the light.”

The scientists of the day, it will readily be perceived, have not yet acquired the skill to read fully the hieroglyphics themselves are unearthing; but they continue not the less vigorously to work, and the cipher, which is to prove the key to the whole, may not forever elude the search. In this, then, their aspect of to-day, they may well be compared with the apostles of Christ, who, reading the Saviour daily, recognized not the kingdom He represented.

Surely it cannot but be that the day is not far distant when the theologian and scientist shall join efforts. Thus is it to be that man is the more quickly to arrive at the grace in store for him. Whom men have served alone in the faith, Him is the scientist to declare in fact; then shall exist the halo which is to enable the very blind to see.

Science and truth are synonyms, and synonyms may not belie each other. If, in the developments daily being made by the learned men of the age, there seems to be any conflict with doctrines of the Bible, the fault

resides, not certainly in that book of truths, neither, as I conceive, is it in science; but a future will exhibit that it is to be searched for in a still-enveloping ignorance, which permits not men to make a reconciliation of even parallel things. I will be excused in suggesting that, for my own part, my reading and my reflections have so entirely satisfied me of this, that I cannot but express regret at seeing separated workers, who, in all reason and common sense, should be holding to the same end of the rope.

As exhibiting the mutual relations which naturally exist—so far as common good is concerned—between theology and materialism, I may not but instance an illustration exhibited in a work lately published by the learned President of Princeton College, entitled “Christianity and Positivism.” In reading this author one recognizes a master, not accepting him alone in faith, but impressed with the conviction that always does he know, fully and widely, just what he is writing about,—a virtue not by any means possessed by all his fellows, as witness some of the Boston “Lectures on Christianity and Skepticism.” It is a fact, a very unfortunate one, that most men of reputation and parts are one-sided,—this, indeed, being the secret of their prominence. Not more certainly does this apply to the theologian than to the scientist. While by the world a man may be esteemed learned because of that which it hears from him, yet it may, indeed, very well be that he knows little aside from his specialty and is entirely incompetent to the reconciliation of his own with other truths. In the wider sense, then, of “learned” do I offer my respect to our Scotch visitor.

Dr. McCosh, it seems to me, has read everything, and has also well digested the mass; and from this learning and his ability to appreciate concurring facts, he makes it felt that he has found the treasure which casteth out fear. I will not compare this man with Darwin, with Huxley, Herbert Spencer, or Maudsley, but I may not hesitate to say that he is not of less breadth of outlook than either of them,—certainly he makes it recognized that he has walked the paths, both of theology and science, to the point at which they are found to run together and make a common road; we see him in this road, and feel it to be the true one.

The progressiveness of man's appreciation of his relations to his Maker, and to nature, may be very well illustrated in an observation of him in connection with his worship; that is, that in proportion to his intelligence does he grow out of forms and ceremonies.

The wisdom of the Romish Church, in its adoption of signs and symbols, is placed beyond dispute when a momentary consideration is given to the material composing it. It will be instantly admitted, I presume, that the mass of the Roman Catholic world are not of that education of which is begotten the reflective cast of the Quaker mind,—taking this sect as the other extreme,—and in just so far as these people are behind the Quakers in just such proportion must their requirements differ. Confession, to a Friend, would justly be a burlesque; to an illiterate man, I can conceive of it being his salvation, or, if not this, I may imagine, at any rate, nothing better calculated to keep him from offense. The ceremonials, the garniture of the altar and of the priests,—these appeal to the eye, and have, from the

beginning, been the instruments of impression on simple minds. A man whose attention could not otherwise be interested is thus attracted and taught. Pictures, images, signs, relics,—these are to the man-child what they are to the infant-child,—are necessities of worship, and will, no doubt, long continue to be. But, if men grow, these things may not last; people naturally grow out of them, cannot help but grow out of them,—just as we grow out of quack doctors, grow out of lawyers, learn too much to accept “image and sign for essence.” It is not an argument against this that the Romanist, when educated, still holds to his ceremonies. There are many reasons why these should be retained by him, not the least of which is the impolicy of his losing influence and command over a mass of material not otherwise restrainable, and which command the general good may pray that he retain as long as possible. Or, again, it takes a wide knowledge to educate a man out of his prejudices. Or, still again, one may very justly ask if other work is given this people save this. To this latter view I would myself rather incline. It seems most in accordance with life relations; to the tortoise is given the earth, to the eagle, both earth and sky. I can imagine, however, nothing but the eventual passing away of all ceremonial observances; and on such a principle, it seems to me a necessity of nature as it grows into spirituality, that in some distant future all people will be found gathering in the silent waitings of the Quaker form of worship. I satisfy myself of this by observing that as a man becomes reflective and unselfish, he inclines to simplicity and retirement. Tinsel and gloss no longer allure or

attract him, fine churches are a reflection upon his charity, because he has come to a recognition of the fact that to Him who is beauty itself, the abortions of men can be no compliment. I will not, of course, be esteemed as reflecting particularly on the Romish Church. I am speaking only to a principle. I am not at all adverse to the confession that I hold creeds and professions as of such little import that to me they seem like the playthings with which children amuse themselves. I only assert a belief, founded on the relation of things, that knowledge and ceremonials cannot coexist.

So, as man grows out of ceremonials does he grow also out of prejudices. I am not to affirm that an educated man is without this fault, but I may assert that a learned man is. There is a marked distinction between the two. An educated man, feeling he knows much, may possibly be vain. A learned man, recognizing that he knows nothing, must be humble. I never knew a truly learned man who was not simple-hearted, and who found not his highest pleasure in things deemed by the world of little consequence.*

The discussions of the age, no matter what the range or who the authority, are groupable under two heads--Naturalism and Christianity. The first may consider man alone from the aspect of an organized force of nature. This is the fullest application of its range. The second has to deal with the soul-life of man, and this is that life of which the body is nothing more

* "So much learning," said Atterbury, speaking of Berkeley, the famous bishop of Cloyne, "so much knowledge, so much innocence and so much humility, I did not think had been the portion of any but angels till I saw this gentleman."

than the temple. Naturalism is a science by and in itself. Soulism is a something by and in itself. The relations of the two have no closer identity than the chariot horses of the Phædrus; it is true enough both are in the same harness, but yet are they separable, and sooner or later must be seen of all men so to be.

A fault of the age seems to be the inclination to the speedy seeking of conclusions; perhaps, indeed, it will be found to be that this is the greatest drawback against which learning has to contend. "When I was a young man," said an eminent practitioner of medicine, "I had twenty remedies for every disease, but now that I am an old man I have scarcely one remedy for twenty diseases." "The man should be hanged without a doubt," said a juror, who had listened to one side of the testimony. "The other man should be hanged," he said, when the opposite side had been heard. Now, how naturalism can contend with soulism is simply inconceivable. A soul is only of the material part, as is a man of the house in which he has taken up his residence. And a body is not to the real and true life of a man of more signification than his house.* Often have I thought of this separability of existence as I have meditated over the bodies and parts of bodies one finds scattered through every part

* It must be that there is much one does not comprehend, but the known may give faith in the reasonable unknown. What is called centrifugal force, or the opponent in nature to gravitation, is simply a name having in it no scientific meaning; but that there is a something that harmonizes the relation of the planets no one may doubt. And this something, this law, whatever it is, will be found quite as simple of recognition as gravitation; indeed, it may very well be that it is gravitation.

of a dissecting-room. Kick a dried leg, as you find it covered with dust in some overlooked corner: it makes no complaint at the insult; it rolls away, as does the bone you kick after it. Stick the scalpel deep into the brain from which you have just removed the calvarium: there is no wincing; pound the mass in a mortar, and as the ashman comes, mix it with the dirt he carries, and, as he goes off, wonder if anybody may tell the difference between dust and dust. Open the eyelids of the body that lies upon the marble table: how dead and cold and meaningless is the orb! "Surely," you think, "this did never smile, nor love, nor sparkle." No, it did not; but the soul that used it did. Yorick's skull was not Yorick. Open the dead jaw, and with tenaculum pull forward the flabby tongue fallen so far back into the throat. Is this the organ which whispered the honeyed words of Claude, or screamed the battle-cry of a crusading Peter? No, it is simply a piece of worn-out machinery, thrown away because no longer needed; particle by particle you may cut this up, searching for its secret, but you search in vain; the power and the secret have left it. Then you say, "What is a body that I should be mindful of it?" and you leave that room never again to confound body and soul. Yet, for all, how wonderful is the machine; how complex! Twenty years, perhaps, you have studied it, and still do not know it all. If the materialistic, in even so limited a portion of the territory, is thus incomprehensible, who shall doubt, because that he cannot compass the immaterial? An atheist is simply a fool, and deserves not to be considered.

Can a man understand and analyze his soul,—his real

life? I have never yet met the man who understood fully the body,—never one. But I know close students of the mortal part, and of all the natural sciences, and these are students in the laboratory of God, and are the men who come the nearest in the contemplative view of the incomprehensible. From these, people are learning of God's attributes.

But the fault of the materialist is that in too many instances he lacks width to read the writings he himself exposes; yet this is only manlike. The microscopist, for example, is very apt to fall into the conviction that the only things to be seen are such as pass over the field of his glass. I knew a philosopher of this class, who, on one occasion, got his head broken by the overtoppling of a crazy book-case, which an ordinary person might have seen the unsafety of, and yet, at the moment of the accident, he had just developed among the last lines on Nobert's test,—certainly about the most unseeable thing in science. This lack of outlook is a fault of the materialist, but, as before implied, it is certainly not less the fault of the theologian.* Both,

* Let me shelter this assertion where few may venture to criticise it. "Chærephon, my friend," says Socrates, "being at Delphi, ventured to inquire of the oracle who was the wisest man, and in answer was told that none were wiser than Socrates. Then I reasoned with myself: What does the god mean? What is the enigma? For I am not conscious that I am wise, either much or little. . . . Afterwards, with considerable difficulty, I had recourse to the following method of searching out his meaning. I went to the politician, the greatest of the day. I questioned him, but found he was only wise in the opinions of others and in his own, but not really so. I thereupon endeavored to show him that he fancied himself to be wise, but was not truly so; for my pains, I became odious, both to him and many others who were

however, are broadening to a wider horizon ; rapidly is the sense of the distinction between body and soul, the mortal and the immortal part, extending among scientists. If Darwin believes in, and demonstrates, a progressive development, it brings us simply to the creation through natural laws (which would be nothing different from a special creation to the same end) of a body or organism capable of receiving a soul as a tenant, just as a father might refuse to put a son into any house but one specially built for him. Or if Mr. Huxley pleases to place protoplasm as the basal element of life, wherein does he disprove, or even affect to disprove, the influence of the original cause, which, out of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, makes protoplasm? Protoplasm is not life ; the yelk of an egg is not life, nor still is it the albumen ; yet are both elements of life. The germinal spot even is not the entity, though from this we find form to start. The aphorism of Virchow, "*Omnis cellula e cellula*," yet explains nothing of the mystery ; neither, as I under-

present. When I left him, I reasoned thus with myself: I am wiser than this man, for neither of us appears to know anything great or good ; but he fancies he knows something, although he knows nothing ; whereas I, as I do not know anything, so I do not fancy I do. In this trifling particular, then, I appear to be wiser than he.

"I went to the artisans, for I was conscious to myself that I knew scarcely anything, but I was sure I should find them possessed of much beautiful knowledge. And in this I was not deceived, for they knew things which I did not, and in this respect they were wiser than I. But, O Athenians, even the best workman appeared to me to have fallen into the same error as the poets, for each, because he excelled in the practice of his art, thought that he was very wise in other most important matters, and this mistake of theirs obscured the wisdom that they really possessed."

stand it, does the physicist attempt to argue outside of the materialistic aspect of the question of life. Whence came the original cell is certainly a question not foreign to the thoughts of the naturalist; or, if a very common sense had not suggested this, assuredly the refutation of M. Pouchet's experiments by Pasteur would have been the sufficient asking of it. Does Comte, or his successor, Herbert Spencer, ascend to a first cause? On the contrary, with Mr. Mill, with Professor Bain, and Mr. Grote, they assume that man may study only phenomena.* But are phenomena causes? Is a flash of lightning or a peal of thunder a cause? Who tells, or even attempts to tell, anything of either when he describes it as a phenomenon? When Mr. Mill writes of ideas as generated from sensations, and "feelings springing up in an unknown way by means of this association of things," does he tell, or attempt to tell, anything of action in the abstract? Nothing of the kind; certainly nothing so far as the exhibit of a cause is concerned. I have often myself described to large classes the phenomena of nerve force, but I never dreamed of having attempted to explain aught save the merest mechanism of the matter. And if it should

* The materialistic discusses not God, but approaches Him through that it may discuss. "The conditionally limited," says Sir William Hamilton, "is the only possible object of knowledge and of positive thought; thought necessarily supposes conditions. To think is to condition, and conditional limitation is the fundamental law of the possibility of thought. For, as the greyhound cannot outstrip his shadow, nor, by a more appropriate simile, the eagle outsoar the atmosphere in which he floats, and by which alone he may be supported, so the mind cannot transcend that sphere of limitation, within and through which exclusively the possibility of thought is realized."

have been that one followed me through the week of lectures it takes for such a demonstration, he must always have found at the close that we had simply reviewed a machine; of the force using this machine,—the soul, he must have left the lecture-room to commune with, and think of a something higher than matter, as did the lecturer.

The doctrine of Dr. Maudsley, of the non-unity of the soul (see his “Gulstonian Lectures delivered before the Royal College of Physicians of London”), places him in a category in which he seems to lack that solid basis of support possessed by nearly all other materialistic co-workers. I say this in all respect for the learning exhibited by the gentleman. What Dr. Maudsley says of the soul seems precisely analogous to saying that it is “an engine which drags a train,” having at the moment in one’s mind no recognition of the steam which is the force of the engine. One may only express surprise that so fallible and loose an assertion could have gained a moment’s reputation for profundity. “The soul,” says Dr. M., “is an unity only by the combination and co-operation of the brain-cells, and it shifts moment by moment, and is dissolved by the dissolution of these cells.” Again I find myself unable to comprehend why the notoriety of this view (let it be good or ill as it may) attaches at all to Dr. Maudsley, as in the “*Rapports du Physique et du Morale de l’Homme*,” of Cabanis, I find the same idea.*

* The theories of Dr. Maudsley (see “Mind and Body”) were advanced, one hundred and twenty odd years ago, by Pierre Cabanis.

“By an unfortunate phrase, Cabanis gave his antagonists an advantage, and impeded the progress of his own views. He was understood

The premature deductions of men may be viewed as clouds shifting over the face of the sunlight. Indeed, it may be that these are necessary to an ability to look at the light at all, as is the atmosphere with its fogs to the looking at the sun. We certainly could not see the sun half as truly as we do without some interposed veil. Try the experiment on any cloudless summer

to say that the brain secretes thoughts as the liver secretes bile. He said nothing of the kind, but his language lent itself easily to the misconception; and the ridicule and disgust which assailed it seriously damaged the dignity of the physiological method. This is what he did say: '*Pour se faire une idée juste des opérations dont résulte la pensée, il faut considérer le cerveau comme un organe particulier destiné spécialement à la produire.*' Had he stopped here," suggests the author from whom I quote, "few would have seen anything to cavil at, but he added, '*de même que l'estomac et les intestins à opérer la digestion, le foie à filtrer la bile.*' This is really saying nothing different from the hypothesis of Maudsley, 'that thought is a function of the brain.'"

The fallacy of Dr. Maudsley, as it strikes me, after a most critical reading of him, lies, to express it mechanically, in his not distinguishing between the power and the machine, between the steam of the engine, which is a something in itself, and the engine, which is a something in itself. In the summing up in his third lecture, he repudiates the aphorism of Sir William Hamilton:

"On earth there is nothing great but man,
In man there is nothing great but mind."

But he has done it on such insufficient grounds (in the arguments of his book) that they have failed to impress me to the slightest extent. In a physiologico-mechanical expression his whole argument of the unity of body and mind is thus statable: "There can be in itself no such an independent force as steam, because, unless the engine is perfect, steam is not found able to drag a train, propel the steamship, or drive the wheels of a factory." This fallacy, it seems to me, certainly must strike any one whose knowledge of physiology will enable him to analyze Dr. Maudsley.

day,—it is at such a time that the orb is certainly most exposed; yet, we find that now we may not see it at all. But the light is to be seen through clouds, even as we do darken a glass that we may trace the sun's disk. And a suggestion, be it erroneous or true, provokes thought, through which thought, or out of which, comes, sooner or later, a disproof, or verification.*

* "Mind," says Dr. Maudsley, "can only be studied with any prospect of advantage by the physiological method." Dr. Charles Elam, in his "Problems," criticising Dr. Maudsley and Huxley, says, "It is true that for purposes of discussion, and in a physiological point of view, the terms mind (soul) and brain may be used synonymously. But it appears to us a matter too much involving the reality, or otherwise, of our hopes of immortality, not to compel the entering of our formal protest against the doctrine. The brain, we know, is material; the mind is, we conceive, immaterial. Yet, as we know, and can know, nothing abstractly of mind apart from its manifestations through its material organ, it is convenient occasionally to use these as convertible terms, especially when concerned with laws of action, which appear to be connected with, if not dependent upon, material changes. Yet, nothing can be more certain than this, that however dependent mind may be for its manifestations upon a material organ, it is essentially different in its nature. Were there no presumptive evidence of this from the phenomena of memory, imagination, etc., it would be supplied by the frequent instances of the persistent integrity of the mind amid the utter decay of the bodily organs." "My friends," said Anquetil, when his approaching death was announced to him by his physicians, "you behold a man dying, full of life." On this expression M. Lordet quotes Dr. Elam's remark: "It is, indeed, an evidence of the duplicity of the dynamism in one and the same individual; a proof of the union of two active causes simultaneously created, hitherto inseparable, and the survivor of which is the biographer of the other."

What the physicist or philosopher may say is ever to be received in comparison with other things. The man who reads extensively, or thinks much, will always feel his fallibility, and be prepared with self-excuse in denying himself. "In a living life," says Mr. George Henry Lewis, in his chapter on the Writings of Plato, "a man's opinions undergo

“In pure light,” says Hegel, “that is, light without color or shadow, we should be totally unable to see anything. Absolute clearness is therefore identical with absolute obscurity,—with its negation, in fact; but neither clearness nor obscurity is complete alone. By uniting them we have clearness mingled with obscurity; that is to say, we have light, properly so called.”

Suggestive is this, at least.

Scientific men are always suggestive, or, if not this, at least through them comes the unearthing of the truths of life. To appreciate what these have done is only to reflect upon all things which man recognizes as good, and if to best know one is to know his work, then has the scientist shown the people more of God than has even the theologian.

The scientist stands to the theologian (as will be seen, I conceive, when the former is properly known by the latter) as English intelligence and light has recognized in the healing art, the relationship of a specialist to a general practitioner. In America, for example, the common practitioner is expected to be competent to every emergency, and whether a patient should have fractured a rib, injured an eye, or been attacked by a passing epidemic, the one mind is the common directory. In England, on the contrary, certain individuals concentrate the strength and force of lifetime observations in special investigations, and because of such concentration, become proficient. When, on any

many modifications.” Plato found himself compelled to contradict himself continually. “Plato,” says Cicero, “would affirm nothing, but after producing many arguments and examining a question on every side, would leave it undetermined.”

point, obscurity exists, one of these scientists, whose forte may be the point under dispute, is called to shed his light upon it; and thus the dark place becomes illumined, and is safely passed over. In this country, the people know very little about such a good, and so by not knowing of the light, they are too frequently mired.

Aside from science, is other light to-day shining?

Under the pall of war, entirely concealed from many eyes, lies the most heavenly of God's gifts to earth,—peace. When this pall shall be torn, how shall all people rejoice in the light which is yet so dim!

How black must be the darkness of that man who is not prepared to give his blessing and his word of cheer to the peace apostles! To utter my own sense of this movement I have no sufficient words. It is a breaking light which has only so far risen as to touch a peak here and there of the high spots of human nature, but it is a light which shall follow the sun, and every dark nature, and every dark place, shall be warmed and freshened by the glorious rays. Soon, very soon, I trust, will the display and ostentation of war stand forth in its proper apparel; then shall reputation no longer be associated with rapine and cruelty, but men will open their hearts in a sudden wonder that not before should they have seen that the difference between military fame and all that is best to be avoided was not in fact but in estimation. No one may doubt but in that profession are to be found men of unexceptionable character. But one may wonder at it,—wonder, as much as one finds himself surprised at the association

of the notoriously incompetent with the grand profession of politics. It will be a happy day for the world when the learned and nobly-inclined gentlemen in the one profession, shall displace the many unlearned and ignoble disgracing the other.

The principle of arbitration, another of the humane characteristics of the Society of Friends, exhibits in itself the advance ground occupied by this people. Who ever saw two true Quakers contend in a court of law? Who has seen a real Friend take up the sword?* Think, for a moment, what the result would be, if all people were governed by these principles; we will not consider the treasure saved, but we may ponder over the evil avoided and the good secured.

The light—the proper light—I do not believe is, anywhere upon this earth, to be more fully seen than in the living of Friends. I write this, having myself searched for it in many places, and having seen and known every class and condition of society. There is never, among this people, want, for there is always frugality; there is never contention, for there is always agreement; there is never unrest, for there is always quiet.

But it is answered, that with this people is diversity of doctrine.

* It was greatly to the loss of the influence of the Society of Friends that, during the late war, so many of its young people, uninfluenced by the charges and warnings of their elders, forgot the principles they served and impiously took upon their weak selves the work which, in its own right time, would have been wrought to its proper end. This, I trust, all now see.

This I said one day to my daughter, whom, of all things, I most desire to see grow into the dignity and simplicity of a Quaker maiden :

Friends, my daughter, I said, are thinking people, and being of wide reading and contemplative habits, much free discussion necessarily exists amongst them. It is with Friends as with other people, perfect knowledge and judgment do not exist with them ; consequently in their meetings much may be heard that is not food for all to whom the hearing comes ; but this argues not that what is given is not food, no more than would it be just to say of meat that it is not food when offered to an infant. In a Friends' meeting are large numbers to feed, and of that which is set before the many, the wise man or woman takes what he or she finds subservient to nutrition, and takes nothing more. In this, in which the Society is educated, it derives its analogy from the physical body. The body of a man is made up of various members,—bones, muscles, nerves, arteries, veins, lymphatics, and a hundred other parts. Poured upon these members in bulk, as we might express ourselves, is blood, the fluid holding the pabulum for all of them ; that which is life to the one part is not nutrition to the other,—indeed, is positive poison. But the bone takes not the pabulum of the muscle, nor the muscle the food of the bone, but each takes that which meets its own requirements, and lets go by it without concern that which is foreign to its nature. So, when in Friends' meeting diverse doctrines are preached, the simple or the learned, the Spiritualist or the Materialist, the Trinitarian or Unitarian takes of that which feeds him,—and takes of that alone.

“Image and sign are not the essence.” God is God, and beside Him there is none other; from Him all things emanate, towards Him all things gravitate. God is God.

The world, happily, has never been without “the light.” On some—on many—altars it is always kept beacon bright; grand men have lived, and grand men will, no doubt, live, who, “minding the light,” shine out as examples to their fellow-men. Poor and rich, high and low, learned and unlearned, Christian and heathen,—who mind the light, profit alike from it. Never was a man so atheistical that he might not recognize the flame, never a man so much a doubter that he felt not truth.

“With me,” says Socrates, “has always been a guide which has not failed to direct me, even in the most simple of my outgoings and incomings. To-day, when I left my house to come into this court which has condemned me to my death, it warned me not against the coming: thus may I be sure that my dying shall profit more than my living.” The familiar spirit of Socrates was relied on ever as the director of his actions. “Give thy son no teacher,” spoke the oracle to Sophroniscus, the father of the philosopher, “for within him is a voice better than a thousand instructors.”

Pascal, with his amulet, is only perhaps an example of a nature in which the flame of the inner light burned with extraordinary brightness. Certain it is that from the hour of his greatest spiritual exaltation on a November night in 1654, he ever after manifested no interest in earthly affairs, save to endeavor to cast his light along the pathway of his fellow-men, and to live in what he deemed the true life.

LIVING.

AFTER all, the odd hours of a man's life constitute his true life ; out of harness and out of the shop, back he goes at once to the rut of his wanderings and his thinkings ; and if you would see him as he is, in truth and nature, it is in the rut you are to seek him.

A grave man playing at skittles, and a learned man at leap-frog, are anything but sorry sights. A sorry sight, however, it is when the rut gets never into the sunshine. " Out to grass," as Kaye has it, is a happy leading of the rut. Donald Mitchell is to me an inviting ray, as, with Ik Marvel, he crosses his legs and dreams his dreams before his crackling wood-fire ; and Horace Greeley, as he discourses about the things of the field, and gets out of Printing-House Square, is made the fuller man that it is seen he is more than a politician. Beecher, counting the bushels of his corn-crop, or with wide-soled boots hoeing potatoes, is not less the man that one desires to know than when, in Plymouth Chapel, he pours out the libations of his bright thoughts. Out of harness is glorious, for whether one dreams dreams stretched full length in some shady seacoast spot, or dreams his dreams in the library arm-chair, the relief amounts to the same sense of exhilaration.

We have discoursed somewhat of the thoughts of the

age. We will not belie the intentions of our book, of the odd thoughts of our odd hours, if we spend a reflection upon a fault of the age—overworking.

“It is a blessed thought all through the long work-day months of the early part of the year,” says the author of “*Essays of an Optimist*,” “that, if we only live long enough, we must drift into August. For with August comes the holiday. There is a lull in the mighty clatter of the machinery of life ; the great wheels are still, or they gyrate slowly and noiselessly. How it happens it is hard to say (and the harder the more you think about it, for man’s wants and man’s passions, which make work, are never still), but the autumnal sabbath comes round as surely as the shorter days and the yellower leaves ; and from the great heart of the metropolis we go in search of a cheerier life and a fresher atmosphere.”

There seems simply no need of so much production as men are making. A man works as if he worked for many others, and not at all for himself. This is the explanation of the absence of all but the autumnal holiday : “*Luxuries accumulate and men decay.*” The need of the much arises from the artificiality of living, and the much engenders and breeds the unsatisfiable. “*Appetite*,” says Seneca, “hath revolted from nature, which continually inciteth itself, and increases with the ages, helping vice by wit. First it began to desire superfluous, then contrary, things ; last of all, it sold the mind to the body, and commanded it to serve the lusts thereof. All the arts wherewith the city is continually set at work, and maketh such a stir, do center in the affairs of the body, to which all things were

once performed as to a servant, but now are provided as for a lord."

An honest old German, smoking his pipe upon his stoop, thus discoursed to one who asked him of the rich men of his neighborhood: "That is our wealthiest man," said he, pointing to one who lived least imposing of his neighbors; "he is worth ten thousand dollars; all the others have more than a hundred thousand." Upon surprise being expressed that a man of ten thousand was richer than he who multiplies him ten times, "In this country," he said, "a man with ten thousand dollars has all that his true necessities demand: the remainder of his possessions, whatever they may be, are not of real use, so all over ten thousand only tend to fret him and cause him anxiety." It must be, then, that, as the object of wealth is to make one's self comfortable, the man of fewest cares is the richest. We will say, at least in the abstract, this discourser was a philosopher.

"It is the property of God to need nothing," said Socrates, "and they that need, and are contented with least, come nearest to God." Antisthenes, the Athenian, the founder of the sect called Cynics, said, "Those who have once learned the way to temperance and virtue, let them not addict themselves again to corporeal delicacies and false wants, for these dull the mind and divert and hinder from noble living." "You see," said Xenocrates, as he treated the ambassadors of Alexander with the temperate and spare things of his table, "I have no need for your master's bounty that I am so well pleased with this." Artaxerxes Mnemon was reduced on one occasion to dine on bar-

ley-bread and dried figs, and drink water: "What pleasure," said he, "have I lost till now, through my delicacies and excesses!"

Goldsmith—poor Goldsmith!—was not a philosopher, but he felt out truths, and saw not unfrequently farther than many who laughed at his follies. In his *Deserted Village*, he has not uttered the least of his wisdom:

"Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.
A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man.
For him light labor spread her wholesome store;
Just gave what life required, but gave no more;
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.
. . . But times are altered; trade's unfeeling train
Usurps the land, and dispossess the swain.
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumb'rous pomp repose,
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each nook, and brightened all the green,—
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more."

Did ever a busy man take a holiday and not feel, as he joyed in the fresh life, that there was a something wrong in his ordinary living? What is the use in the money, or the production, if both be but an excess of store to lay by? Does the active man of Third Street or Wall Street tell me that excitement is the pleasure of

life? Well, because I know that to him it is most apt to become so, I give him my warmest pity. We prostitute our lives, we shut ourselves up in counting-houses, and amid the smoke of our cigars, and our talk, and our exchanging, we let days slip by, one after the other going, until it is read in some morning newspaper that all of them are gone, and we with them.

“Have you ever,” asks Zschokke, “passed a fine spring morning alone amid the new-born beauties of nature? when, at such a time, you have been roving in the shade of peaceful groves, through the green canopy of which the rosy waves of sunlight broke, when the soft breath of morn was wafted across the verdant landscape, and the numberless flowerets shivered, and the dew on the leaflets glittered in the tears of joy which heaven had shed at the holiness and goodness of the Creator; and the cascade leaping from the rock, and the river in its bed, and the forest on the hill, sent forth solemn murmurs, while high up above, and deep down below, the air resounded with the wonderful song of birds, and the buzzing of insects. Oh, what were your feelings? Did not a sense of inexpressible delight flash through your bosom? You drew a deep breath, your body seemed etherealized, you felt as if you must join your voice to the voices of the air, as if you must mix your tears with the tears of heaven, you longed for the wings of rosy morn to soar up high into the empyrean, or to sink into the green depths of the forests, or to lose yourself in the blue haze that veiled the unknown distance. You longed to pour your love through the entire world.”

A man who buys a country-place, even should he

move back to the city in a single year, will have learned a lesson which must modify all the remainder of his life. Two years in the country everybody should live ; until a man does this, there will be a something important unknown to him.

Last year, with a labor that was only delight, I had for my table all the luxuries, yes, truly luxuries, for nature is lovingly responsive. The price of butter I pondered not upon, for a white heifer, which was the play-pet of my children, gave me all I wanted for the asking. Eggs, in abundance, were gotten by a walk of interest to the hennery ; and milk, rich and creamy, was the wine of the feast.

As, following my horse, I pushed through the corn-blades, scattering the jewels of the fresh morning, I said to myself, How grand a thing is it to be a part of creation ! First, the wavy, silver-fringed corn gives me all the interest and vigorous living that comes from being with it and attending to its growth ; leaf by leaf it grows into beauty and delight for me ; then, grain after grain, ear after ear, come the ripe shocks, and I may watch the development, and joy in the changes, and count the wealth. Then, in turn, I fodder and grain my heifer, and scatter over the barn-floor the corn of which I have such plenty for my wants. No greater miracle do I need, I think, to prove God all-mighty than that I see my corn changed into other forms of good ; and so I watch the nature which I feel to be my brother and my minister, and stand in delighted awe as I see demonstrated that true life is not one of unceasing, uncompensating toil, but that to live, as God placed a man, is to be in Eden indeed,

and I may not but query if the serpent that turned man from the garden be not of himself.

Living is a sacrifice, because that men prefer sacrifice to praise; or rather it is, that a man will not join in the pæans of nature. You may not answer me that the shop of the glass-blower, with its gases and its congested lungs and hollow eyes, is a necessity. Marcus Antoninus was a very wise man, and he would have deemed you the poorer, "that you stood in need of another, and had not in yourself all things needful for life." Hippias, the philosopher, taught, from the fullness of his experience, "that a better life than Alexander's was it to be the provider of our own necessities, to make one's own buskins." A good brother of my own has on his place a shop that one might find it hard to designate; he is wheelwright, blacksmith, carpenter, tinker, gentleman, and as he walks over the broad acres, which his father before him tilled and beautified, he is a very lord, and seems to be a possessor of all needed things.

Tinkering is extensibility; a man is never a full man until he gives way to his nature, and tinkers. Granted that in society, in the artificial life of the world, special workers are the most useful citizens; not, however, are they useful to their own individualities,—this a specialist must be satisfied to sink; he is the rivet alluded to in another reflection,—a reflection which thought not of man apart from his fellows. Last week I dug, fitted, and laid a drain; already is the muck spot covering itself with a green carpet, and already have I had a week's holiday in the pleasure of criticising the job. Tinkering is playing,—supporting one's self is

playing, provided always, that tinkering and the supporting are not pushed to the point of work,—and work is unnecessary ; for the exercise which a man has when he finds himself as nature will allow him to exist in all comfort and happiness, is not work ; it is luxury.

“ All nonsense this,” says the man who esteems himself practical. Well, my friend, it may be that I know more about the matter than even you do. I certainly do know what it is to have a family, and what it is to support it, too ; what it is to work, as men call labor, and what it is to play. And after forty years of life experience, spent between country and city, I am ready to affirm, as the result of my observations, that man departs from the real pleasure of living as he sunders himself from simplicity and nature ; that excess is not luxury, nor overfullness satisfaction. A walk through a garden is more instructive and suggestive than is an evening in the theater, the gold and silver of a sunset is richer than a bank, the chirping of the chick that pecks its shell is more musical than the zither, the free song of a bird is not a poorer concert than one of Nils-son’s, which latter we may not hear without the excess of work which has tired and exhausted us to procure the five dollars for her ticket. Neither, my practical friend, is “ five acres enough” a metaphor ; what a practical man like you could do with five acres is just now, perhaps, beyond your imagination. If you have not more than five children, you could keep, not starve, your family upon five acres.

Nonsense it may be, however, to talk or write about simplicity ; this is one thing that a common experience acknowledges and recognizes the virtue of, and yet man

will never live in it to-day, but always,—let him tell the tale, proposes to come to it to-morrow. It is with accumulation as with the glamour of the will-o'-the-wisp, a man will follow, follow, until he is up to his neck in the mire, and inextricable.

Nonsense it truly is to accept the judgment of the short-sighted, which esteems wealth, alone, success. The most unsuccessful men in the world have been the richest. Can an intelligent human being imagine a more pitiable sight than a man at the end of the course with nothing to show but a plethoric bank book? Come to know men, and one is not long in finding out that among the richest are to be found the shallowest and the wretchedest. If a man may look at the matter broadly enough, he will see that a mighty hoard of gold is intrinsically no more to the real life than was the glittering spangles of sulphide of iron which the adventurer sacrificed his life in defending from other adventurers, alike with himself ignorant and avaricious.

In truth, and in the highest sense of competency, a man needs that only which supplies his wants, and wants are those things which may not be set apart from natural living; two years in the country will show a man the beautiful and accurate system of supply to meet wants. The field is full and the granary is empty, the granary is full and the field is empty. The berries and fruit which grew upon the hillside this year will be there the next. Cattle which lowed in the valleys, and fish which swam in the streams, although eaten this year, will resurrect themselves, and be in place the next summer. It has been thus from the beginning; it will, quite as likely, be so to the very end. Why, then,

accumulate the fruit to rot, or why salt down cattle and fish, denying one's self meat in its freshness?

I do not want to be esteemed Utopian ; yet whenever I see a poor man toiling and moiling and sweating in the sultry city street, to go at evening to a home that is an airless room in some by-place court, I wonder why he neglects the cool retreat by the side of the valley-stream that waits him in its solitude. How is he going, you ask, when he has not an over dollar to bless himself? Well, my friend, read Thoreau's *Walden*. But Thoreau was an enthusiastic semi-Utopian fool, you answer, and his little house by the Walden pond, and the fifteen dollars a year which he seemed to be able to make with so little exertion, and which supplied his wants, could hardly answer for anybody save a skewer-making Yankee. Not so fast. Thoreau was, in one sense at least, truly great: he got above the vanities ; he enjoyed the fish taken in the fresh morning from his pond not less that he handled it not first on the market-stall, and he enjoyed the beautiful scenery surrounding him not less that he did not view it from the rapid-driven car, or gaze upon it from the excursion-deck of a flag-trimmed steamer ; few men ever lessened their cares more than did Thoreau, and few men have been possessed of truer wealth than the resident of the pond. Read, my friend, read Thoreau's *Walden*, and recommend it to your poor neighbor who does not know how to manage, and if, further, you choose to give him this little book also, which will not be ungratifying to the author, and equally pleasing, no doubt, to the publisher who sells it, tell him for the writer, or rather

let him read it for himself, that "Odd Hours" often compares two hundred and fifty dollars once made and spent in simple country living with quite six thousand now consumed in the artificialities of the town, and much doubts if the richer hours were not the former.

An ass would go back, you suggest, to the best pasture.

But he does not always ; it may be hard to explain it, but he does not. Yet, I am going—to-morrow.

He has a country-seat now, and his corn-blades, and heifers, and chickens are poetically cultivated, and he forgets the mid-day heat of the corn-rows of the little farm. This you are thinking. But you think wrong, even although I have the country-seat. The site of a cottager's house may have a grander outlook than the mansion, and the owner of the mansion may appreciate the site of the cottage without an ability to come to its possession.

"God made the country, man made the town."

Simplicity and economy of living, and, consequently, economy in working, may not be arrived at in the town as out of the town. Most especially is this true of a great city ; the whole thing is different, entirely different. A single sufficient illustration may be found in barefooted children. In the country, a bare foot, covered with sand and brown with sunshine, ready always on a summer's day for a wade through any rippling streamlet, is the very glory and joy of a child. In town, an undressed foot, and poverty, and loss of respectability, are synonyms. And it is alike through all things. I have a tenant whose cottage porch is embowered in masses of honeysuckle ; it cost him just

five minutes' work to plant the vine, and now it gives every day to his wife and children the pleasure of trailing its new sprays, inhaling its fresh odors, and watching the humming-birds as they come and go in their gladness. A month ago I wanted a shade for a single window of a town-house, and the bill of the upholsterer was twenty dollars; neither did he give with the service the pleasure of the trailing sprays, nor the odors of fragrant smells,—he gave a fancy awning, which tenant and owner fear will be blown to shreds by the first heavy gust.

Furniture, eminently respectable and satisfactory in the country, becomes instantly shabby when brought into the city. A house in the country in keeping with all its surroundings, and thereby fully satisfactory, would find itself quickly enough pushed into the back street should it chance to visit the town. A curtain of trailing Wisteria is a hanging for a country window that Schwemmer cannot equal, and it costs nothing. Yet, in town, I must pay this artist a hundred dollars for one of his laces, and after it is hung, I may not allow my children to touch even one of its dead flowers, although from the curtain of their country window—so much prettier—they pull and tear as they please, and nature, like an over-indulgent grandmother, puts all back again.

In the country, I may throw out overnight my lay-fishline of a hundred hooks; in the morning I have a breakfast which has cost me nothing but recreation. When in town, it always costs a dollar for a fish-breakfast, and certainly not a particle of fun with it,—except, indeed, it may be esteemed amusement to higgie with

a huckster, who insists on charging thirty cents for what fairly should be sold for ten.

Country bathing is a costless enjoyment: the dresses need not to be particularly fanciful, and the bathing hour, under the willows, is when you will; no hotel to return to, steaming with its sun-dried rooms, and a bill at the end of the hot term which makes *paterfamilias* groan; but the laughings, and the plashings, and the cheering of artless, non-contaminated children replace the annoyances of hotel inconveniences, and, an important matter for the poor man, take the place of the annihilating bill. The father is not made hay of by virtue of his being grass, but without such conversion has hay in plenty.

“Blackberries!” screams the hawker, as he passes the door of the drayman in the little street; and the children run out, begging for that they may not have. The children of the man who has the little place around the hill, come home, even before breakfast is prepared, their baskets running over in fullness: and so fresh withal, children and berries, that the carter and the huckster of the little street might well despair.

The poor man who struggles and complains in the turmoils of a city is not unlike a man who might move just as far away as possible from water, and then murmur that he should not have wherewith to quench thirst. Nature cannot grow dates from earth buried in flag-covered streets, neither is it her fault that the culverted, offal-impregnated stream invites not to the refreshment of the bath. If man would profit from his kinship with Nature he must go to her, not fly her.

Are you saying that this is all fine enough for the sum-

mer-time? Well, how about the cozy hours around the nut, and cider, and apple-covered table? How about the crackling wood fire, with its warmth, or its dreams, or both, as you desire? How about the hilltop and the sled for the children, or, if you please to indulge them, the skates and the glassy pond? How about the long evenings with books and meditation?

“O winter, ruler of the inverted year,
Thy scattered hair with sleet like ashes filled,
The breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapt in clouds,
A leafless branch thy scepter, and thy throne
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urged by storms along its slippery way,
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art. Thou holdest the sun
A prisoner in the yet undawning east,
Shortening his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy west; but kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social intercourse and instructive ease,
And gathering, at short notice, in one group
The family dispersed, and fixing thought,
Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness.”

You are not, perhaps, prepared to consider comfort as combined with country. This may be for a twofold reason: You may think it would not be possible for you to leave the town, or may feel that you would not be willing to leave it. How, then, as you are, will you get the most out of your life? To start with, we may affirm you will not get it by overworking.

But may an employee, the artisan, the laboring man, regulate the hours of his toil? No ; with all the trades unions and protection societies he may get up, circumstances will control him. A slave is a slave, and society is a hard taskmaster. So long as it may it will grind all the work possible out of you, and never give more back than it can possibly avoid ; if you prefer slavery to freedom, you cannot be your own master, and, slavelike, you may only save yourself, as far as I can see, by shirking. I am not at all forgetting that in another essay in this book has been enjoined sticking and working in the fullness of the situation in which one finds himself ; but it has as well been shown that laws are as changeable as circumstances, and that what is the duty of one place is not the duty of another. A man, however, is not to be advised to shirk anywhere ; this would be a meanness below his nature.

But the slavery of the world is not by any means the singular associate of poverty. Lord Brougham, it is related, worked all the time, allowing himself no relaxation, and begrudging the hours necessary to a semi-recuperation. On one occasion, it is said, that without sleep he labored six continuous days ; then rushing down into the country, slept all Saturday night, all day Sunday, and all Sunday night, hurrying back to London on Monday morning to commence the labors of a week as severe.

Work is a matter of comparison. “It would take nine men of my degenerate day,” said Homer, “to lift a stone thrown by a single warrior of the heroic ages.” Galen wrote three hundred volumes, and yet wore to a

century. Varro wrote five hundred, and lived to ninety. Dickens, our own illustrious, did much, very much work, but played ever in proportion. A banker of our country, whose fame is world-wide, told me once, in the course of conversation, "that he worked seven hours, slept eight, and played the balance of the twenty-four. Kirke White overworked himself at twenty-one. Dr. Johnson composed his "Dictionary" in seven years, and during this time found, what was play to him, sufficient leisure to write "The Vanity of Human Wishes," "Irene," and "The Rambler;" he lasted to seventy-five. Dio Lewis may lift his thousand pounds, but his aunt's son, if one there be, might rupture a pulmonic vessel at three hundred. To accomplish much one must rest ever in proportion to his requirements. The Germans, as a people, physically, and certainly intellectually, are superior, but they are great resters. A Teuton, with his mug of beer and his meerschaum, is an object of content to look at.

Rest may not be implied, however, to be either gymnastics or meditation; it is to one what most refreshes him. The man who sits much, finds his recuperation in running. He who thinks may chop wood, and, with his children, laugh at the flying splinters. The broker may close his books, shut out from his mind his cent. per cent., and gallop through the park on his horse, or sail over the river in his yacht. The doctor, tired from his round of visits, may, in an easy-chair, dream dreams, or do, to amuse himself, what I am this moment doing,—write down thoughts as they come to him: the writing will rest him, and he is not compelled to run into print, or if, to please

others, he does so, people need not buy the thoughts if they do not want them. As far as the risk of the publisher is concerned, no author need ever trouble himself to consider that matter; the publisher belongs to a fraternity that is amply able to take care of itself.

To live long, is to live comfortably, and to live comfortably is, as implied, to save one's self. Kirke White was born weak and fragile, "unfit," as his friends said, "for any active occupation." Then, again, his temperament was decidedly nervous,—nerve all over. What else but death at twenty-one was to be expected of a brain that the exertion of a poem compelled the toning down with wet towels? It was, in this case, simply an instance of a soul too big for its house, and so the joists gave way and the walls bulged out. Neander is another instance. "He would lay all day upon the floor among his books," says Dr. Elam, "absorbing recondite matter, till the stupor of repletion came over him, forgetful of time and place, not knowing where he was, on the earth or in the moon, led like a child by his sister to his lecture-room when the lecture hour came, and led away home again when it was over." Like the adipose tissue, which, in a sick man, is eaten up by his necessities, so in a case like this of the German student, a man's self becomes consumed from lack of nourishment. Yet, Neander had a frame that lasted to seventy-two; it was simply wonderful.

Study is not a provocative of decay,—quite the contrary; all statistics exhibit its relationship to longevity. Reflection induces calm, and calm is rest, and rest, proper rest, is health. Philosophy is the *elixir vitæ*.

In "Body and Mind," in the "Problems of a Physician," much interesting matter bearing on this subject is reviewed. Epimenides, the seventh of the "wise men," is instanced as having attained to the age of a hundred and fifty-four.* Herodicus, the master of Hippocrates, lived to the age of one hundred. Democritus, who was so devoted to study and meditation as to put out his eyes, "that," as he said, "external objects might not distract his attention," lived one hundred and nine years. Juvenal lived to eighty-two. Pythagoras and Quintilian each to eighty. Socrates, in full health, drank the poison cup at seventy-two.

The age to which easy men live may better be inferred from the tables of Dr. Madden, author of the "Infirmities of Genius:"

	Aggregate years.	Average.
Twenty natural philosophers	1504	75
Twenty moral philosophers	1417	70
Twenty sculptors and painters	1412	70
Twenty authors on law, etc.	1394	69
Twenty medical authors	1368	68
Twenty authors on revealed religion . . .	1350	67
Twenty philologists	1323	66
Twenty musical composers	1284	64
Twenty novelists and miscellaneous authors .	1257	62½
Twenty dramatists	1245	62
Twenty authors on natural religion . . .	1245	62
Twenty poets	1144	57

The more time a man takes from the simple wear and tear of life, the more years does he live, if not always

* Lempriere says two hundred and eighty-nine.

counted in days, always in the truest meaning of the term ; man lives in proportion as he takes in of life, and not as he frets, and fumes, and worries with his fellows about things which, sooner or later, must be seen to be of no earthly account, or heavenly, either, as for the matter of that. “We are often astounded,” says good Mr. Kaye, “by the ambition of youth ; but we ought not to be offended by it. It is sure to bring its own punishment. To sow in vanity is to reap in mortification. We learn in time how little we can ever know, and how ridiculous we make ourselves by pretending to know everything. When a man has learnt to say, ‘I am as ignorant as a child on this or that subject,’ or ‘as powerless as a baby to do this or that thing,’ he has mastered one of the great difficulties of life,—he has entered upon a new stage of his career. If, however, he says it boastingly, scornfully, he is a greater fool than if he pretended to know, and to be able to do, everything. To affect to consider the knowledge or the power which one has not attained, not worth possessing, is simply to write one’s self an ass. There is no need, on the other hand, of any great parade of humility. You are a man. Be thankful for it. It is no humiliation that you are not a god. If your neighbor knows what you do not know, and can do what you cannot do, the chances are that you know and can do some things which are out of the circle of his potentiality. You do not know one star from another, but you can put the *Sakoontala* into Greek verse. You do not know the principle of the diving-bell, but you could fortify a city in accordance with the system of *Cormantagne*.”

Be comfortable, then, in your work and your progressions, "and be neither elated because you know so much, nor depressed because you know so little."

Coming across the expression of Pascal, that "Man is necessarily so much of a fool, that it would be a species of folly not to be a fool," our Optimist declares that it made him happy for a time, almost beyond precedent. "Make up your mind that you are a fool," says he, "and that it is altogether out of nature not to be a fool, and a measureless calm descends upon you." He means, that when you and I have arrived at a comprehension of the true life, and still will so persistently avoid living it, there is to be found a consolation in believing that man's natural state is that of a fool.

A partial remedy, however, against overwork, and the only one I know anything about as relation is had with the artificial life we insist on living, is management of time. A man behind with his work is in a sad condition, to say the best of it. It is easy to get so far behind that one can never possibly catch up. A man, for example, who will not, in the vigor of youth, consider rationally the increasing wants which must grow with a family, gets behind terribly; it is a streak of luck if ever he has his nose elsewhere than at the grindstone. A man gets behind, when, in his living, he forgets the homely maxim, that "Every dog has his day." The successful man will not be successful always; he has only his day not less surely than the dog. Environ yourself in defenses, that when the stronger man comes along he shall not push you wholly over the wall.

The time of a man's work is influenced necessarily by the nature of the work. A physician in ordinary may not say that from 10 to 3 are his hours; the ring at his bell would quite as likely be at the A.M. as at the P.M., but he may grow out of the long hours through a management which shall convert him, in time, into the specialist, and the servitude may be fairly passed back to him who has the strength of back to bear, to be shifted again in turn as the young back reaches its age. An apothecary must stick to the responsibility of his prescription-counter, but it is a weary business to be forever over disagreeable odors; in time, however, he may devolve the care, with the experience, upon his assistant. So a business man, with his shops and his foundries, may also get out of the round, if he manages with care and the proper sense of justice the power which he controls. A lawyer may graft into himself the strength of a new shoot, and the branch, while getting from the stock its nourishment, may grow to cover with its shade that which has nourished it.

To get work through with in the first hours in which it may be done is always excellent management. A man who plays first, and leaves his task till afterwards, finds the afterwards very uncertain time; the work of Monday is apt to fall over into Tuesday, and Friday pushes Saturday so hard that the one week gets, in spite of himself, into the next, so he is soon in a corner, and, what is worse, is likely to remain there.

The laborer, it has been rather implied, has but little chance for rest. Yet is this in some respects his own fault. It is a poor management that is not willing to

take a stride of one or two miles, even after a hard day's work, that the home may be in the suburbs rather than in a filthy-smelling court. May a man recuperate where scarcely an unpolluted atom of oxygen enters his lungs? or rest, where constant disturbances break his slumbers? A man to have his work done in season must feel able to his task; he will get this ability best from pure air and comfortable surroundings. Again, it happens that the dram is not an unknown refreshment with this class. Against the liquor as liquor I have just here nothing to urge, except that, as a nutritive agent, a pint of porter is not equal to a pint of water combined with a cracker; but a pint of porter taken each day for two weeks costs about one day of toil to pay for it. Here, then, is a whole livelong day that might be saved for enjoyment with the children in a stroll through the woods, and which day might be turned to the pleasure-getting account of itself and coming days, by a bag of chestnuts or hickory-nuts gathered and brought to the drying cupboard. Doctors' bills are engendered of noisome alleys; this is another matter that poor management not unfrequently compels to many days of toilsome, wearying overwork. A laboring-man should always consider this in with the rent he is to pay; it will be a most likely addition if he selects the alley.

Buying in dribblets is another matter that compels overworking. A ton of coal which, in the yards, would cost four days of work, bought by the bucket in the shops costs just eight days; four days lost, which a little management should save to the laborer for self-cultivation, and which cultivation might eventually

raise him to some easier position. The other day I paid a female servant over a hundred and fifty dollars which had been allowed to accumulate in my hands. I tried to show this girl how, put at the best interest, this money was equal to just one month of rest to her in every year of her coming life. I failed, however, and by the next Sunday it was represented in dresses, bonnets, etc. I knew a young professional man who declared that his first week of holiday should come only with the interest-money which should pay for it ; his interest-money now warrants many holidays, and he takes and enjoys them. I have always considered this man sensible in taking the risk of his life outlasting his saving days.

A thousand dollars in a savings-bank, or in a mortgage, or good railroad stock, is a great lightener of labor in an artificial-living community ; it saves the work of as many days as its interest represents one's earnings. But the thousand dollars saved need not primarily, under ordinary circumstances, represent as many hours or days of overwork. It must, however, represent economy. The young man who denies himself the concert or the excursion until the ticket consumes not his direct labor, has, soon enough, both the ticket and the day's work in his pocket. If a concert costs a dollar, it will be met by ten or twelve dollars, which one may have put to work for the purpose. Or the summer trip of a week at the seashore will be paid for every year by five hundred that shall have been saved and put at interest. The expenditure of interest does not appear to be felt like other money, it always seems to one as if he has had his vacation for nothing. At

least it seems thus until it ceases to be a matter for concern one way or another.

We may conclude our essay, then, by remarking that if our premises are right, overwork is to be avoided first and best, by getting into the ways of simplicity. Second, by the exercise of a prudent economy, which saves before it spends.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

HE was not a true philosopher who stumbled into the ditch from having his gaze too intently fixed on the stars. And might it not very well be that poor, much-abused Xanthippe was Xanthippe, because Socrates was Socrates? One certainly may not wonder that Gretchen the Sad, as Dame Diedrich, was Gretchen the Shrew, as Frau Van Winkle.

Life circumstances would seem to be pretty much as one makes them. Between Scylla on the right, and Charybdis on the left, runs the channel. If the rock beaches, or the whirlpool engulfs, the fault will most likely be found in our steering; fewer wrecks are to be attributed to the elements than to navigators.

Granted that the artificial trammels with which man, in his relations to society, has environed himself are necessities, then is he to recognize that through such necessities does he complicate his life and living, and assume to himself the more to consider and the more to provide for. A man must breathe the atmosphere with which he surrounds himself, be it of roses or miasm.

A life, to be a full and proper one, may consider not alone to-day, but must always have a future which invites it. Passing along the street, some time ago, my attention was attracted to a print hanging in a shop-window, in which was pictured a boat, filled with travelers, crossing a stream. In the bow was Youth, all excitement and hope, pointing forward; in the

stern, Age, weary and dejected, no trust expressed,—no anticipation. The artist lacked breadth of conception. The season of old age has, in God's harmony, no more of barrenness in it than has that of fresh boyhood or vigorous adult life. Let things be shown as they are, not as man makes them. This picture has in it, however, a great life lesson to every man and woman who looks upon it,—perhaps the artist meant so to express himself. What the engraving is called I could not read, it being far back in the window ; but a very good title would be, “The Evening of a Purposeless Day.”

What a vain and foolish thing, when he gets to the stern, seems the man whose life has been spent in the service of Mammon for Mammon's self! or even, indeed, in the very fullness of his life, how unenviable is he, how wasteful has been such an existence, how thoughtless of necessities!—like the butterfly fluttering about in the sunshine of a summer's day, heeding not that the wings shall fail in the whirlwind.

If to-day were even all of life, getting over-riches would not be wisdom ; it is as bad for a man to be too rich as to be too poor,—bad for himself: the channel is between.

Old age is a misnomer. What is the end of a circle? or where is the beginning? “I rejoice,” said, on an occasion, an astronomer, as he lay on his death-bed, “that the call-bell is ringing for the start. What a grand journey is before me!—the stars, all of them, in my way. I long to be off.” “Let the light enter,” were the last words spoken by Goethe as, in his old age, he laid down the pen, with which he had been all day writing, to follow the messenger into the wider

field of life. "Let not the Persians," said Cyrus, "lament at my funeral as if I were really dead; let them the rather rejoice that I have passed to a something higher and better."

To an old man it should be precisely as with the hopeful lad who anticipates his first journey. Why not? He ought really to feel the greater satisfaction, for is he not the farther on? When an old man feels not this way, so far as his own self-life is concerned, there has been a mistake in what he calls his life. "Davie! Davie!" said Dr. Johnson, as Garrick showed him all the attractions of Hampton Court, "these are the things that make it hard to die."

A rich man, over-rich, is, through the troubles which he brings on himself, although few have arrived at the insight which recognizes it, among the most unenviable of mortals: to his cares he becomes as a servant, and to his anxieties, as a slave.

"There is," said Kant, in one of his strictures, "a considerable difference between thinking we possess a hundred dollars, and possessing them." "Daran ist philosophisch nichts zu erkennen," answered Hegel; and this reply, which is pronounced delicious by Lewis, has a world of meaning to a man whose possessions are cheating him out of those joys which are so entirely aside from money. "I have been living," said Johann Gottlieb Fichte, "for the last four or five months in Leipzig, the happiest life I can remember. I came here with my head full of grand projects, which all burst, one after another, like so many soap-bubbles, without leaving me so much as the froth. At first," continued he, "this troubled me not a little, and, half in

despair, I took a step which I ought to have taken long before. Since I could not alter what was without me, I resolved to try and alter what was within. I threw myself into philosophy, and here I found the antidote for all the evils and cares of life, and joy enough into the bargain." The more modern man calls philosophy reason.

"What a heaven lives the scholar in," says good old Bishop Hall, "that at once, in one close room, can daily converse with all the glorious martyrs and fathers, that can single out, at pleasure, either sententious Tertullian, or grave Cyprian, or resolute Jerome, or flowing Chrysostom, or divine Ambrose, or divine Bernard, or, who alone is all of these; heavenly Augustine, and talk with them, and hear their wise and holy counsels, verdicts, and resolutions! Let the world condemn us; while we have these delights we cannot envy them, we cannot wish ourselves other than we are. Study itself is our life. How much sweeter, then, is the fruit of study, the conscience of knowledge! in comparison whereof the soul that has once tasted it easily contemns all human comfort."

"Go now, ye worldlings, and insult over our paleness, our neediness, our neglect. Ye could not be so jocund if you were not so ignorant. If you did not want knowledge, you would not overlook him that hath it. For me, I am so far from emulating you, that I profess I would as lief be a brute beast as an ignorant rich man."

But some men cannot help making money, having money; it is their forte, their genius, their duty. They can, however, help sacrificing to it; this is what is meant. The richer man may well be the better one, but the

man must override the money, and not the money the man. I always look with admiration on a certain friend, the originator and upholder of a great manufacturing business, who so well comprehends his relation to the true life that he ever acts, and seems to feel, as the steward of a co-operative company ; his surroundings are never less sunshiny than is his own face, and this, to everybody, shows the light that is within him.

One may never, with propriety, be personal ; but, needing an illustration, I may venture to refer to the immense establishment in which this book has been made for the reader,—the largest, as a traveled friend tells me, in the world. To go through this house is simply to walk amid acres of books. Here are offices, printing-rooms, sales-rooms, bindery-rooms, packing-rooms ; indeed, it impresses one as an easier task to attempt the description of what there is not rather than of what there is. Cries of clerks, the screams of porters, the hammering of the packers,—these are sounds to be heard from morning until night, and, in some seasons, from night until morning. Now, as I go into this place, with my own quieter life in the prospect, I find continually recurring to me the question of the motive. If to exercise the great power of such an establishment for the good and elevation of humanity, by casting far and wide the light of an exalted press, be the object, how grand is it to be the lever of such a force ! If, on the contrary, self actuates and influences, how might one rejoice that he is not connected with a place of such unceasing toil and large responsibility !

As is the mainspring to a watch, so is motive to the actions of a man. A watch with a bad spring must un-

duly run down or run wrong. A man with a weak or an ill motive is seen soon enough to be unreliable ; it is simply out of the nature of both the things to be anything else than wrong, and the face of the one shows it not less fully than does that of the other.

A true motive is like a strong ship : it bears its possessor over the waves and through the storms safely and happily into port ; it makes a young man vigorous, and never lets an old man come to an end ; it spans the chasm men insist on calling death, and lands one, with all his life, on the other side. A true motive has never a present, which is its all ; from the start-point it is a something that lateralizes like the two sides of a baseless triangle, growing ever wider and wider, taking in as the ability enlarges. This is that which is the freshness and fullness of a life when the object is noble ; it is growth—the eternal progression.

How becoming is it in a young man to commence aright, or, if out of the right, to get into it as soon as possible ! Let the first question always be, “*Cui bono?*” What good, To what end ? This should be the beginning to everything. If the end be a country-seat, and a hundred thousand dollars, or a palace, and a million of pounds, commence again ; the game is not worth the chase. If one in such pursuit does not find that he has run into a close, it is only because he will have the good luck to be cut off on the way.

There comes occasionally to see me an old man, who can view his advancing years only with dissatisfaction, if not, indeed, with absolute horror. Can anything be sadder than this, or more unlike what it should be ? “*O my friends and judges,*” said Socrates, “if death

is a journey to another place, and there, as men say, all the dead are, what good can be greater than to go this journey? If, indeed, when the pilgrim arrives in the world below he finds the true judges who are said to give judgment there, Minos, and Rhadamanthus, and Æacus, and Triptolemus, and other sons of God who were righteous in their own life, that pilgrimage will be worth making. What would not a man give if he might converse with Orpheus, and Musæus, and Hesiod, and Homer? Nay, if this be true, let me die again and again. I, too, shall have a wonderful interest in a place where I can converse with Palamedes, and Ajax, the son of Telamon, and other heroes of old, who have suffered death through an unjust judgment; and there will be no small pleasure, I think, in comparing my sufferings with theirs. Above all, I shall be able to continue my search into true and false knowledge, as in this world, so also in that. I shall find out who is wise, and who pretends to be wise and is not. What would not a man give, O judges, to be able to examine the leader of the great Trojan expedition, or Odysseus or Sisyphus, or numberless others, men and women, too? Wherefore, O judges, be of good cheer about death, and know this of a truth, that no evil can happen to a good man, either in this life, or after death."

What a contrast!

"Brüder," sang softly Beethoven, as he was passing away:

"Brüder, über'm Sternenzelt
Muss ein lieber Vater wohnen."

I will not try to translate the sublime outstretching

and outlooking of these lines ; a hundred times have I read and re-read them, and always do they bring the same thrill to my soul-life,—measureless confidence and measureless immensity. Grand Beethoven !

Who, at the end of life, might, with better grace, write “*Laus Deo*,” than a Haydn? who never commenced a score but with the words, “*In nomine Domine*,” or “*Soli Deo gloria*.”

It is related that of a dinner given by Lord Bolingbroke, the bill of fare was shown to Dean Swift as an inducement for that distinguished individual to attend : “*A fig for your bill of fare !*” answered the Dean ; “*show me your bill of company.*” The fare of life is little more than the fare of a dinner,—the company is the thing, the influence exerted and received.

“ Men live in deeds, not years ; in thoughts, not breaths ;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best ;
And he whose heart beats quickest, lives the longest.”

When one sees a man of large influence using his means for the common good, he says, that man has caught the truth of life. When, on the contrary, a man is found grasping and avaricious, exhibiting self at every point, we fall into meditation over his folly. As one, is he, making a journey, having no provision for a stream which must be passed. Must not necessarily such a one, when the water is reached, exclaim with the dying Mazarin, “*O my poor soul, what is to become of thee? Whither wilt thou go?*” What a contrast to the trusting, heroic words of the bishop of Poitiers! “*Go out, soul, go out. Of what canst*

thou be afraid? Hast thou not studied duty for seventy years?"

A proper beginning considers always the whole of a ground to be passed over; with Epicurus, it is to recognize that true happiness is that which considers the enjoyment of the whole life, and not alone that of the day or hour. With Socrates, it is "to bring philosophy down from the clouds, and to make it the basis of morality."

But we started with the thought that it is not well for a man's self that he get over-rich. "If I were as rich as the day," said Benjamin Franklin, "I would be as generous as the sun. But, stop," he queries, "is it the true experience, as people say, that wealth imparts a bird-lime quality to a man which permits of actions, at which, in his native purity, he would revolt?"

It takes a very strong man to resist the deteriorating influences of a great bank account; it seems like the virus which gets into the sore on the hand of a dissector: there are, in the world, people too strong for the poison; but there are not many of them. One word, however, in spite of all this, would seem to contain the duty and the safety of a man,—“Steward!” I am a steward. It might, perhaps, be questioned if one so esteeming himself could have too much in his charge; true it is, that his neighbor, not so called, would not be without reason for rejoicing that the care came not to him; but the steward must enjoy a satisfaction in recognizing that he has been selected as the instrument of such influence. •

Poverty, on the other hand, is not less an instrument of deterioration to a man. It is the other extreme.

Can a man grow in grace, with the bill of his baker waiting at the front door, and the butcher battering away at the back gate? Some men could; Giordano Bruno paled only a shade when the fagots were lighted. Still, one will do well not to subject his capillaries to unnecessary trials. An irate baker may make one blush even if he does not make him pale. Keep out of the temptations of poverty; this is the safer rule where it is possible to follow it. An imprudent man is a breeder of discontent, and his pleasures shallow as he advances. "Twenty pounds for an income," said Micawber, "and twenty pounds and sixpence spent, and the result is misery. Nineteen pounds, nineteen shillings, and sixpence spent, and the result is happiness." The man who was always "waiting for something to turn up," made few more sensible expressions than this. Better, much better, to dine on the penny-roll than be in debt for the sixpence.

A man may have a comfortable home, so long as he has independence, but only so long. I knew once an author quite akin with Mr. Boker's "Ivory Carver;" he carved his thoughts, and his wife and children suffered. Poor things! I often wished I could see a general family-funeral from that house: it would have been the least of their evils. Uncommon sense is never to be allowed to take the place of the commoner and more convenient article. If it is to be comfortable up-stairs, the crack in the smoky kitchen stove is to be doctored; if one is to avoid the scurvy, vegetables must come from the garden, and there must be vegetables even though there may be no roses.

Socrates was a grand man. We may all rejoice that

he was just exactly what he was; but, for all that, I may sympathize with Phænarete, and moan with Xanthippe over his family delinquencies. A man who, at earliest morning, is found stopping mechanics on the way to their shops to enter into disputation, or who, in forgetfulness of three inquiring, restless children at home, stands, statue-like, all night in meditation, is not just exactly the one to grow amiability in a woman. I find here the vulnerable tendo-Achillis in my hero, and see just so much the less wisdom in him when he speaks of “marrying this woman, because, desiring to live and converse with men, he felt convinced that if he could endure her, he could endure all others.” I cannot help but feel that I should have entertained just a trifle more respect for his perfections had he told, instead, how he watched the sick babies, or brought home the marketing.—But a field of wheat is not less bread that here and there is a tare.

Rip Van Winkle would have converted an angel into a shrew. Mr. Jefferson, with his smooth, genial face and oily twaddling, may not deceive us. Rip was precisely what Gretchen describes him as being: “A good-for-nothing, drunken, unfeeling, unsympathizing, worthless brute!” Lacking she, adjectives, to fill up the picture, I cannot and I will not laugh at the rabbit, which the hungry, tired-out woman gets only in words to put into her pot; it may be funny to Rip, but I sympathize with Gretchen.

Half a loaf is better than no bread; do not less because you may not do more. Mr. Kaye, in his charming “Optimist” essays, refers to picking up a paper in which was a passage headed “Romantic Suicide,” re-

lating how “a fine young man, named Arsène, hanged himself in his master’s house, near Paris,” his quarrel with the world being that Nature had condemned him to be a grocer. Behind him he left a memorandum, bewailing his hard lot, and beseeching his parents “to erect a simple tombstone to his memory, and to inscribe upon it these words, ‘Born to be a man ; died a grocer !’ ” Now the plain truth is, says the Optimist, and every sensible person may only say the same thing, “he was not born to be a man ; if he had been, he would have lived a grocer.” “I remember,” wrote this Arsène, “to have somewhere read that a man should apply his intelligence to be useful to humanity, and as I see that I shall never be fit for anything but to weigh cheese and dried plums, I have made up my mind to go to another world which I have heard of, and see whether there may not be a place for me there,”—a place which Mr. Kaye expresses his full faith in his finding,—the place of silly grocerlings.

It is a very disagreeable thing to work out of one’s place ; indeed, it is just about as bad a thing as one may conceive of ; but, if one would not get in the right traces when he had the chance, or if it might be that he never had a chance, why he has nothing else to do than to work astraddle or outside entirely, if so it may be. Do your best, and trust it shall all come out right in some way or another. What is higher philosophy than this ? Then, again, it is not a difficult thing for a person without any particular temperament to mistake his calling. The only way I was ever able to decide my own was by tossing up a penny,—rather, I should say, I brought things to a focus in that way :

throwing up the coin it came down head, and that finished the matter ; the inanimate head settled what the sentient head could not, and I am satisfied that I stumbled into the right place, for, however trifling may be the success met with, I never have felt that I could have done any better elsewhere. I pull my best ; it does not at all worry me that I may be criticised and blamed for not doing better ; I simply cannot, and that is the end of it. I am not going to inflate myself like Æsop's frog, or burst the boiler by attempting the work of a ten-horse power with five. I recognize that five-horse power is just as good, indeed better, in its place than would the ten be.

It is wisdom to strike the mean of one's good ; too much good is a positive evil. Wine is a good thing, a very good thing, but it takes not much overuse to make of it a very bad thing. So is it good to enjoy the luxury of a feast, but a feast every day so clogs the appetite that soon nothing is enjoyable. A man is to understand that nothing is positively good in the abstract, as is there no such thing as evil in itself. Good is the absence of evil, and evil is the absence of good. "Every pleasure," says the Epicurean school, "is in itself good, but, in comparison with another, it may become an evil." "The philosopher," says Epicurus, "differs from the common man in this : that while they both seek pleasure, the former knows how to forego certain enjoyments which will cause pain and vexation hereafter ; whereas the common man seeks only the immediate enjoyment." Money, fame, the pursuit of enjoyment, all come in the categories of good or evil, as they may be placed. Let the thoughts of to-day be

carried into to-morrow, and ask the morrow of the actions of to-day. Instinct in a brute, should be reason in a man, the abuse, only, of instinct can make of it an evil.

Simplicity yields the truest pleasure, yields it the longest, and costs least of labor or of care. Did ever a man tire of water? Does not the convivialist turn to the spring from the sparkle of his Moselle and rejoice in it as the most refreshing of draughts? Does not a man step down from the silken cushions of his coach and envy the stable-boy who may use his legs? Did ever a man tire of self-locomotion? and was there ever one who did not tire of all other kinds? But man is alike the world over,—the gouty foot in the coach envies the shoeless one upon the pave, and the shoeless foot envies the gouty one, and the possessors of both are alike foolish in their ignorance of wherein consists the true good.

A man, to satisfy the morrow, is to consider the effects of what he does to-day,—and day by day.

Blessed is that man, I have been thinking, who, to his age, has preserved the freshness, the simplicity, and the purity of youth. If upon earth there is one sight more refreshing than another, it is the beholding of a good, great man,—a man with an unseared heart, and an unpolluted vision. And such men there are.

A day, to have been well spent, must have in it no sense of condemnation. That which man calls conscience is a light shining for the guidance of every individual. It is no argument at all against its truthfulness that it exhibits not the same pathway to all. Right is not an abstract thing, but varies with circum-

stances. The Right of the savage is not the Right of his civilized neighbor. Right, to the individual, is the acting up to his highest intelligence, let the grade of this be what it may. Conscience is a thing of growth, and its highest and fullest development is love. Love is considerate, is tender, is mindful; is to prefer another to one's self; is to forget all selfishness in a humanity that considers not first one's own desires or comforts; is to place others before one's self.

To be in that mind which broadens into a general love of our kind is to be in the way which makes us producers of the greatest amount of comfort, which comfort, of a necessity, is reflected back upon the giver, thus making a happiness which is, to its limit, general, and of a circle,—it gives back what it receives, and receives what it gives back. Life may not be squared by rule, seeing that men differ much in temperament and disposition; but a rule which will square itself with life is, “To do to others as you would that others should do to you;” and whatever the situation, whatever the circumstances, this a man can do to his fellows.

A surgeon, for example, may not do upon the person of another an operation which, under like circumstances, he would not have performed upon himself. A business man may not congratulate himself on a bargain which is secured to him at the expense of another. Either action has in it the elements of a wrong, which wrong must, of a necessity, be in some way a detriment to the offender. It cannot be that any action is right, or can bring true gain, where another in any respect suffers.

A man cannot, in the proper sense of the word, be a

manly man, where his calculations consider self alone. A capitalist who forgets, in his intercourse with labor, that work should redound to a common good, is as culpable as the laborer who is constantly trying to injure capital,—more so perhaps, as for the latter a measure of excuse may exist in that lack of knowledge which is, or should be, judgment. I once asked a prominent capitalist, overrun with business and burdened with care, why he did not give over his charge and retire from his work. “I have,” he answered, “three hundred partners in the business [alluding to his employees], none of whom, with the exception of myself, are able to give up the work. If I retire, all must retire, or, if not this, must necessarily lose much by my leaving them. Long ago,” said he, “I felt that a man consulted best the principle of true success when self was not put the prominent personage in one’s calculations; so in this business each individual is made as truly a partner as circumstances admit, and in consequence, all of us find a comfortable and satisfactory support; more even than this; each one recognizes that the common success is his individual success, and thus every man holds as a link in a chain.”

I once asked a physician, full half of whose time I knew to be spent in the alleys and by-ways, wherein he found his compensation. He answered me in this wise:

“Indiscriminate charity, from the much that I have seen, and daily see, I am satisfied has in it even more of evil than of good; laziness is, through it, engendered, and pauperism encouraged. Even the grand clinics of the schools,” continued he, “havens in which so many find relief and rest, are made by the shiftless and

dishonorable, ministers to their prodigality ; the college door standing so wide open that discrimination no longer distinguishes between him who can and ought to contribute to its expenses and him who cannot. More than in this the physician is concerned, is its effects upon the people themselves. At first they excuse the act of meanness in taking advantage of the charity by arguing themselves into the conviction that here is to be secured the services of the most able men ; but the apparent gain of a free service experienced, they are ever after found as pensioners on the purses of the schools, and it is rare indeed that any contribution to the expenses incurred in treating them is ever offered. From this step of dependence these people are often enough found taking a second, and it may very well be imagined to what extent a man's self-respect may thus be destroyed.*

“Street giving—purses opened by warm and generous hearts—is another source of greater evil than good. This appeals to, and encourages, the lowest traits ; it never did a good save by accident, or if it did, then the head rather than the heart unloosed the strings. Neither is this giving charity, for a true charity would prompt such fuller relief as could only come from inquiry into the relations of cases, and this might not be from the dime or dollar given. But where,” continued he, “you say I am most found, exists the field for the dispensation of good ; here, in the dark, close alleys, off from the gay streets, indigence seeks to hide itself ; here poverty, supperless and bedless, is found ; here destitution must

* Good is not good in itself, but is always of association.

sink into the seething mass of the hopeless if no outstretched hand is by to save. Seeing these things, I have not been able to satisfy my conscience otherwise than in personal effort for the seeking out of true distress ; and this work," said he, "saddening as it may seem, has come to furnish me with the greatest happiness of living."

True charity comes only from a heart attuned to love ; a loving, generous heart thinks not of the return of the bread cast upon the waters, but it comes back nevertheless.

I may find fault with the publisher of my book, or the book of anybody else, if no higher motive makes him a publisher than the question of sale. The moral nature of a man who, for money, would multiply evil thoughts, must, without doubt, be in an unenviable state ; and though wealth should cover him, as with a mantle, yet must he be poor indeed. Nothing is one to consider more than the matter of the influence he exerts ; this applies not more to the richest than to the poorest man.

Let no one seek to argue himself into a belief that he is without such influence, or by such standard weigh his actions.

To the ground was thrown a seed, and he who cast it, passing on his way, forgot him of it. But the seed died not ; from it sprang a tender sprout ; as time passed, this sprout became a yielding, swaying sapling, and this, in turn, became a great tree by the wayside ; and to this tree birds came and found a habitation, and the children of the people came and played about its roots, and the wearied traveler rested himself beneath

its shade. Standing by the seaside, upon a great hill, it became known in time as a landmark, and many mariners it directed to the haven; it has stood for years, and bids fair to last for generations. And this habitation for the birds, this play-place for happy children, this rest for the wearied, this mark which gives to the mariner the first thrill of home, came from a seed,—a little seed, thrown by a listless man, as he passed along a quiet path by a hilltop.

“John,” said a staid Quaker wife, living in a primitive settlement,—“John, when next thee goes to the city thee will bring me home a service of silver for our table.”

“Silver!” answered John. “Does thee think we can afford that?”

“Afford it!” returned the wife. “Assuredly; have we not laid by much money? are we not indeed over-rich for our wants?”

“Well, does thee think, then, that neighbor C can afford silver, and neighbors D and E?”

“Oh, certainly not; we shall be the only persons in the neighborhood to have such a thing.”

“Then, granted we have the money, have we the right to bring amongst our neighbors that which must carry with it envy, and introduce, most likely, attempts at competition, which will be a source of discomfort to our poorer friends?” Ruth felt it better to continue with the china, and the simplicity and quiet of the settlement remained undisturbed.

Worthy alone of the true man is the charity that neither parades nor vaunts itself. Let good works be done, because to do good is to be in unison with good.

Starting in the fresh morning from his eastern ocean bed, decked with spangles of gold and laden to overflowing with blessings, on his joy visit goes the vivifying sun ; down over the earth into the drowsy eyes of languid beauty casts he a greeting ; through massive window trappings, into the great chamber where rests exhausted the form of a king, makes he his way ; by crevices of the damp cellar, where, crouching and hiding in despair, the neglected, yet persecuted one, had sought to find refuge, enters he ; into the cheerless closet-room of the tired seamstress goes he with a whisper of hope ; and blackness is made light, the darkness of night and the darkness of heart take to themselves wings and fly away ; beauty is invested with renewed charms ; the mighty one starts up to his life labor ; the deserted one, who, desirous only of oblivion, had laid down in her weariness, goes out now in hope ; the overtasked one, she who, in despair, had almost faltered, determines still again to trust ; the sleepy insect world awakens, flowers unfold afresh their concealed tints, the morning breezes spread broadcast their wealth of perfume, birds give to nature the incense of their songs, earth, sea, sky, everything mingles in the diversified praise. The great sun gave all this good, conferred all this happiness, imparted all this joy ; but it was done—in silence.

Luna, the night angel, the silver engarmented, how placidly she looks down over the quiet valley and upon the sleeping lake ; in what a soft sheen brightens she the hills, and the mountains, and the juttings of earth ; how speeds her grace from land to land, and from ocean center to ocean center ; how from heaven to earth leaps

her glory, and how it envelops prayers of trust, of hope, of heart thankfulness!—yet all is in silence.

Charity must extend itself to judgment.

What man calls judgment is a matter which should give him great concern. Judgment, to be solid, can only be so by being founded on that state of understanding which takes in a matter judged to the extent of its circle. Thus, if we take offenses in themselves, we have but the one side of a circle, the other being him, or them, or that, through which offenses come. Now, among my own acquaintance is a most excellent lady, the balance of whose temperament is such that she might well be described as temperamentless; this lady can find in herself no excuse or pardon for that which deviates from the straight line. Let us see if this is right. It is truly remarked by Mr. Lecky that “there are men whose lives are spent in willing one thing and desiring another.” A person without temperament may only justly judge one with, through an education aside from himself. Fernelius observes, that “it is the greatest part of our felicity to be well born; and it were happy for humankind if only such parents as are sound of body and mind should be suffered to marry;” and Lemnius indorses the assertion in his observation that “the very affections follow their seed, and the malice and bad condition of children are, many times, to be wholly imputed to their parents.” Aristotle relates, in his “Ethics,” the case of a man who defended himself for beating his father, “because,” said he, “my father beat his father, and he again beat his; and he also (pointing to his child) will beat me

when he comes to be a man, for it runs in our family.” An illustration from higher life is found in the Brunswick family, of whom Lord Grenville says, “This house always has quarreled, and always will quarrel, from generation to generation; for contention is of their blood.” “Passion,” says Dr. Elam, “appears to be hereditary; anger, fear, envy, jealousy, libertinage, gluttony, drunkenness,—all are liable to be transmitted to the offspring, especially if both parents are alike afflicted; and this, as has often enough been proved, not by force of example or education merely, but by direct constitutional inheritance.” To understand this, one has but to recognize the outward likeness existing in families to appreciate that the internal may alike conform.

The hereditary transmission of disease is familiar enough to every observer. In hospital service it has chanced over and again to myself to witness the most sorrowful illustration of such a law,—persons physically bad all over, yet from no fault of their own. Has any one ever seen parents afflicted with bad teeth transmit good ones to their children? The instances must be very rare. Whole families die, one member after the other, with hypertrophied hearts or congested brains.

To pursue such an investigation from its pleasanter aspect, one may consider the transmission of what is termed genius, the legislative capacity, for example, as exhibited in the Adams family, in the two Pitts, the two Foxes. The Booth family or the Kemble may illustrate it in the dramatic way. In the arts, Thorwaldsen, Raphael, Vandyke, Titian, Vernet, all these had an hereditary transmission. Tasso, in poetry, and Beethoven, in music, each descended from a father alike imbued.

It is not, however, that an individual may seek to cover his defect, or fault, in the excuse of its transmission. This would certainly not help him to the happiness of which his ailment is the antagonist. The man with bad teeth best saves his aching nerves, not by grumbling at his ancestors, but by going to the dentist. The man with a transmitted heart-enlargement holds himself as good as his neighbor by the avoidance of excitement. The irritable encephalon is preserved in equilibrium by keeping away from the mid-day sun, and noting the pulsation of the arteries.

A man with a moral vice is to stand guard, as must the man with the physical defect; as the one may preserve himself, so may the other. True, it is a great bother and trouble constantly to be on sentinel duty, but it seems about the only way to bar an enemy out, and a camp into which the foe finds his way has to bid good-by to comfort. Vigilance would therefore seem to be the lesser of the two evils.

A wise man—*i. e.* a man who would be happy—should be lenient to the faults of others, but never to his own. One is made better by thinking well of other people, but never by thinking too well of himself. In short, I may readily condense into the repetition of a single line all that has been here written (thus showing not only truth, but as well the uselessness of the over-many words used), and quote, that “to do unto others as you would that others should do unto you,” is the channel which avoids the whirlpool on the one side, and the rock on the other.

U T O P I A.

I TAKE up my pen to-night with the conviction that what may be written shall well deserve to be called random thoughts. I feel upon me that hazy, dreamy mood, which, if not profitable in the indulgence, is at least so very pleasant, and in which one finds it impossible to fix the attention, for any length of time, on any particular fact or fancy. I say such a mood is most pleasant; when it comes to one in this working world, he may hesitate to rebuke, but rather, courting the fancy, fix himself the more comfortably in his arm-chair, and live away the hour in the delicious soul-luxury it creates. It may be one cannot entirely satisfy himself that hours so spent are excusable, we have all grown so very practical. I only know, for my own part, that in the extreme love I have of such enjoyment I am wont to put off conscience with the assurance that the time might be worse employed, and thus quieting the voice, forget everything but the blazing coals of my office fire, wherein pass and repass the wandering ideals.

Man is of many moods; to-day, it may be, the boundary of his desires contemplates but the soul-communion it is permitted him to enjoy with his Maker. To-morrow, some world-care comes over him, and almost ere he is aware the good spirit has flown, and he is of the earth, earthy.

Who has not known these changes? who has not

had his equanimity destroyed by some trivial accident, or the whole tenor of his reflections changed through some unexpected incident? I, for my part, have many, many such changes, many such disturbances. That I make the admission is, perhaps, only wherein I differ from people who, wisely, or unwisely, as it may be, keep their thoughts to themselves. Garrulousness, once and awhile at any rate, is good for a man; it relieves him,—works off the excess of brain-secretion, as Dr. Maudsley calls it, just as a dose of physic clears one of the bile; so I will think, to-night, and scribble, and you, gentle reader, can read or not, as you may please.

To-day ushered in spring,—the life-season. Not coming in clouds and storm, but with warm sunshine came the morning, and with a kind of summer sighing went away the twilight. I have been risking a cold the livelong day by keeping one of the windows of my office open; it was one of my fancies, I could not resist the inclination. A near neighbor, a great lover of birds, hung out to-day the cage containing her canaries; perhaps it was to hear the birds sing I kept my window open. It has always seemed to me, by the way, that birds recognize instinctively the very first day of spring,—have you never remarked it? They sing and sing as if first they had found voice, and were luxuriating in the enjoyment of it.

* * * * *

I have been sitting the last hour thinking of summer coming. Are not summer scenes seducing? Hills and vales, and dark old woods, and nothing to do but enjoy them. Ah! here is the pleasure in the possession of

comfortable and reasonable means. Money is good,—most good in its place ; one may not deny that.

On an August morning of the last summer I packed in my carpet-bag the few articles without which even the most unpretending ruralizer may not get along, and, with a purse calculated to supply only the plainest wants, started off for a visit to the haunts of boyhood. Haunts of boyhood ! Is there not a volume in this expression ? How is to be pitied the man or woman who, born amid brick walls and paved streets, has no memory of childhood haunts ! I use the phrase thoughtfully. Alleys and courts, or widest streets, can have connected with them none of the sweet memories which cling about the grove, the fishing-place, or the arborescent lane. The memory of rides in the omnibus, or even in the fine-furnished cab, can have entwined with it no such freshness as belongs to reminiscences of pony-races, or of rides in the slow-moving ox-cart, going fieldward.

Hanging over the bookstand, in my office, is a painting, representing a favorite home haunt. The piece is the merest daub, regarded as a work of art, the whole cost being, I believe, not over four or five dollars. I was a boy when I made the purchase, and was enabled to give the artist the order, I remember well, by denying myself a saddle. Yet, although intrinsically the piece is so valueless, although it still retains the very bark frame made by my own hands at the time, to save further outlay,—it will retain the old frame, I imagine, as long as I may live to own it,—I am doubtful whether the cost of all my other pictures would suffice to buy it.

The picture represents, or is intended to represent, a creek scene. Two great oaks, one on either bank, cast their shadows; the one to the left, back over the field, the other, over the quiet stream. Moored to the tree on the right bank is seen a little boat, in which sit two boys, fishing. The boy in the red jacket I had the artist put in for me; the idea, as I remember, greatly delighted me at the time. There is a line of fence, too, in the foreground of the scene. I recall the trouble I had in persuading the painter to sketch a certain odd notch there is in one of the rails; at low tide, it was only by clambering along this fence that I could get dryshod into my boat. In the background of the piece, leaning against the sky, is a hill; a fine old hill it is in reality, but in the picture it much more reminds one of a volcano in a state of eruption; at least, many times it has been so mistaken. There is a pebble shore too, and the stakes to which I tied my boat. The wave-ripples, which come down even with the bark of the frame, the artist has made to the very mould and fashion of what they were; they satisfy me, even now, as much as, on canvas, they could be made to satisfy. There is the gable of a long, low frame building, which, by looking closely between the branches of the greater tree, may be observed lying to the left of the boat-stakes. A house of many memories is that long, low frame to me; it was a boyhood trysting-place, and it is the home whose fire-side, next to my own, most invites me. The man who now inhabits it was a boy when I was a boy, and we were friends then as we are friends now.

Let me come back to my excursion. Here was the retreat I sought.

Have you ever met, as you have been traveling on over the life-journey, the character of man who seems, and always has seemed since first you met him, in doubt as to how he shall live so as to secure the greatest good? My friend is just such a character, and has been since he was the merest boy. I call him "Utopia." I can scarcely think of him by any other name. He has asked me, I think, every time we have met for the past thirty years, as to the location of Utopia. "Where is it?" he is wont to ask. "Where is Utopia, Darby?" I think I shall never forget the occasion of his first asking it; perhaps the impression has remained the more vivid from having connected with it the memory of an exposé of very marked ignorance. I had to ask what he meant by Utopia. It was a fine July morning; a party had been gotten up to take a pleasure-sail on the bay, and I, as the friend of Trin,—Trinton is his name,—was commissioned to convey to him the invitation. Trin's place, or rather his father's place,—it was his father's then,—was most conveniently approached from ours by a sail up the creek,—the creek represented in the picture. As I approached the ford, floated there by the tide,—the ford is also partly seen in the background of the painting,—I came, most unexpectedly and agreeably, upon my friend. As usual, he was in reverie. You never could find him idle; that was an impossibility, at least I thought so; if it was not with his hands he was working, his brain would be sure to be busy. So far distant, on this occasion, were his thoughts, that I had dropped my boat-hook into his hand before he observed my coming.

He was a strange fellow, as I have meant to imply.

Without a word he caught the hook, drawing my boat to the rock upon which he sat. “I have been thinking, Darby,” said he, “thinking the whole morning about Utopia. Where is it? and what is it?”

I answered him that I had never even so much as heard of the place. Did he know whether it was in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America?

“Ay! that’s the rub, Darby. ‘Where is it?’ That’s just what I desire most to find out.”

I suggested that we should go to the house and get his atlas. He burst into a laugh, declared I must be a fool, or a wit, he knew not which. Ceasing his laugh, he drew me to a seat beside him. “Utopia, Darby,”—he always commenced his philosophizing speeches with a noun,—“Utopia, Darby, is either a reality or an idea,—one or the other it can only be; this is what you may term a differential conclusion. Now, which is it? and what is it? In other words, is Happiness a reality or is it a myth? If a reality, where does it exist? and how?”

I never had right to claim any particular perceptive quickness, but I was no dullard. If given the inkling of an idea, I generally managed to catch up the gist of the matter about as quickly as others.—“Yes, Utopia; well, what about it?” I asked.

“Reflection is that which distinguishes, or should distinguish, man from other animals. A cow crops the grass, and in the sensual gratification experienced lies her only pleasure. So also may man enjoy the nicely-prepared salad, but outside the gratification afforded the palate lies a greater; a sense is given him whereby,

with appreciating eyes, he marks the germination of the seed, the shooting forth of the tender sprout, and which loses him in astonishment as he follows to its completion the wonderful miracle. Now, Darby, does the cow or the man find the most happiness in the grass?" He was trying to work out some such problem as that, he said. "Is happiness to be found in the earthly, or in the intellectual?"

I declined expressing an opinion upon a subject apparently so metaphysical in character; but I told him if he would accept an invitation I bore him for a sail upon the bay, I could promise him pleasure outside of cows and salads.

"I shall be too glad to go, Darby,—anything for a change. And here comes up another matter about which I was thinking. Mankind are ever longing for novelty, never satisfied. Confine one to the city, he thinks by day and dreams by night of green pastures and running streams. Place him in the country, give him every surrounding of the rural condition, back his thoughts go to the exchange and to the warehouse. Let him ride upon the waves, straightway he sighs for land; upon the land, and he pants for the excitement of the billow,—never satisfied; grasping, yet ever wanting; obtaining, yet ever seeking."

I asked him, I remember, what he gained by thinking forever of such fudgy things. Why did he not learn to live like the rest of us?

"Like the rest of you? Well said, Darby. The most of you live the same,—are born, eat and drink, die, come from nothing, live nothing, die nothing."

He drew from his pocket a manuscript.

“I have been writing a sermon, Darby,” he said. “Will you listen to it?”*

With the best grace at command, I prepared myself for the infliction. I thought a homily quite out of place, particularly as I was in a hurry to arrange with him for the excursion.

“Did you ever think, Darby,”—he looked straight into my eyes,—“ever think how ungratefully man acts towards his God, how much we owe God, how dependent we are upon him for every blessing? And did you ever think of the regret which must some day surely come of this ingratitude? of the precedents which prove it?”

He unrolled the paper. “My sermon will explain itself,” he said.

“Oh that man would praise the Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the children of men!”

It was the text.

“Well, go on,” I said, my attention, which had gone with a piece of floating bark, being attracted back, after the lapse of several minutes, by the silence which followed. He was in one of his reveries. “Go on,” I repeated, nudging his elbow.

He straightened out the pages, which had rolled themselves together.

“God have compassion on us, ingrates that we are!”

I felt inclined to find fault with this very first line; I was no ingrate. He read on:

* The author would suggest that in a waste-paper box he has seen something very like this sermon. The reader may also have met with it.

“Breathing his pure air, drinking from his refreshing springs, basking in his delicious sunshine, and yet forgetting (conceal it, oblivion), forgetting even thanks.

“Father, spare us the so richly-merited contempt. Oh that man could understand and appreciate his dependent situation! poor, weak, helpless being! planting and watering, taking to himself the credit of the increase, living and enjoying, congratulating self.

“Look out over your possessions, Americans. A territory almost boundless in extent, fringed on the one side by the cloud-capped waves of the Atlantic, girded on the other by the more gently rolling waters of the Pacific; embracing within its bounds almost every variety of climate, from the frigid, to the soft, voluptuous tropical; producing the hardy fruits of the North, the refreshing pulps of the sunny South, the graceful maize, the flowering cotton; abounding in ores of every description, from the stubborn iron to the glittering gold; minerals, from the homely quartz to the brilliant, sparkling diamond; producing in the richest abundance everything calculated to promote our greatness as a nation and our happiness as a people. Do we look out over nature, our eyes are greeted by vast, unending panoramas, of unsurpassed magnificence; our glorious sky, in its ever-changing beauty, rivals the descriptions of half-fairyland Italy. Our echoing hills, our valleys flowing with oil and wine, our rivers rolling in majesty oceanward, our boundless forests, flowery meads, and grassy knolls, our home joys, the proud, earth-defying wavings of our never-humbled flag, our productive soil, our own intrinsic nobility,—all, all

combine to give us might and happiness in our singleness !” Pause.

I looked up, thinking he claimed some special attention. Unheeding, he read on :

“ You remember how, long years ago, in the Mediterranean Sea, bloomed a country, famous and happy, and great as our own noble land, the favored of God, the envied of man. Music, and flowers, and sunlight were there ; singing brooks and waving forests, caroling birds and twilight whisperings. And might was there ; greatness sat enthroned in classic grandeur, art and science crowned loftiest pinnacles. Nations, lost in wonderment and admiration, bowed, hailing her mistress. ‘ Happy people ! ’ you exclaim. Follow.

“ In forgetfulness of the upholding cornerstone, came to that people pride and dissatisfaction, presumption and ingratitude ; soon upon the waves floated the flags of her armaments, over the land spread the assassins of her ambition ; and now, in scenes of intervention and triumph, conquest and tyranny, she branded herself ‘ Ingrate. ’ Follow on.

“ The reckoning was coming ; the eye of an outraged Deity was upon her. His ear heard ; angels, with wondering faces and astonished souls, looked on, and then, in pity,—in very pity,—as they beheld a people weep, threw over the scene a pall of blackness, enshrouding it in the obscurity of the past. Yes, Rome was the pall ; and Greece,—ancient Greece,—with her architectural beauties, her perfection in the arts and sciences, the wonder of the world, of her well-governed and rejoicing people, mingled her atoms with the things of the past. Follow on.

“God would have on earth a pre-eminent people,—a people whose content, whose charity, whose elevation might live an example to the world. Rome was chosen; from her seven hills light went out over all Europe, illumined Asia, drove part of the blackness from the borders of Africa; and then Rome—chosen, elevated Rome—forgot God,—God, the caretaker of the heathen as of the Christian; God, the cornerstone of the fabric of good will to all men. Soon came intervention and dictation. Earth looked upon the legions, and unresisting bent a powerless neck. Again was the pall cast; from mountain fastnesses poured horde after horde of the ferocious Vandals, scattering to the winds of heaven the remnants of Roman glory. Follow on.

“Are not the reverberations of the drums, which sounded the *pas de charge* on the plains of Austerlitz, still ringing in our ears? Cannot we recall, word for word, the *ordre du jour* which excited to the highest pitch of enthusiasm the brave army of the tricolor? Can we not remember how, but a few short years back, France towered to the very heavens, crowning a pyramid of skulls? Alas, the star of her brightness has set, and she, too, has given place for a something higher to come.

“Oh that men might cultivate the divine within them sufficiently to appreciate the blessings with which God has surrounded them, and, appreciating, find their only ambition in the works of his will! The precedents, the world-awing precedents,—give us, O Father, to understand their teachings,—lessons taught by the sacrifice of millions, by the demolition of greatness, by the

annihilation of human hopes, made necessary by the conduct of the destroyed.

“And we—now are we at our looms, and costly fabrics clothe us. We are in our fields, and plenty springs up about us. We are in our homes, and love crowns the tempting feast. We are in our halls, and eloquence steals away our doubts. We are in our colleges, and science instructs us. Upon the sea we float, and our vessels carry the golden sands of Ophir. Oh, how we should praise the Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful works !

“And yet, fools that we are, we seem to have little or no sense of a life philosophy.

“A dog passing over a brook, seeing the meat he carried doubled by reflection, let go that he held, grasping at the shadow, and lost all.

“An Arnold, holding through the faith of esteeming countrymen a noble fortress, seeing needed gold reflected, let go that he held, grasping at the shadow, and lost all.

“An Aaron Burr, possessed of fame, riches, and honor, seeing from the great Southwest reflected an empire, let go that he held, grasping at the shadow, and lost all.

“A mother-country, possessing colonies of great value, seeing reflected, through the enchantment of distance, a seeming advantage of stamp and other acts, although carrying in her treasury ample equivalents, let go that she held, grasping at the shadow, and lost all.

“And so the world is teeming with precedents, great and startling ones for those in high places, ordinary and common ones for those in low places.”

He turned several pages ; he must have observed my growing restlessness.

“A certain rich man, dissatisfied with possessions enough for thousands, built to himself greater store-houses, reared higher barns, and then, with his own and the wealth of others, sat him down to take his ease. In his hand was no charity, in his heart no mercy ; he lived for self. Law, in very disgust at his self-love and unbrotherly greediness, in disgust at selfishness disgracing to brutes, let drop the pail, and his place was vacant.

“A certain nobleman, having vast estates, called his heirs together, to each giving great possessions,—enough for every want, and more ; then, blessing, left them, counseling with his last words that each should do to the other as he would have done to himself in return.

“But soon the strongest slew the weaker, amalgamating theirs with his. But the nobleman, when he heard of it, what did he ? Dropped the pail, and the conqueror was conquered.”

As my friend read the last word of his sermon, he crumpled together the manuscript and threw it far out on the stream.

Silently we watched the receding paper.

“So goes life,” at length he exclaimed, as the paper disappeared behind a little promontory. “As a leaf-boat thrown by the mountain-breeze into the rivulet, dancing, leaping, laughing, we start ; around the tree-roots we play, over obstructing pebbles we spring, by the rock-side we eddy. Then, still dancing, leaping, laughing, down the hillside we go, joying in the sun-

beam, joying in the moonbeam, joying in everything. This is boyhood ; alas, when the base is reached the mountain is passed forever.

“Next we meet the wood stream,—the placid wood stream, youth. We go more calmly now, much more calmly, but not less happily ; this is the time of hope, of looking forward, of love. We linger not long here, however ; we would stay, but the current resists all effort to stem it. We look wistfully out over the shore ; we think, If we might but lay ourselves in the shade, and watch forever other life-boats passing. We even try if we may not do this, but the current drives us on. So, contenting ourselves, we joy in each passing beauty, live entirely in a present ; thus, to the river we pass.

“The waves and winds of this greater stream dash frightfully our frail bark ; with redoubled energy we resist the tide, but it is in vain. Onward we go,—onward and outward. The stream of manhood has us upon its bosom ; if we would keep up, the waves and the winds must be struggled with.

“The ocean is reached ; out on its great waves we go,—we cannot but go. There are divers winds here. One, if happily we catch it, shall waft us to a haven of delight and safety. Another blows towards the north,—the cold and biting north. The maelstrom is there, and if within the circles we drift, around we shall go, around—powerless around—and—down, down—lost.”

In the kitchen of my friend's house is the usual great fireplace of the plantation-house. The picture of it comes just now most vividly before me. There was a

boy, Charlie, on the place, a kind of guard-servant and friend to Trin. A great dog, too, connects himself always with the reminiscence, a half Newfoundland, half mongrel, yet, withal, a most sagacious brute.

This old and roomy fireplace was the evening retreat of my friend Charlie and the dog June,—the inseparables, I called them. I believe you might have looked here for them with success almost any evening of the whole year, for, if it were summer, the piled holly boughs made the place attractive; while in winter,—ah! truly on winter nights was it a retreat to be courted. At either end, crossing the hearth, was an oaken bench. Well carved and cut were these benches: Charlie, the servant-boy, had much facility in this direction; it was his habit to carve while his master philosophized.

As I think of the fires that were wont to blaze upon that hearth, I cannot but recall how apt I was to speculate on the amount of wood unnecessarily consumed. Charlie would have burned a forest if thereby Trin's pleasure might have been enhanced.

I was sitting one evening in Charlie's corner of the chimney. Trin sat opposite. Charlie and June lay, both of them, soundly sleeping, side by side, upon the floor. "Darby," exclaimed my friend, suddenly looking up,—“Darby, do you recall the question I asked at the ford?”

Our thoughts happened for once to be running in the same channel. I remembered it well, I answered him, and was at the moment thinking of it. The Sunday before I had been much struck with an expression uttered in a Quaker meeting held in a neighboring village. I repeated the words as nearly as I could recall them,

suggesting that therein might be found an answer to the question. The exact words of the Friend I find have quite gone from me.

The expression, however, I well remember, seemed to strike him. He did not tell me so, but because he spoke not I knew it; it was his habit, when impressed, to drop his head upon his hand and go off into a reverie.

Finding I had an advantage, I hastened to pursue it. "If one," I told him, "situated as he was, could not be happy, the cause might be found only by looking inward. An only child, sole heir to a lucrative and most beautiful estate, born to——"

He would finish the sentence, he said, interrupting me. "Born to a position of ignoble ease and selfish enjoyment; nothing to do but to eat, drink, and sleep, to live like a brute—and—and to die, and be buried, and to rot like a brute. It was indeed glorious, glorious!—was it not?"

He had made up his mind to go to Yale, he said. Happiness was a thing graduated by the ability to comprehend and the power to execute. He would get soul-wealth as already he had earth-wealth; would study and become a man, and, ranking with men, would play a man's part. At least, as a spirit of unrest possessed him, he would seek to quiet it.

Then, again, he was impressed, he said, with a spirit of action. Even were he satisfied to rest in the luxury to which he had been born, would he not be guilty of a waste of life? He believed so; he could not satisfy himself as to any peculiar right possessed by him to while away time idly while so many of his fellow-men were crying for help.

Did I remember the parable of the talents? he asked. As then, so now; it becomes every man to put his money at usance. If ten talents are his, he must increase them other ten; if he possess but five, other five will be expected. Feeling this, how might he dare act the part of the "One talented," how might he excuse himself when the reckoning should be demanded?

It was beyond his comprehension, he said, how the generality of mankind live as they do; it seemed to him that life was treated as so much waste matter, broken up, cast aside, trodden under foot; not one in ten thousand seemed to have the slightest appreciation of the Wherein true life consisted. Each hurried along as if to gain the morrow was the object, as if the present held nothing. It was a truth that even the creative might of God failed to attract admiration; had He not conceived and created a paradise, and in admiration of his work called it good? Yet, man passed it by unheeding, or, if perchance noticing, only rolled up his hypocritical eyes, pronouncing anathemas upon it,—upon the world, deemed by God so beautiful. Why were men so blind? He hoped Heaven would gift him with the desire and with the ability to work the miracle of opening their eyes.

Did not this last expression conflict, just a little, with the doctrines in the sermon he had read me? I asked. In the one was inculcated content, here he favored action.

I was dull of comprehension, he answered. My objection seemed scarcely worthy reply. Did I not perceive the one referred to unwarranted energy, the other, to unholy sloth?

So my friend, "seeking Utopia," went to Yale, and four years—four, to me, very long years—separated us.

How often, during the slow-moving months of separation, did my mind revert to him, and what I was disposed to view as his peculiarities! Often would I wonder what he should be when again we met; if his Utopia should be found. Many and many a time, in my better moods, have I offered supplications for his welfare; that his happiness might be secured, his search crowned with success.

* * * * *

One evening, a week perhaps after his return, we were standing together upon the veranda of his house, when, lifting my arm, he placed it within his own, inviting me to a stroll. He wanted to talk with me, he said. He desired to compare present views with some he had entertained four years back. "They were Quixotic, Darby, very. I make the acknowledgment freely; that is, they were Quixotic as compared with things as they exist, as all reforms are Quixotic. Christ himself was Quixotic, and for centuries the world laughed at his disciples as so many Sancho Panzas; Quixotic, because he preached good will in place of hatred, peace instead of war; because, knowing the beaten track to be the wrong one, he stepped aside, marking out a better.

"Four years ago," he continued, "I apportioned to myself the task of teaching men how to live. I thought to be a reformer. Convinced of the truthfulness of my philosophy, I would preach against the prostitutions of the times, and inveigh against its follies. And this, this present, Darby, was to have been the starting-

time. Strange how circumstances and relations alter one's views. I had not then made up my mind to pass as a sort of harmless, half-insane person, as a fanatic. Indeed, I had not taken into the account that such position is necessarily entailed on the man who dares step from the highway over which trudge the masses.

“See,” he went on, “how the Spiritualist of the present day is denounced and ridiculed.* Why? Because they who mock know him as a fool? Nothing of the kind. The mockers are, as a general thing, by odds the greater fools; they mock at assertions which they have not the independence to investigate, and, of course, not the capability to disprove; mocking, because ridicule is the only weapon they may handle.

“Suppose,” continued he, “that in the averments made by this sect exists truth, that now has arrived that cycle in which such communication as it teaches is being permitted, is it not startling, most startling, to think that through unbelief we deny ourselves the advantages and happiness of such communion? and is it not a terrible reflection that our disbelief drives away souls torn from us rudely by death, and who now stand mournfully at the door of our hearts, knocking longingly for entrance?”

“But,” I answered him, “I have heard you yourself ridicule the doctrines of Swedenborg.”

“True; because the chain of prejudice that binds others bound me. I laughed, as ridiculers mostly laugh, meaningless,—as parrots laugh.”

“But the doctrine is absurd.”

* Referring to the Swedenborgian,

“Possibly; yet the Bible, and, besides the Bible, all nature, teaches the omnipresence of God; as well are we taught that the immortal part of man is an emanation from—a part of—the Deity. How, then, can the whole be omnipresent without the parts being in like condition?”

I knew little about the matter, and cared less to know, I answered him. I thought that possibly the less people should worry their brains about such things the better it might be for them. We had no right to look into futurity; we should be content with the condition in which God has placed us.

“True, Darby, most true; we should not ride in carriages, because Providence has provided us with legs. We may not familiarize ourselves with hygiene, because Providence intends we shall sicken and die. We have no right to lighten burdens through machine labor, because law designs that by the sweat of one’s brow is his bread to be earned. See how inconsistent we are,—what fools we prove ourselves.”

I asked if at Yale he had been converted to the views of Swedenborg.

“It has nothing to do with the consideration. I only alluded to this in example. It is of the world we are speaking. I remarked, four years back, my intention of working for the good of my fellows. I have now to remark my knowledge of a peculiarity existing with the people which points the finger of ridicule at him who suggests anything for its improvement. All change must come to the common mind through a general, and not a special, voice, through an experience of good or evil. He who runs ahead of this experience, who philoso-

phizes, and from his philosophy draws deductions in advance of his time, will best preserve his dignity and secure his comfort by enjoying alone the advantage. Let him preach to the world his doctrine, he gets for his pains little but contempt. My Utopia here has vanished, Darby; I must seek it elsewhere."

"You had better, then, look at home," I suggested.

"And do cheerfully what the hand findeth to do; that sounds quite reasonable. But what finds my hand to do which shall satisfy? What may still the spirit of unrest which so urges me to an unexplained labor? I must do something; Heaven point out to me the path, that I may step into it."

His father owned at the time some fifty male slaves, full seven-eighths of whom were unable to read for themselves a single line. Was there not here a great work? I inquired. Suppose he should employ the education he had gained to improve and enlighten twenty or thirty of the youngest of these men, and, on their coming into his possession, free and send them missionaries to their countrymen. I could conceive, I told him, of no greater or worthier work, or one that, in its influence, might be more important, whether viewed in connection with the affairs of time, or with the things of all life.

He turned away, unheeding, or not noticing, the suggestion.

I ventured to continue the subject: it was to the designer and originator of a great work, rather than to the laborers who executed the task, that belonged, or should belong, the credit. And surely he doing, without whose consent or power nothing might or

would be done, should receive, as undoubtedly he would deserve, all reward, whether it should be of conscience or estate.

One of the continents of the world, I remarked, lay, as for ages it had lain, in the darkness of barbarism. Its people, having no light, elevated but little above the beasts surrounding them, demanded, by the right of a common humanity, an assistance which should enable them to emerge from such a depressed condition. This assistance might only come from the enlightened and more favored. Was not this worthy his attention? Would it not be a glorious task to light the torch whose flame, radiating and reflected, should dispel this darkness, and light up with rays of intellectual brightness the land so long desolate?

“We will defer a consideration of the subject till some other time,” he said, interrupting me. We descended in silence the hill, on the summit of which we had been standing.

“I think I will study medicine, Darby. What do you think of the idea?” We had walked fully a mile before he spoke this.

It was the profession I had some thought of for myself, I answered him; but, so far, my ideas of the matter were, I feared, rather indistinct.

“I believe I will study, Darby, and, settling in some great city, devote freely my fortune and abilities to the aid of the needy.” His face lighted up with enthusiasm. “This is it, this is it, Darby. I feel it as inspiration. I believe I have at last found Utopia.”

“I trust so,” I said. Perhaps my response might have been more hearty, for he turned upon me as if

the words had been ice. I was, however, not entirely unread as to the clinical advantages enjoyed in cities by the poor. I knew that even as we spoke, existed, very fully systematized, the noble charity now so freely supported by our different medical institutions,—a charity which permits no one to suffer where the aid of the finest talent and erudition may assist.

I may be permitted to pay the tribute of my regard to this cause.

I premised, it will be remembered, that to-night I would write as memories came about me. Let me, then, for a single moment digress.

In most great cities are now to be found those silent charities known as Clinics, supported almost entirely, if not wholly, by college faculties, or practitioners of the healing art. These clinics are divided into specialties; medical, surgical, obstetrical, ophthalmic, and others. Demands made at the several institutions will secure to the poor patient such services as may be needed, from the very highest of the faculty. Operations are performed, medicine and attendants furnished, the closest consideration given to every want, and all without the slightest idea or hope of reward. It is charity, the offspring of duty, and, like the good Samaritan, pours balm into the wounds of every wayside sufferer, asking not whether he be friend or foe, Jew or Samaritan.

Perhaps the amount of time, means, and personal exertion expended in a single year in these services might scarcely be realized by the people. It is, I am very sure, far beyond any estimate ordinarily entertained. May the "heart-warmth" engaged in this noble work never grow old! The poor owe to the clinical

system a debt which their warmest gratitude alone may repay. That people of means are found not unfrequently to take advantage of this good, designed alone for the really poor, is unfortunately the objection to the system. How it is to be obviated is a question now receiving attention.

I said that I answered my friend coolly, and that my indifference seemed as ice to his enthusiasm. However, the October of the succeeding year witnessed our matriculation together into the University. I pass rapidly on.

Half the first course had not been completed before I perceived that, in the face of things as they existed, the new-found Utopia of my friend was vanishing. The free service which at first had loomed up as the embodiment of charity, was rapidly sinking to a level with the many others apiece with it. I felt that soon again he would need to renew the search for his ideal.

I concluded right. He started his queries on the voyage home. We were standing, the first evening out, upon the after-deck of the packet on which we were sailing, watching the receding land. "There, it is gone," he exclaimed, as the last point faded into the horizon, "the land is gone; the Utopia it promised is gone with it. Ah, Darby, is there on earth no Utopia?"

I repeated to him the words of the Quaker.

"True, true." He dropped his head, as I have remarked was his habit. I left him to his musings, and walked to the bow of the vessel.

* * * * *

My friend went not back to college. I did not expect he would. It was not medical education he sought,

but a something,—a Utopia,—an idea. He found not this: why should he have returned?

I was surprised one afternoon, some two years later, to have placed in my hands by our college janitor a letter from Trinton. It was quite an event; for, while we were the best of friends, such was his unconquerable repugnance to letter-writing that the receipt of a letter from him was a matter of such rarity as to be worthy of note. This letter informed me of his intention to invest a portion of his fortune in mercantile pursuits. “I need excitement,” he wrote. “I conclude that without some busy object whereupon to exhaust the activity of my mind I can never expect to quit myself of the spirit of unrest which so distresses me. This is all I need; I am convinced of it. I start up as one awakened from a dream; I have dreamt too long. The mass of mankind find content in a plodding routine. I have reviled this plodding too severely. As others seem happy while I am miserable, the others must be right, I wrong. I will work with the rest.”

I dropped the letter in very surprise. What could thus more greatly than ever have deceived my friend? Merchandise, indeed! what could such a one as he do with merchandise? The idea was absurd. A person of his dreamy character to enter a pursuit demanding for success such concentration of energy, great and continued earnestness, and unwavering industry—if I had not been so annoyed I could have laughed outright at the folly.

“Of course,” continued he, “you will wonder at this determination. I assume that you will. You will condemn, perhaps: this, however, would fall on my

ear unheeded. I must begin to live. Life is rapidly hastening from me, and as yet I have accomplished nothing, absolutely nothing. The reflection almost drives me to despair. Is it,—I ask myself the question a hundred times each day,—is it to be thus until the end? May I do nothing at all? is there no work for me?

“I went to Yale to find my work, —to the university; but did I find it? I am here to-day apparently farther from the object than ever. I sometimes feel like casting the blame on God. Why was I created with this susceptibility? Why am I haunted by this constant desire to work, and nothing given me to do? I am never at ease for a single moment. Do I lie down in sleep, there come to me visions of distress, calling for relief. Do I walk, or drive, or hunt, condemnation of the hours I am mispending seems to look on me from every cloud. You ask me, then, why the calls are unheeded. Oh, I don't know; I don't know. It is the charge of vacillation, perhaps, which I fear,—the dread that it will be said of me, as it is said of every man who steps from the path, he is a little insane,—a fanatic,—an enthusiast,—a dreamer. I find I have no independence, none at all. Pray for me, Darby, pray for me; I feel like one around whose lips the waters of Lethe are bubbling.”

I shut the letter. I had no desire to read farther. Poor Trin! how few comprehend such a character as his! I understood, however, and appreciated him. I think I am skilled in such direction of the vagarious. How many, who in these pages shall commune with the sentiments he utters, are in nature akin with him! You yourself have felt all this, perhaps still feel it. The

better spirit strives, and long has striven, for supremacy. You have, time and again, caught up the armor, almost determined to buckle it on. You recall many a Sunday morning, when, in religious mood, you have walked towards the church, determined that the day was to witness your regeneration ; you would be found, thereafter, very regular in your attendance,—so you vowed to yourself. You remember how, feeling thus, you have gone into the family-pew, and a shower of grace has seemed to descend upon you. You have wondered why so long you cheated yourself of such serenity. So all day Monday have you retained the fervor ; Tuesday and Wednesday it has lingered with you, but with the Thursday came a temptation. You were not strong enough ; you faltered. The next Sunday, the pew, as usual, was vacant. You spent the day uncomfortably at home, or, perhaps, whistled your dog to your side, and, taking up your hat, wandered off, trying to get away from yourself.

You have thought much of life ; about what it is to live. Fully have you satisfied yourself that the mere provision for the body is, or should be, the least part of a man's concern. There have dawned upon your comprehension the requirements of a higher life,—the soul life. You have asked yourself a thousand times what you should do ; long have you been wanting to do something. You wonder why it is you should not long ago have been at work ; why you have been so wavering. You feel a kind of contempt for your weakness. There comes, however, buoying you up, a sudden vow of resolution. You will be weak no longer. You will be a man in the sight of Heaven, as you are a

man in the sight of your fellows. You will commence the coming hour with a good work. So, under the inspiration, you start forth, your heart all warmth, your energy all ablaze.

You go, perhaps, to some miserable dwelling you may have encountered in your walks. You think it would be a noble commencement to regenerate the inmates of such a tumble-down place ; you have no doubt the people are of a piece with their dwelling ; you knock at the door, and, in answer to a rough greeting, pass in. It is a very forbidding-looking place, you think. Yet the fervor which has so far accompanied you deserts you not. You hesitate for a moment as to how you shall broach the subject of your visit. It strikes you suddenly that the bodies of these people need food and raiment quite as much as the soul—perhaps more. At any rate, you conceive that it would be useless to talk of philosophical comforts in the face of such earthly distress ; the reflection undecides you as to whether or not you shall speak the words of your message. Finally, however, you conclude that it would be as well to return home, and, providing the needed comforts, send them, to return yourself at some more suitable time. So, dropping a few dollars into the hands of a wan-looking woman you take to be the mother, you go away.

You do not return, however, as you had contemplated. A few days, and your mood has changed. A kind of selfish indifference has come over you. You think it better becomes a man to attend to business, leaving the gentle duties of life to the attention of women. If you find the money for your wife's charities, it is quite enough. You subscribe, also, to at least

half a dozen funds. You are sure that these people will not be permitted to suffer while so many are ready to assist. If the people do want, you are sure it can only be from fault of their own. So, stultifying your better nature, you go back to your usual round, to continue in it until another good mood shall come pleading.

Your business engagements permit of little leisure. You do not get much time to think. You come home, however, some evening rather earlier than usual. You have felt all day disgusted with the world, and with the things of the world. Nothing has gone right with you. There is a feeling stealing over you denouncing the vanity of your life. You feel the denunciation to be very just. You draw your chair to the grate, and fall into a reverie. What is the use, you think, of toiling and battling for that which is truly neither meat nor drink? It comes up very vividly that life, as it is generally spent, is but so much waste. You wonder at the goodness which bears so patiently with the ingratitude of your kind. The parable of the fig-tree comes before your mind. Your thoughts revert immediately to yourself. You have lived thirty, forty, fifty years, and never yet has there been fruit gathered from your branches. You shrink involuntarily, as if you feared the descending axe. You are lost in astonishment that you have been spared so long. You think yourself the most ungrateful of ingrates, much more ungrateful than other men, because, judging from your constant compunctions, you doubt if other men have been watered and cultured with the care and love which have attended you.

A very despairing mood comes upon you. You feel

that you are, or should be, outside the pale of the deserving; it is of no use to make new resolutions; you remember how weak you are. Have you not a hundred times resolved and re-resolved, and a hundred times broken the resolutions? What, you ask yourself, is the use of fresh vows? You doubt if it would not be but as casting insult in the face of God. You ought, like the fig-tree, to be cut down. You almost wish you could be, that you might know the worst. Why should you longer cumber the ground? You will never bear fruit, never; you are convinced of this. You are in very great distress at your condition. You offer up a very earnest prayer. Why will God and your good angel not help you? You wonder, as the mood changes a little, why you should be denied the strength you so need and so crave. You want to be useful; it is your highest desire; but unless there is interposed some special providence, you might as well give up the battle. The spirit is willing, most willing, but the flesh is weak. So you think on, think and think, until, slumber coming over your senses, imperceptibly and by degrees the thoughts are shut out, and thus the good mood is gone,—gone as it came.

There come to you also times when you are very ambitious, very desirous of accomplishing some great and worthy work. You read of men, mighty men, who, comet-like, have blazed over and illumined the life-sky, attracting all eyes, exciting all admiration. You do not see why you also may not so shine; it would be glorious, lofty, noble, you think.

So, measuring yourself with the precedents afforded, you plume your wings for the flight: you will fly to the

pinnacle, you think. In contemplation of the coming success, your soul seems lighting up with a celestial fire. You feel that it begins to blaze, that it has entered the arteries of your body, and is pouring its undiluted streams upon your brain.

You catch up your pen ; the moment of inspiration shall not be lost. You write, write ; words crowd for utterance. You are writing immortal lines,—lines that shall glow brighter and brighter, as the eyes that first gloated over them may wax dimmer and dimmer,—as the hand that penned them shall fall more and more into dust. You firmly believe this : at length you are accomplishing a life-work. “Happy me ! happy me !” you exclaim.

Rapidly, and still more rapidly, you write ; the excitement upon you is increasing to absolute distraction. At length you throw down the pen. You may not add a single word : the strain, the song, is perfect. You are deliriously happy. You feel you must hasten out into the broadness of space ; the circumference of the room wherein you write seems crowding you. So out you go ; every one you meet recognizes instinctively, you feel, the inspiration that was upon you.

Rapidly you pass from the close streets into the open freeness of the country. You must move quickly ; you are far too excited to remain still even for a single moment. The whole morning you walk,—the whole day,—and night has settled down over the lanes and fields ere you find yourself sufficiently composed to return to your home.

You feel, as you seat yourself before the tempting supper, very tired, very hungry ; the long walk has

quite animalized you. The evening, however, has in store a treat which shall refresh you. You may not overlook this. You will draw up the arm-chair, you say, and in reading over your manuscript re-enjoy the ecstasy of the morning. Happy anticipation ! it helps even to appease your appetite. You can but hurry to the treat.

On the table, by the side of your precious production, your servant has thrown one of the so-called literary papers. You will read just a little in this first ; it will serve, you think, to sharpen the appetite for what is to come. Your eye falls on a poem by Marie ——. You pass to an essay by Wilhelm ——, to a moral story by Roberto ——. *Noms de plume*, attached to wishy-washy nonsense, meet your eyes wherever on the page they rest. You throw down the paper in sheer disgust. You think how more than strange it is that people should spend precious time in laboring to exhibit themselves as fools.

You begin to lose confidence in the heaven-inspired effusion of the morning. An impression comes stealing upon you that, with the others, you also may have been doing what you could to make yourself ridiculous. Your own article is signed “Raphael ;” it seems, this last at least, very absurd. What could your friends do but smile, if they knew that you, the steady merchant of their acquaintance, were “Raphael,”—neglecting ledgers and day-books to poetize ? Confidence in your call is going very fast.

You unroll the manuscript, however. It is strange, but it starts not with the fire of the morning. You wonder what has become of the vitality that existed in

it. You have read only half through the page when you lay it down. There is a growing conviction that you are of a class with the Maries, the Wilhelms, and the Robertos. You take up the paper and cast it into the fire. You laugh a laugh of contempt at your weakness, and thus, as the paper turns to ashes, your aspirations turn to air. The mood is gone,—gone as the many others have gone.

Do you recognize these mind phases? You will not, then, blame my friend. You will not ridicule his search after Utopia. He lives as you live, as I live, only in a more intensified degree.

As you live, as I live, that is, always about to do something,—never accomplishing anything. So I am sure he will live. As you and I, so he, so all of us, will sink down into a common dust, leaving perhaps no sign. Heaven forgive us, but it does seem that all our strivings and battlings are about as the strivings and battlings of the moats in a sunbeam,—coming to as little.

I need not tell you that, within a year, my friend left, at great pecuniary loss, his business venture. You can only have anticipated this. Neither need I trace his various changes; they were many. Over the earth he has wandered, a spirit of unrest; has ever sought, never found; and now, with Richter's old man, he looks back wistfully over the rich harvest-fields of life, out of which he has brought nothing.

IN THE COUNTRY.

“**I**N my garden I spend my days, in my library I spend my nights,” says Alexander Smith. “My interests I divide between my geraniums and my books. With the flower I am in the present ; with the book I am in the past. I go into my library, and all history unrolls before me. I breathe the morning air of the world while the scent of Eden’s roses yet lingered in it ; while it vibrated only to the world’s first brood of night-ingales and to the laugh of Eve. The garden I love more than any place on earth. I like to pace its graveled walks ; to sit in the moss-house, which is warm and cozy as a bird’s nest, and wherein twilight dwells at mid-day. My garden, with its silence, and the pulses of fragrance that come and go on the airy undulations, affects me like sweet music. Care stops at the gates, and gazes at me wistfully through the bars. Among my flowers and trees nature takes me into her own hands, and I breathe freely as the first man.”

Have you read, my good reader, Alexander Smith’s garden-smelling book “Dreamthorp” ? No ? Well, you know what Alexander Smith is ; his book is what he is. Dreamthorp is a dreamy village, a place away off from the track of traffic, where the contentions and disquietude of the world have grown old before the sound of the turmoil reaches the retirement of the hill-circled hamlet. “Upon a summer evening, about the

hour of eight," writes the poet, "I first beheld Dreamthorp, with its westward-looking windows painted by sunset, its children playing in the single straggling street, the mothers knitting at the open doors, the fathers, standing about in long white blouses, chatting or smoking; the great tower of the ruined castle rising high into the rosy air, with a whole troop of swallows—by distance made as small as gnats—skimming about its rents and fissures;—when I first beheld all this, I felt instinctively that my knapsack might be taken off my shoulders, that my tired feet might wander no more, that at last, on the planet, I had found a home. From that evening I have dwelt here, and the only journey I am like now to make is the very inconsiderable one, so far, at least, as distance is concerned, from the house in which I live to the graveyard beside the ruined castle. There, with the former inhabitants of the place, I trust to sleep quietly enough, and Nature will draw over our heads her coverlet of green sod, and tenderly tuck us in, as a mother her sleeping ones, so that no sound from the world shall ever reach us, and no sorrow trouble us any more."

This is very pretty and very dreamy. Indeed, it makes it felt as a matter to be regretted that the name of the author interferes with our calling it *Smithian*, a euphonism which should best express it. The facts in the case I imagine to be these. Our author, being off from Edinburgh on his summer excursion, tired out and disgusted with everything and everybody, stumbled upon this quiet spot, which, in its contrast to that he had just left, entranced and enraptured him. He boarded, I am confident; at any rate, he had no garden tended

by his own hands, otherwise he must have discovered that weeds and flowers grow together in the same bed, and have found the consideration of the weeds forced upon him, a matter which he nowhere alludes to in his most charming of charming books.

A doctor may be nothing if he is not practical,—not, however, to the exclusion of the poetical,—but the *utile et dulce* are as his gig-horses, and he harnesses them always together. I desire to make this essay as one would make a prescription,—that is, to a useful end. I know the hazy mellowness of midsummer afternoons, dreaming dreams in the porch after dinner ; and I know, also, the aspect of the matter which grows and gathers the dinner. Dreamthorp may tell you about the first. My prose will not be found amiss on the other side.

Imprimis, I do commend you to the country. Green fields and trees are not, as pronounced by Socrates, “eternally the same.” As God is greater than man, so are his works those which must the most continuously delight and entrance us. A great many matters, however, intrude themselves in a consideration of country living. To go out of the town with the idea that cares and troubles belong alone to the city, and that country is all Ambrosia and Arcadia, is simply nonsense. I am certainly not far wrong in asserting that country moving is effected, as a rule, with less judgment than any other important step taken by a man, and hence the frequent disappointment.

“ Hackneyed in business, weary at that oar
Which thousands once fast chained to, quit no more,
But which, when life at ebb runs weak and low,
All wish, or seem to wish, they could forego ;

The statesman, lawyer, man of trade,
 Pants for the refuge of some rural shade,
 Where, all his long anxieties forgot,
 Amid the charms of a sequestered spot,
 Or recollected only to gild o'er
 And add a smile to what was sweet before.
 He may possess the joys he thinks he sees,
 Lay his old age upon the lap of ease,
 Improve the remnant of his wasted span,
 And, having lived a trifler, die a man."
 . . . "'Tis well if looked for at so late a day,
 In the last scene of such a senseless play,
 True wisdom will attend his feeble call,
 And grace his action ere the curtain fall.
 Souls that have long despised their heavenly birth,
 Their wishes all impregnated with earth,
 For threescore years employed with ceaseless care
 In catching smoke and feeding upon air,
 Conversant only with the ways of men,
 Rarely redeem the short remaining ten.
 Inveterate habits choke the unfruitful heart,
 Their fibers penetrate its tenderest part,
 And, draining its nutritious powers to feed
 Their noxious growth, starve every better seed."

Come now and let us have a formal and reasonable talk about a matter which may have so much of comfort or discomfort in it, as you happen to manage matters. I take it for granted, you see, that country living is in your thoughts. Every man with life and freshness in him, and every woman too, for that matter, has a country dream. It happened me to be born in the country, and to be there reared; and I have not by any means been without the experiences which afford one a judgment in comparing country places and situations, as well as their advantages and disadvantages as viewed in association with the town. So I feel

that a consultation together cannot be without its benefit.

In the first place, what is the idea? For what do you propose going into the country? It is because you are tired of the city. Don't go, then. It is because you feel restless, and scarcely know what to do with yourself. Don't go. Because you have exhausted all kinds of things and long for a change. Don't go.

Two classes of people only, we may commence our homily by asserting, find their requirements met in the country,—the poor man, who here gets the most from his little, and the philosopher, who is brought closest in communion with all most worthy his study. An assertion that is least without fear of successful contradiction is, that a man to enjoy country living must have developed his religious instincts; by which, however, is not meant Presbyterianism, Romanism, or Quakerism, but that he has garnered within him that something which allies him with the good, the quiet, and the simple. A man with ill instincts, or selfish motives, may not but be, on principle, as much out of place in the country as is a bad and ill-bred man in the company of the virtuous and refined. Not but it is recognized that ill-bred and vicious men are found in the country, enough of them unfortunately, but the viciousness is after the kind of a horse or ox, and the people will be found of an order in whom appreciation of pleasures above the corporeal has little existence. Than these, no class of persons are more to be pitied; they are surrounded with the richest fruits of life without palate to know or taste them; they live the span of existence with the wine untasted.

A parody has been written on "Five Acres Enough," entitled "Five Years Enough," implying that such length of time is found quite sufficient for the generality of people to get enough of country living. Well, this is very true ; it is certainly a very common experience. But is the fault with the country or with the residents?

A man whose habits and long routine of living addict him to the theatre and the midnight convivial gathering, whose inclinations seldom lead him towards books and never to contemplation, this man, ennuyé and blasé, buys for himself a farm, and at a blow sunders himself from his old associations. A few weeks pass, during which he is comfortable and interested enough ; but how long, in reason and common sense, should dissatisfaction stay away?—seldom over a month ; it would be even remarkable if, in the course of a year, such a man should not be willing to sacrifice anything to get away from what he can and may only see as the stupidity of his situation ; it is naturally the common experience with this class.

Another man, with greater pretensions perhaps, starts by building for himself an extensive establishment, surrounds himself with greenhouses, so lays out his whole domain that hirelings without number are found necessary to that order without which the place is nothing. Very soon, from morning until night, this man commences to hear complaints, commotion is everywhere,—horses go lame, cows dry up, grapes mildew, fences are broken down, roofs leak, grass-crops are destroyed by the floods, the wheat rusts ; in short, so many are the mishaps, the result, all of them, of his inexperience, that in despair and disgust he is

glad when the whole thing is taken off his hands at half the first cost.

Still another class is like my friend M, who, with a family just springing into the requirements of society, took a place in the country so retired that only once a week, as I learned, did any vehicle pass his house, and that a neighbor's ox-cart. In winter, it was a long and dreary wade or drive through snow and mud, ankle-deep, to get to the outlet of communication with the world. Now, my friend is a man who, for thirty years, had never appeared upon the street with even so much as a stain on his immaculate patent-leathers, and his professional hands had never, so far as I know, planted a single bushel of potatoes. There was an occasion on which, as his friends tell, being in rural mood, he did dig up his side-yard and bury a peck, but from this, evidently, both hands and memory had long recovered. It was certainly not to be wondered at, then, that when this gentleman returned at nightfall to his lonely domicil, rain- and mud-bedraggled, he should have felt a certain degree of disgust, and when to such persuasion were added the complaints of his family, quite as much shut up and isolated as the monks of St. Bernard, one would not incline to blame him or to think it unwise that the latter half of the first winter sent him back to the town rejoicing.

Another class still is that one which, knowing nothing about farming, goes out with the expectation of a speedy transmutation of every grain of wheat, corn, and oats into gold. Between seedtime and harvest one is apt to find many moles and weevils; so these come back and spend the rest of their lives in grumbling and

fault-finding. I knew a capitalist of this class who bought a dairy farm of three hundred acres, together with its stock of forty cows, but from the day of the purchase his carriage was seen almost continually upon the road, or else he was to be sought under the big oak in front of the village tavern. The man who acted as his overseer lost him twenty cows in a little over that number of months; the gentleman sold the place which had cost him forty thousand, for twenty thousand dollars. His friends say that he has not yet ceased to rail at country and country living.

Going into the country is like going into anything else; there must be a common-sense foundation, and the moving is to be duly pondered.

To consider a country movement, many things are to be taken into the reckoning; if you have had no experience you cannot possibly have any judgment about the matter.

First and foremost of all the things you are to consider, is the healthfulness of a situation. The brightest house and cheeriest outlook in nature will be made somber by the constant presence of a doctor, and the wandering around of an unseen, but ever-felt, specter, in the shape of miasm. I have this moment in my mind's eye a situation of this kind. I thought, when first I saw it, that it was just exactly what I had been years in seeking, and without doubt should most greedily have possessed myself of it, but that I learned the owner had lost three wives on the premises from the same endemic influence; this, while it might be an added recommendation to a man cursed with a ter-magant, would hardly be such to one who might own

an angel. Unless, therefore, you have special reason for preferring a malarious residence, let not the beauty of a place seduce you to its occupancy.

We want, then, it is seen, to know something about malaria and its associations. Malaria—malus, bad ; aria, air—means, in its common definition, simply bad air. Miasma is its synonym,—infecting effluvia floating in the air. Because, as everybody knows, certain places have always chills and fever associated with them, and other places have not, it follows that between such places there is some fact of difference ; this fact is the presence of miasm, a cause of disease, having a signification associative with the locality.

Miasm is like the fiend which does its black work in darkness. No man has as yet seen it closely enough to allow him to describe its form, neither has science been able to catch its likeness ; like everything else, however, by its work is it known, and by its associations learned of.

Without entering on any discussion which shall tend towards a definition of miasm scientifically,—this would interest a doctor only,—it is enough to say that the poison is an emanation which arises from vegetable matter subjected to alternations of heat and moisture, and thus subjected, with a continuous concentration, which decomposes faster than neighboring atmospheric or vegetative influences can neutralize or carry off.

Miasm may be evolved, yet exhibit no ill effects on man. If the evolution, as may well be the case, corresponds with antagonizing influences, then man may perhaps only be the better, not the worse for it,—as thus is made a fertilizer which correlates itself into

fresh life for his support. Where, on the contrary, miasm is in excess of the immediate correlative influences, then man and beast both suffer.

We have now our logical premises by which to judge of the material premises.

Vegetation, heat, and moisture: these are the three active agents in the production of miasma, to which a fourth is to be added, in the influence of non-drainage, either by the way of the atmosphere or running water. The strongest example of a malarious locality one might make would be in suggesting a marshy valley in a tropical climate, so overrun with fixed water as to destroy a prolific vegetation, yet not covering it enough to protect the garbage from the putrefying influences of the sun; this valley, in turn, so environed with hills as to shut off a circulation of air. Let this be taken as the type of a malarial situation. Compare with it the place you may be called to look at, and see to what extent it shades off from the example. Consider, first, there is to be vegetation; second, moisture; third, heat; fourth, non-drainage. If a place is without vegetable product, you might not refuse it because of a fear of intermittent or malarial fever; that is, so far as the place in itself is concerned, although, as in a moment we shall see, you might be worse off, as regards the poison, than your neighbor occupying the premises that originate it. Let us suppose A to live upon the very verge of a miasm-producing region. B, his nearest neighbor, lives two miles away, in the midst of fields of roses and fruit-bearing trees. A is healthy. B is always, in season, sick from the malarial poison. What is the explanation? From the side upon which A lives blows

a continuous current of air towards the house of B; the poison is blown away from A, it deluges the rooms of B. Just as the atmosphere bears the pollen of plants, so does it carry the palmellæ, or whatever it may be, of miasm. Let us make another illustration: B looks at and admires property, the background of which is a belt of wood. A, the owner, truthfully declares that a case of malarial poisoning was never known on the premises. B, looking alone at the mediate surroundings, makes the purchase and removes to it his family. As winter comes around, B sits at his window and finds amusement, not, however, untinctured with regret, in looking at C, the owner of the belt of wood, cutting it away. As the trees fall, it is seen that beyond is a marshy fen. The coming autumn B and all his family are driven away from the new home, and now it is seen too late that the wood was a wall that kept away the poison evolved by the marsh. Cases without number of which this is an example might be referred to.

It may readily be conceived that malarious situations exist where the miasm is not sufficient in quantity to produce the effects of intermittent or bilious fever, yet where there is quite enough of it to keep a man feeling good for nothing,—he is not sick, but he is never well. I know of one country seat of this kind, where forty thousand dollars would not pay for the improvements put upon it, and where, I am free to declare, I would not think of living, even if, as an inducement, a free gift were made to me of the place.

Ground newly broken is not unapt to generate miasm. This results from the sudden exposure of long-buried vegetable matter to the influences of moisture and heat.

It usually, however, quickly wears itself out, and is not to be deemed an objection to the health of a place. Pioneers almost universally suffer from endemic intermittents. One may generally protect himself, however, from the temporary discomfort, by a daily dose of the red Peruvian bark,—as much of the powder as will lie upon a half-dime silver piece. Living, on one occasion, through compulsion, in a neighborhood of this kind, where almost everybody was shaking, I preserved the most robust and unaffected health by taking a wineglassful, twice or thrice daily, of the following combination: of the red bark I took one ounce, and of Virginia snakeroot half the quantity; these were put together into one and a half pints of water; the infusion was placed upon a stove, and allowed to simmer down to one pint; this, when cold, was strained, and to it was added one pint of Madeira wine. I may say, also, as a sort of addendum, that this combination will seldom fail in breaking any ordinary intermittent, particularly if, in plethoric subjects, its exhibition is preceded by some gentle cathartic medicine.

Besides miasm, there are other atmospheric associations to be considered. I recall this moment a distillery, where attempt was made to get clear of the mash by throwing it into a running stream, with the anticipation of its being carried to the river, but where, on the contrary, it became a stagnant putrescent mass, impregnating the air for miles with its unendurable odor, and inducing such a typhoid tendency that half the country-side were down with low forms of fever.

It is not desirable to have as one's next neighbor a careless, slovenly man, whose business is the raising of

hogs. Few things are more intolerably disgusting than the odor from such an establishment, particularly when the wind concentrates the fragrance upon your parlor, dining-room, or chamber. Cologne, patchouly, and mignonette only intensify the disgust of the situation; even the latest improved atomizer fails utterly to help the matter.

There are, again, situations where the filth and débris of sewage exercise a poisoning influence on the surrounding atmosphere. This has its principal application to the neighborhood of cities and towns drained into adjoining streams. London and the Thames furnish a notable illustration. A cove, attractive as it is, may be of such character as to prove a receptacle for the river débris of dead fish and other offal, which shall make untenable the charming cottage upon the bank. A deep cove has rarely healthy surroundings, the circulation of its water being too sluggish to insure freshness and vitality. Water, like blood, to be healthy, must be in a state of continuous movement.

A non-observant man, purchasing a beautiful stream, may be completely disappointed by finding that the opacity of its water depends upon a factory, of which he had never so much as heard; he may not let his children bathe in it, for he may well fear for them the fate of the fish he so plentifully finds lying dead upon the shore. A poisoned rural stream is as sad a sight as it has grown to be a common one. Always, before buying water, know what there is up stream, or what there is likely to be.

A graveyard too near, and on a higher plane than the place proposed to be purchased, may not be without

the pale of consideration. A spring is simply a surface drain, and yours might or might not get its water through the cemetery; not that necessarily such water would have any actual impregnation, yet it might. No filter, however, equals a rod of earth, and your visitor the chemist might be the last to object to drinking from your well. The neighborhood of cemeteries has, however, been thought to be objectionable, by men of judgment, on account of exhalations which they infer must necessarily be in a state of constant passage into the atmosphere. This would be most apt to apply in the case of old yards, where graves are necessarily made shallow, and where, from long use, the earth is no longer capable of disinfecting the decomposing remains. An offset, however, would exist in prolific vegetation, this appropriating what the earth might not.

A greater objection to proximity with a cemetery might be thought by many to be the melancholy associations. This would depend very much on circumstances. A graveyard might not be the most cheerful outlook for a fashionable, frivolous person, but to one of reflective and philosophic habits it might readily prove the gateway to his most enrapturing thoughts; just as one person is entranced and upraised by the grand and solemn strains of an organ, while by the same chords another is put into bed with a fit of the vapors. Unless the heart is very much out of the way, the cemetery is not by any means to be considered as without attractions which might render it a desirable feature rather than the reverse. If, indeed, there were no other reason, and one should come to love the new home very much, it would be a kind of sad recommen-

dation to feel that in death he would not be far separated from it, that children and wife would still be near him, and that the tear or the flower would each day hallow his memory.

“ With fairest flowers,
While summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave; thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
The azured harebell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of églantine, whom, not to slander,
Outsweetened not thy breath.”

Only lately it has happened me to be in attendance upon a patient whose premises immediately adjoin a rural cemetery. I never visit this person but as I pass out through the garden I cast a glance to a contiguous corner, thinking that if I owned his place I should by all means possess myself of the unoccupied spot, that thus to my children all of earth I might leave should be near them as long as possible. I look upon that spare corner near the quiet country house, and over my heart there come, with a flood of memory, the pathetic lines of Campbell:

“ And say, when, summoned from the world and thee,
I lay my head beneath the willow-tree,
Wilt thou, sweet mourner, at my stone appear,
And soothe my parted spirit lingering near?
O, wilt thou come, at evening hour, to shed
The tears of memory o'er my narrow bed,
With aching temples on thy hand reclined,
Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all my love and all my woe?”

A cemetery, again, may in itself antagonize its sad associations. Laurel Hill, for example, or Greenwood,

with their grand surroundings and artistic adornments, looking on a summer day so calm and peaceful, are really inviting to a world-weary man, and are not gloomy places to any one. My own nature has never risen to a higher plane than when wandering through Greenwood, and its attractions have for me a fascination which carries me each year to its avenues.

Country churchyards, too, have I seen, where the peace of heaven seems lingering over them,—places where the birds tarry longest and sunset leaves its last ray. Under the trees of such a tarrying-place have I sat in the glory of an autumn evening, and felt that the notes from the organ-loft were voices from heaven.

But I am forgetting that I have left the poetry to Dreamthorp.

DRAINAGE.—In the town, the corporation sees to it that your house and its surroundings are relieved of all excess of water; in the country, every one has to look out for himself, and an important matter it is to look after, as every country liver finds. Without consideration of this matter, I once bought a country house which literally rotted away from its foundation, and there was nothing to be done in the premises but let it rot; drainage, in its particular situation, being entirely out of question, unless, indeed, one had been of a mind to expend more time, trouble, and money than the premises were worth.

Never buy a country house without seeing to it that the foundation stands upon a higher level than some channel which may drain it, and this, by the way, is not to consider alone the dry summer day on which you go first to visit the place; you are to think of the winter

and spring. Look to it fully that no excess of water shall be able to drown you out ; some places, which in dry weather are glorious, are, in winter and spring, ankle deep in slush and mire, and everything about them is as wet as a soaked board. Open the front door of such a house, and a chill strikes you instantly. A fire must be kept the year round, or otherwise you live in the moisture of a vault. Places there are of this class where the question of the water from the kitchen-pump comes to absorb the attention of the whole household. I know of such an establishment where a drain, two hundred feet in length, was made from the pump to an adjoining field, and, this failing to lose the water, a well was appended, holding two hundred cart-loads of stone, and, after all this trouble and expense, there is almost constant worriment ; the water will back upon the kitchen trough,—sometimes because the drain gets obstructed, sometimes because the well becomes filled with the débris that accumulates between the stones. For comfort and inexpensiveness, always get a natural drain, if possible ; none other, in country living, equals it ; not, of course, that this applies to a matter of ten feet or so. Such a drain, becoming obstructed, can readily be cleared by a pole, but as soon as you get out of reaching distance you have for yourself more or less trouble.

Drainage by the roof is another and not less important matter for consideration. Never buy or build a roof so flat that it has not in itself the ability to throw off all excess of snow. Pitch is to a roof of as much consequence as it is to a voice. A flat roof, practically viewed, is a source of almost as much discomfort as a

peevish wife. When it snows, you are ever in a worry about the excess of weight the rafters are having to carry. You cannot help fearing, as you lie snugly in bed on a stormy night, that there may be accumulating just a little more than the builders allowed for. When the snow melts, or the long rains come on, you know that shingles are rotting, and that rafters are suffering; or, if the roof be of tin, you have to calculate the amount of paint each storm costs you. As veranda roofs are concerned, flatness is the universal fault; I may only judge that no architect ever owned a veranda, having to keep it in repair, or otherwise that architects and carpenters have some kind of a general copartnership. Another fault in veranda building, so far as expense and unnecessary trouble are concerned, lies in that manner of construction which requires plastering. Keep the plasterer inside the house; he has no business outside; if there were no fault to be found with plaster itself, the objection would be in its keeping air from the rafters, and most particularly does this apply when a flat roof is made of anything but tin or slate.

As to gravel-roofing, I speak from a sufficiently wide experience when I say that it is only applicable to very temporary buildings,—it is assuredly dearer at six cents per square foot than well-painted tin would be at twenty. The objection to this material lies not only in its being in itself good for nothing, but in its being destructive to all that it is intended to protect; if you want to enjoy a big rain-storm, don't have a gravel roof over your head.

A veranda roof should never be without a gutter that shall carry the drainage entirely away from its base;

this applies most particularly, as will be seen, to such verandas as have the floor-joist resting on the ground-level,—a level, by the way, that never is employed by the man who designs his second porch. Take it as a rule that wood is never to rest directly upon the earth; dampness and stability in timber are incompatibles, and the dampness always gets the better of the stability.

SHADE.—No shade is an abomination. A bilious fever fattens in the sun as does miasm in a marshy valley. Too much shade, on the contrary, and too near the house, is equally of ill import; it keeps things damp, and dampness is a breeder of pestilence. An atmosphere confined about a house by a too dense foliage is, like the air of an unventilated room, not fit for practical purposes. The sporadic poisons have an intimate relationship with dampness; miasm lives in it as does a snail in his shell. Besides this, it rots the wood-work of the building, and even more, as the real comfort of living is concerned, it shuts out the cool breath of the summer nights, and makes restless swelterers where even a blanket might be enjoyed. Never have shade so arranged that it interferes with circulation, and certainly never buy a country house without its shade. Shade-trees are worth more than buildings. A man may create out of timber and bricks just what he fancies, provided his purse be long enough, but no wealth can make an avenue of oaks or a clump of elms; trees grow, and a man may only plant for his children. The shady place is the playground, and the lawn refreshes the visitor. A house that stands all outdoors in the country is a hundred times more uninviting than the house crowded between

its fellows on the city avenue. Try boarding in such a house a week at least before you buy it. If in such premises one's friends visit him twice, let him be sure it is himself that is the attraction.

A STREAM OF WATER.—Water with fish in it, and water with depth for the bath and width for the sail, is a feature in a country property beyond price. No man but he who possesses such a stream can have any idea of what the ownership is. Moving water is eternal in its newness, and if at some place it happens that it plashes and leaps over and among stones and rocks, a song is singing day and night. A stream is a panorama of which one never tires; it is that thing of beauty and freshness which is a joy forever. A stream of water crowds upon a man the loves and the philosophy of life and living. As one stretches himself upon the cool bank and looks out through tree-branches, he luxuriates; as he fishes, he meditates; as he sails, he compares and reflects. Never allow an affordable sum of money to separate you from a stream; it is the very last of all the things of earth that shall lose to you its attractions, and it is that which, of all your investments, shall pay you the largest interest.

CONVENIENCES.—Men and women are gregarious animals, and it will not be found well to get out of the way of such gregariousness. A man is not wise in buying a lonely place, or a place so difficult of access that people stay from him rather than take the trouble to get to him. Any house that is beyond a comfortable walking distance of the station, or landing, is out of the way. It is out of the way, not alone for one's friends, but for one's self. A man walks to the station a dozen

times where he would ride once, particularly if it depends on himself to gear up; and a walk to a station is a walk into the world.

It is handy to be so situated that the ladies of one's family are independent of John the coachman, or of the horses that are always afflicted at inconvenient seasons. It is handy to be so in relation with the cars that one may remain, after the day's shopping or work, to a concert or lecture and run home to bed. Then, again, it is handy to feel that friends can come to your house independent of the trouble of carriage relations, and particularly is this pleasant in winter-time, or in rainy weather, or under circumstances where no horses may happen to be kept, or when a party of friends being at one's house may desire to leave together. But of all things is it most convenient in that it keeps a man in the world, and chides him if he tends to grow careless or rusty: a man does not care to be seen among the well-dressed people at a station looking slovenly and untidy. Again, there is a cheerful sound of vitality in a car-whistle and in the steamboat-bell. One feels that life is at his door if it may please him to step into it; the student, as he hears the sounds, closes his book and dreams; the retired man of business closes his eyes and is back in a moment among packages and invoices. I often have sat upon my own porch, and, as the cars thundered up to the station, felt the wide relations with life afforded me by the tireless wheels. I may go where I please, I say, and when I please, and because I may thus go, and know I may, I care little or nothing about the going, so I take it out in thinking about those who are traveling, what they may be after,

how life is going with them, and the multitudinous things which come of thinking.

THE FARM.—Associated with country living must be the things of the farm. I do not mean by this reapers, and mowers, and thrashing-machines, for these may or may not be necessary to a man as he happens to have fixed himself. Let me say, to make an example, that you and I are persons of quiet pretensions, having, besides the nest-egg that shall buy a place, an income say of from one to five thousand a year: we are rich enough with either, as we may happen to have educated ourselves. What we want is to be comfortable, and to get the most out of the calm after the battle. Take my word; if you buy a house without garden or land you are making a mistake: the country is such a busy place that an idler is not in keeping with it; better a hundred times remain in town to find amusement and entertainment. If, however, no land is bad, too much is not better. A man not strictly dependent on his produce, needs that quantity of acres which allows him to correlate his force; that is to say, it is pleasant to feel that Patrick's wages pay themselves, that the horse raises his own feed, that the hogs give back to the land as much as they take from it, that chickens are self-supporting, that fruit and flowers and vegetables revolve in a circle, of which you, being the center, profit,—to express the whole matter in one word, that you “make things pay.”

You have commenced by hiring a man whose wages are to be, say four hundred a year. You have bought a horse of a force commensurate with that of the man. You have a plow, harrow, hoes, forks, and the various

apparatus required for limited planting. Now, what you want is to set man, horse, plow, harrow, and hoes to work, so that a full circle shall be accomplished. This is the problem. The answer to it I am entirely satisfied I have worked out. You need fifteen acres of ground: ten may be enough, but fifteen is the very fullness of the answer. A man who, with horse, plow, harrow, and hoe, cannot work with all proper ease and comfort this amount of land had better at once be sent adrift, or to a hospital for the indolent. With fifteen acres of ground, and with a judgment to employ its resources, a man can see in its perfection the beauty of a correlation which employs everything and wastes nothing. Five acres, for instance, wastes two-thirds of the time of a full hand; five acres allows the horse to stand idle in the stable when he should be harrowing his winter corn or gathering into the barn the winter hay; five acres necessitates the keeping up of the chickens to the double injury of crops and fowls; the cow, too, is stinted in grass, and in return stints in the milk and butter; in short, there is a break in the circle that destroys its perfectness. Twenty acres, on the other hand, is equally non-correlative. A man cannot get over twenty acres to the getting out of all that it has in it; neither can a horse. The excess, then, of capital is sunk in the extra acres. If it is more than fifteen you want, let it be thirty-five, or even forty; two men and two horses should do full justice to forty acres, the work in concert intensifying the capability. When I say full justice, I mean that no hedge-row be unplowed, no headland untilled. I have seen two men attempt a hundred acres, but the extra sixty seldom means anything more than so

much capital idle: quite as much could have been gotten out of forty as has been brought out of the hundred; this is a common experience.

Growing crops give a pleasure understood alone by him who owns them. You do not get it from the crops of other people, just as other people's children interest not like our own, be they ever so much prettier, wiser, or better. A calf born on one's own place is marked as no other calf ever was; even a litter of puppies present points of difference from all other puppies, while a brood of ducks or chickens are of unflagging interest, from the day the shells are pecked until that on which, at table, the guest declares their tenderness and succulency. Never is grass so green as one's own; never peach so juicy and rare. If you have not felt this, you can judge nothing about the matter, and are to be pitied. It is Bayard Taylor, I think, who says, "A man has not completed his fullness until he has begotten a child, written a book, or planted a tree." He might have added that he has not understood his happiness until he has plowed land and cultivated stock. Mr. Taylor, however, evidently understands this, as he left the turmoil of a city life to cultivate in concert his muse and acres at Kennet Square; his cabbages equal, no doubt, his "Faust," and one might not well accord them higher praise.

BOOKS.—You need not at all mind your neighbor, the old farmer, whose place adjoins your own, when he tells you that book-farming amounts to nothing. It might, perhaps, have been so when he was a boy or young man; but times are changed; the book-writers of to-day are the practical men of the age; book-farm-

ing is like book-medicine, or book-law, it is the collected and collated rules of experience and observation. But, then, a man wants to know what to read. There is, of farm literature, necessarily a great deal of trash,—weeds, it might be more in keeping to say,—just as every other department of learning is encumbered. A solid selection of farm- and garden-books may only be made by an experienced man; but, as one cannot be possessed of this lore when he first starts in the country, he must have a shorter cut. The first farm-book I ever found myself practically interested in was a journal, which, up to this day, has preserved a reputation for integrity, reliability, and uprightness which makes it no compliment from anybody to praise it. I allude to the *American Agriculturist*. It was and is my vade-mecum in all things that concern country living. This paper will tell you in the best and most practical way just what to do and just when to do it. If you need information on any particular department, it will tell you where and what the book is you want. I have never found myself wrong in depending on its judgment. It is a pleasure to embrace an opportunity of expressing the obligation I feel myself under for the much good the *Agriculturist* has done me, and the pleasure it has given me. I proffer it as my own experience that a man cannot afford to live in the country without this journal.

Very well is it to be remembered by the man of the present generation when the book-farmer was the target for the ridicule of his neighborhood. Nowadays the laugh is on the other corner of the mouth, and the old man, or the ignorant young one, who eschews journals and books, is not only the last in market but the last

out of bank. Even aside from this, the practical aspect of farming, important as it is, there is one more important : I allude to the pleasure which comes of understanding the rationale of things. If, anywhere, there is a pursuit which deserves to come under the cognomen of a learned profession, it is farming. Chemistry, botany, physiology, mineralogy, meteorology, zoology, these are certainly as truly the ministers to its appreciation and successful practice as they are to the practice of medicine ; indeed, there is no reason, that I can see, why the farm may not direct the man wider than the forum. Certain it is, that planting, properly appreciated and conducted, is exhaustless in its entertainment ; to weary in the laboratory of nature seems impossible, as every day has in it something new, and every to-morrow a promise.

The literature of a profession tells a man what his fellows are doing, how they are succeeding, and on what the success depends. A magazine is a farmers' club, and a text-book is the riddled and sieve-strained experience of all who have gone before. How may one, then, get along without these ? or, if he may, what pleasure can he have in a work which he unnecessarily and unwisely makes so isolated ? Comparing and measuring one's successes yield half the pleasure of the success, as certainly having found out some better plan to do a thing than is known to your fellows, there is no greater happiness than in giving them the good. I remember distinctly the immediate recognition of a good received, when, from a journal, I got my first idea of soiling stock. It was a something my circumstances made me feel the want of, yet unfolded not the indica-

tions of the want ; at once I built a pen for my cows, and never thereafter had to refill my hay-loft from the barns of other people.

A man who knows nothing of physiology will consume just one-third more corn in fattening his hog than will his neighbor who has learned that the inertia of the winter's cold is first to be overcome by the calorific agency of the grain before it can use its force in the evolvment of adipose tissue. A board or so, shutting off the north wind, secures the warmth, and not a grain of the corn is wasted. So also is it with the chickens. A southern window warming up the hennery, will correlate heat into fresh eggs for the breakfast-table, and add relish to the ham which they accompany. Thus looking at the matter, one sees that intelligence should circle the whole round ; it is simply the repetition of the aphorism, " Knowledge is power." Two hundred pounds of guano to the acre of a lawn being overrun with ribbon grass, said a farmer, speaking to me through a journal, will so bring up the quality of the land as to afford that higher nutrition required by fine grass, which shall yield it the power to root out the meaner organization of the coarser herbage. Impressed by the tone of experience marking the article, I tried this suggestion, and have now no longer occasion for my lawn to look as though I pastured pigs upon it.

Outside of what we are disposed to view as the practical literature of the farm is another class of works which no country house can afford to be without. In such class I would put any book which inculcates simplicity and peaceful pleasure. Isaak Walton, for ex-

ample, will keep the meadow and wood stream so transparent that the pebble-stones of its bottom shall glisten as diamonds. The Country Parson will convert hoeing into poetry. Frederick Saunders will tell you all the quiet and quaint things of his day, and make you feel that it is good to have so learned a friend to talk with. Harland Coultas shall make trees converse with you, and tell all the secrets of their vegetation and growth. Zschokke will invite you to the meditative shade which takes his ardent admirer, Victoria, so often to the peaceful retreat of Balmoral. Thoreau will show you how little it takes to make a natural man comfortable. Alexander Wilson will invest for you the wood tramps with such a glory that never shall you weary of the songs of birds, the chatter of squirrels, or of the roamings hither and thither. Much, very much, is there of this class of literature, and to live among it is to breathe the spirit of the Catskill Heights, a something, by the way, which can be known only by being felt. A man who has gotten into the cloud-regions of this great mountain has, by some metamorphosis, relieved himself of the littlenesses and meannesses of life; so also he who has gotten into the clearer and purer atmosphere of simple life comes to see things as they are, and throws off the clogging vanities with a sense of exhilaration and relief which makes him feel that he has only come to the knowledge of the true life.

SCENERY.—Be willing ever to give a price for attractive surroundings, and be not too practical in considering the relations of a rolling field to the easy running of the plow. It may be, however, that you, with whom I am just now conversing, are of too practical a nature,

as you are pleased to consider yourself, to care anything about gentle hills and verdure-clad, rolling valleys. Buy you, then, a place on some great stretching plain, where vision is bounded alone by the outlooking power of the optic nerves. Your plow here will run with least directing, and your imagination will never be excited to know what a hill-barrier conceals. A plain is the best place of residence in the world for a man who takes credit to himself in asserting that he has none of the poetical nonsense about him.

Surroundings constitute a place quite as much as the land itself. From my own country house I look out on the Delaware River fifteen miles. To sit in the fresh morning on my porch and watch the vessels coming and going, is a pleasure of which I have never tired. A river is an ever-changing beauty: now the winds lash the water into waves, and even steamers struggle along with effort; to-morrow, all is placid and calm, and one's own cockle-shell of a boat skims like a bird over the glassy surface. Adjoining the place of the brother who owns the odd shop is a long meadow, through which runs a great ditch, or stream, or creek, as it is indifferently called; here we may catch a corn-basket of perch in a morning, or find a snapper for a soup any day in season. This stream runs directly into the river, and it is but the pull of a five minutes' row to convert a tired fisherman into an enthusiastic yachter.

Sunny Slope is the residence of another brother of the writer's family; it is a charming villa, perched on the top of a gentle hill, completely hemmed in and guarded by a thousand sentinels of firs, pines, and larches. Back of it runs a placid stream, such as would

have entranced the gentle Isaak on a midsummer's morning ; great trees of half a century's growth overhang the water, and look as if longing to dip their green fingers into its pellucid freshness. I have thought, as in meditative mood I have stretched myself full length under these old trees, listening to the drowsy hum of the insect world in the neighboring field, that in this belt of wood, and in this quiet stream, much, very much, of the value of the place consisted. Certain I am that, for my own part, I would not be tempted to give half as much for it without as with them, although they are only surroundings and not *bona fide* of the place. Another association is a whitewashed railroad bridge in full view as one sits upon the veranda of the house ; across this, day and night, at intervals of a few hours, roll the heavy trains, giving vitality to even the sleepest afternoon. A busy village, too, is in the foreground, and one, as he listens to the clatter of toil in car-house and shop, may rejoice in the inclination which has led him to seek his place in the bright, free outdoors.

A water view or relation of some kind, as implied a page back, I would consider an absolute essential to a country place. It need not be an ocean, or bay, or even river ; it may be only a stream winding through a wood, or a rivulet running down a hillside : be it little or great, however, you will learn its value only when you come to it. That objections not unfrequently lie against water is, it must be admitted, too true : thus, residents along river-banks are exposed to the marauding propensities and habits of a certain class of sailors, who make forays on the hen-roosts and fruit gardens.

Epidemic diseases have an affinity for water which leads them to follow streams, while endemic sources of offense against mortals are more commonly found associated with the riverside than the back lands. The salt-laden air from a grand sea-view may hurry the invalid from the beautiful thing forever, while a wood stream may readily prove the instrument of an intermittent fever. One has always to consider the mien of a good.

Railways, convenient as they are, compel a compensation aside from the fares paid as one travels over them. Tramps universally select railroads for their wanderings, and a wretched, worthless, worrying set they are. I have come to doubt, after considerable experience, if any good ever came from helping them. I would not, however, like to be an instrument of discomfort to the single wretched deserving one among the host of wretched undeserving ones, so I only suggest that all are not quite so good as they profess to be, and one, until he gets a little experience, will do best by not passing out money too freely. So far as food is concerned, give of this all you please ; it will generally be left somewhere about the exit gate, and serves as well as ever for the chickens, who soon learn where a meal is always to be found. Give money, however, and the beggars grow in number like the locusts of an August morning ; where they all come from, or how all have learned you are a giver, may only be surmised,—they come, however, and they know you.

The neighborhood of a factory has not been thought the most desirable that a horticultor might select. Factory-boys love fruit ; it is quite natural they should. The misfortune is, they have none of their own, and the

difference between meum and tuum is not always appreciated by them with a desirable nicety of distinction. But factories themselves, when very near, are worse than the boys who work in them ; this is my own individual opinion. Factories have a way of frequently taking fire, and if the wind happen to be toward your place at the time of the conflagration, it is not at all agreeable to look upon the fiery flying débris ; it is very pretty, pyrotechnically speaking, but it is associated with just that trifle of anxiety which makes one feel easier when the exhibition is over.

But, with all, if factory-boys and factory-fires are nuisances, the hum of the spindles is not ; there are few sounds more soothing than the whir of factory-machines ; it is the modified roar of the great Babel,—a something that makes ease more easy, in fact, a very soporific to a lazy man. Then, again, barring always the fires and the boys, it is a feature to have a factory or a great mill not too far off ; it is an interesting place to visit, and one is, besides, sure of an intelligent and energetic neighbor in the owner. It has never happened me to meet a mill-operator who was not an interesting man in the way of practicality, reading, and culture.

The drinking-water of a neighborhood, or place, is not undeserving attentive consideration. A man is, in himself, nearly all made up of water, and if he is to thrive and keep substantial on such aqueous aliment, he needs, certainly, that quality in which he finds his nutrition. Few things differ more than water. Pure water is a colorless fluid, having neither taste nor smell ; it is a compound made up of the two gases oxygen

and hydrogen,—one volume, by measure, of the first to two of the latter. Water in which exist other ingredients is impure, and may be termed mineralized; as analysis shall exhibit foreign admixture, so it is a necessity to know whether the water may, or may not, be drinkable. Water, for example, impregnated too freely with lime is not unapt to induce one of the most undesirable complaints that can afflict the human body, finding, indeed, its relief only in a surgical operation which is associated with the greatest risk. An iron impregnation, on the contrary, might very well prove the salvation of a whole family predisposed to anæmic diseases. Sulphurous admixtures, or arsenical, or saline, would prove of benefit, or the reverse, as these might happen to agree, or disagree, with special requirements. The analysis of any water is easily made, however, by a chemist, and a consultation with the family doctor will soon settle, in any case, the question of fitness or non-fitness. Everything outside of oxygen and hydrogen, it is to be remembered, is foreign to pure water, and, unscientifically considered, would be apt to prove an instrument of evil, or, it might be, good, as accident should determine. Where a matter is so easy to decide, it is certainly not prudence to trust chance.

Rain-water, of which, in our latitude, we have such plenty, is always easily secured in abundance by simply saving that which falls upon the roof of the dwelling or barn, and if one chooses to incur the expense of a cistern, he has a water with which the chemist will not be apt to find fault. A cistern which has answered an admirable purpose at my own barn was improvised by burying a hogshead four feet beneath the surface of the ground;

in the upper head were fitted the pipes of conduction, —one of them carrying the water from the gutter of the eaves, the other being attached to a pump; by this simple arrangement we have mostly had water enough for the barn requirements.

“Never,” says Dreamthorp, “was velvet on a monarch’s robe so gorgeous as the green mosses that beruff the roofs of farm and cottage, when the sunbeam slants on them and goes.” Green moss has its poetical aspect, but it is when seen on the farm- and cottage-houses of somebody else. I am sorry to express this; it has a kind of selfishness about it; but it is true, nevertheless. No man can afford the indulgence of the poetic instinct to an extent which allows of the cultivation of mosses upon his own roofs; a roof with moss upon it means rottenness, and the rottenness means the inside of a house set outside; and it is not at all difficult to see that this is a kind of poetry that contains within itself the elements of its own destruction. One cannot afford to pay for a moss-grown roof simply that it is gorgeous. In a dreamy mood I was tempted once myself to buy a moss-grown roof. You will find it well, if satisfied, to let the cost of the experience be mine. I was so mulcted that whenever, nowadays, a friend consults me about the “cot in the valley,”—and the valley is the place for mossy roofs,—I ask him if he has looked at the Roof. Yes, I have paid for an experience in Roofs:—shingle roofs, double where they should have been treble; tin roofs, riddled with microscopic holes, yet not too small to save the pretty paper newly put over the chamber walls; slate roofs, under which

winter frost finds its way, seeming to laugh at you, as slate after slate cracks and whirls on the mocking wind. Gravel roofs, too. In economical mood I have experimented in tar and gravel. My tar I now keep for my patients with phthisis, and the gravel I am satisfied to consume upon my carriage-drive. Fancy Mansard roofs, also, have come under my notice. We have one in the family; the first cost, I am led to believe, was not by any means the greatest in its construction; it seems, or did seem, as subject to fits of leaking as is a certain nervous patient I have, to fits of hysteria; it is all right, cured now, I believe, or so pronounced by the builder, but certainly I have not paid my hysterical patient more visits than did the roof-doctor his roof. I only did not sympathize in the matter of the multitudinous bills, because, in this direction, generous ebullitions had long been exhausted on my own pocket. Let not a man be deceived in accepting Webster "that a roof is a cover to a house." Answer well as this may in a dictionary, and apply as the definition of a class or genus, yet one will do best by acting on the premises that a class is a thing made up of species.

Proof-readers, as every one knows who has ever published a book, are very practical individuals; it is not at all unfrequently the case that they give an author more trouble with their incessant queryings than the author gives the printer with his careless manuscript; and this is saying a good deal. I am interrupted just at this point by the gentleman accoucheur to this volume, who seems very desirous that I shall tell him, *out of*

the fullness of my knowledge of country things, how a man without a bank account shall find himself at the station which precedes the consideration of situations, outlooks, malaria, and graveyards. In other words, this suggestive individual asks me how a man, however much fitted by education, habits, and inclinations, may come to the enjoyment of country living if he has no money.

Now, since such a query has been suggested, I do not at all doubt me that there are others interested alike in such a question, and, as I see no difficulty at all in the answer, I will have a double pleasure in talking about the matter: first, because if I can show my friend a road away from the dark desk at which all day he tries his eyes over pages which must long since have grown out of interest to him, I shall feel that I have somewhat repaid the trouble which I am sure my ill-punctuated scribbling gives him. While, secondly, to point the way to the ownership of a country-place, or, indeed, to several, I have only to modify a very little my own experiences. To show him how to own a farm will, indeed, cost me infinitely less trouble than did the answering for him this very morning of a single query. He will then heed, in more than his usual professional way, what I now write for his benefit.

“Where there is a will there is a way.” This is the expression of the common experience, and this experience, I assume, is always truthful and reliable. A few days back, conversing with a friend just returned from a tour in Europe, he informed me that his expenses amounted to just twelve dollars a day. Bayard Taylor, in his “*Views Afoot*,” went over the same ground

traveled by my friend, at a cost at which the latter started, and without the slightest doubt, as I am well convinced, had much the better time. The one carried luggage enough to swamp him, the other had a knapsack. One has only to read Mr. Taylor's books to see what a glorious trip, in contrast, was that first one. When myself a boy, with more desire than means, I traveled a hundred and fifty miles to New York, spent a week in that city, excursionized on the Hudson and East Rivers, returning home with thirty cents out of the fifteen dollars with which I started, and which fifteen dollars had cost, as I must admit, considerable deprivation and trouble to get together. I have often since been to that city, lived in its most luxurious hotels, and not denied myself entirely its expensive enjoyments, but I have never lived over the pleasures of that first visit.

Success in any undertaking depends so much on a man himself that it is always hard to mark out a path for one not perfectly and fully known. But I will make an illustration, and I will do it by metamorphizing myself temporarily into my friend the proof-reader.

I start with the assumption that I prefer country to town, that my ideal is to get into the country, and, being determined to make there a home for myself, I set about it at once. First, one cannot move without money; and second, one cannot buy a place without money. Money, then, is the first matter. Now, let me look about at my town relations. The house I live in costs me for rental say two hundred dollars a year; for this I have a shelter, nothing else; no eggs, no chickens, no vegetables, no anything which serves as an

offset against the rental ; the necessities mentioned, together with meat, milk, and the etceteras of house-keeping, must be paid for, all of them, additional. The income out of which I pay for these things is one thousand or fifteen hundred dollars a year, as it may be, and it takes the whole of it to meet expenses. I then would seem to be in a cul-de-sac, but I am determined in my endeavor to get out of it. Such determination must be the motive force.

First, I consider the direction countryward in which I would like to live, and next—a most important consideration, fixed as I am—the matter of communication with town. I shall have, of course, to continue, years likely, my city occupation, for on this, until I see my way to a better, am I to depend for my support. I should be suited in this respect in a distance of half an hour, or even three-quarters, by rail ; this settled, the fare then becomes the next question. What will it cost for the double trip daily the year round ? this I am to consider as a dead outlay ; the pleasure of the ride, and the good which comes to one's health, I may not take into the account. Pleasure I cannot afford particularly to consider, and as for the exercise, that I must esteem a secondary matter. The gist of the thing is money, money, “only this and nothing more.” Thirty-five dollars a year is the ordinary commutation price on most of the roads for this distance. This, then, is understood.

Now first commences my outlay in the premises. I must get an idea of properties. So, scanning the newspaper daily, I at length see something that looks according to my need. Here is a place advertised of

four acres, with a plain comfortable dwelling, ten miles out, and the price fifteen hundred dollars, terms easy. Saturday, or, if I cannot possibly get this time, I take Sunday, and walk or ride to see the place. I do not, however, find it what I want; it is too lonely, or it has an unpromising soil, or it involves a walk too long to be convenient to the station, or there is no school near for the children, or the house is out of repair to an extent which shows a second cost to be immediately added to the first, or the fault is in the ill condition of the fences, or absence of a necessary barn, or there is a neighboring marsh which threatens miasm. Whichever or whatever it is, the place fails to suit; but I am not to have an entirely bootless errand. I proceed to learn something of what is considered easy terms in the selling of country-places, and here, to my gratification and surprise, I find out that a very trifle of money down, only, indeed, enough to fix and secure the matter, is all that is necessary,—three hundred dollars is enough.

I may stop now, except that it please me each holiday to walk and look at advertised properties. Now it is that I bend all my forces to the getting of three hundred dollars. I move into a house at fifty dollars less rent; this is fifty dollars a year saved. I deny myself the fall coat, and suggest to my wife that the old dress will look handsome to me until the place is bought.

In short, I do not hesitate to pinch the present for the future, and take my compensation in talking and thinking about what is to be. In two years, if not in a year, the three hundred dollars are in bank.

Again now, and in earnest, the search for *the place* recommences, and still also the saving goes on. Finally

a little farm is found, just like one, if you please, I happen to know on sale at this moment of writing. It is a two-story, red-painted house, not particularly beautiful in itself, but capable of being made so when a tasty hand shall alter the color, and in the future put a nice little porch around it. There is a good barn, a well of fine water, a beautiful wood on the opposite side of the road, and four acres of well-fenced land now half covered by cultivated blackberries and strawberries. The soil is very fair truck, and sufficiently light to be plowed, if necessary, by an overdriven, twenty-dollar hack horse, and then kept in order all the rest of the season with the hoe. A railway is within fifty feet of the front door, and over this road hundreds of business-men travel daily to and from their business in town ; a station being within a hundred yards. A beautiful village, with its single maple-arborescent street, extends itself out to the property, it making, indeed, the last house of the town as it looks westward. This is the place ; it is fifteen hundred dollars, and can be bought with the three hundred dollars,—the remainder lying on mortgage.

We are prepared now for the purchase, and at once make it. We move, and the day the town house is vacated fifty dollars more is saved on the rent, seventy-two we pay as interest money on the mortgage, and thirty-five for our yearly ticket ; this is one hundred and seven against one hundred and fifty, or against two hundred, as formerly paid. We see now, at once, that we have in this single item a sinking fund, which, let alone, will take care of the mortgage in a very reasonable time. But the mortgage is now seen

not to be a matter requiring immediate attention ; we pay but six per cent. for this money, we should like to get fifty for our own, and this we can do. We make now an investment to this effect by buying a cow, perhaps as well a dozen or two chickens, and, if not conscientious about intruding on the property of our neighbors, we start two or three pairs of pigeons, which latter, in a year, will give more pigeon-pies and broiled squabs than a family may care to eat.

Now our place is going. Milk, cream, and butter for everything, eggs for breakfast, and, after a fair start, vegetables, fruits, and berries, which give us all we possibly can consume, together with a good surplusage for the market, beside a pig or two developing from the consumption of the garbage.

But what about the work required for all this? queries again our proof-reader. I answer him, one is to do all he can himself in the early morning and evening hours ; it is, to a lover of nature, play, not work, to cultivate a garden ; but if the weeds accumulate, and the work at any time pushes, then there is a man to be hired occasionally for a day or so ; he will pay his way, never doubt that, and to prove it you will find him willing to take the whole labor off your hands and cultivate the place on shares ; that is, you do nothing and get half the produce. You recognize that now you have become a property-owner, and your estate will work for you.

Another way, however, is to take now yourself an occasional day from town and give it to the country-place ; this will keep up the work, while, at the same time, it pays with a large overinterest the money you

seem to have sacrificed at the office. At any rate, as it will now cost you not so much by one-half to live as when in the city, you may work only half your time in town and be just as well off at the end of the year.

We will take now another illustration: fifteen years back a common farm-hand, whose prudence and economy had saved to him a few hundred dollars, and whose inclinations had conferred on him habits of industry, economy, and prudence, was enabled, through the substantiality of his character, to secure on shares a fine farm belonging to one of my own personal friends. At the end of some eight years he was able to buy a farm for himself, and which his labor and judgment have now converted into one of the most valuable in his county. From a farm-hand, the servant of others, he is now become a farm-owner and the master of servants, and so much is it to his credit that his neighbors delight to point to him as an example of what frugality and fixedness of purpose may accomplish without the start which so many people like to talk about: he started without a penny; he is to-day, for his situation, rich.

This, then, is the answer to my friend the proof-reader; and if he finds himself as able to act upon the suggestions presented as he proves himself competent in matters of syntax and prosody, he may, in a single year, be hoeing weeds from his own acres instead of pulling them from the manuscripts of authors. Indeed, more than this, he may, sooner or later, come to give us a book “On the Advantages of a Four-Acre Sunshiny Lot over a Gloomy Printing-Office Desk;” and, as I am sure any work which he might write would be reliable, I will here leave the matter with him.

ADDENDUM.

LOOKING over what has been written, I am led seriously to doubt whether any but the most indulgent of readers can have reason to be satisfied in the investment of time and money which has been given the author in the volume now about ended. I propose, therefore, in satisfaction to my own conscience, to doff here the Bohemian, as I see in his bulletin the publisher has been pleased to term the writer, and in the last dozen pages find my way back to the point of departure.

I am now again—and you will please thus to see me—a plodding doctor, you a patient. I will offer a lesson in medicine, a little office advice, let us call it. If you take the trouble to understand, as I shall take care to make plain the matter upon which I discourse, I doubt me not that from my shoulders I shall be able to cast any and all sense of obligation.

“A sound mind in a sound body.” This is the translation of a Latin phrase of wide meaning and circulation. It has been asked, with much pertinency, “If there ever was a philosopher who could endure patiently the toothache.” A proper answer to the question is, that the philosopher avoids toothache; just, indeed, as with Epicurus he avoids all ill by acting on the Socratic idea of bringing down from the skies his philosophy, and applying it to every-day affairs.

The edge of a wedge is knifelike, but the haft which follows tears asunder the log of a century's growth. Philosophy includes physianthropy, and this, for the mass of us, is that in which our concern seems the most particularly to lie. Physianthropy considers medicine, and in such a sense the physician is a physianthropist. We will consult, then, together in our final hour of intercourse of that part of philosophy which by compulsion claims the attention of every man. We shall be sure to find in it, as in everything else philosophical,—a good.

Disease, to one who has not pondered the matter, must seem to be a series of complicated and associated phenomena; to the physician it is seen in all its protean forms to have a "principle," so simple in its abstract that it would appear the dullest man should be as able to comprehend the central or axial truth as the erudite. An ordinary "text-book," as it is called, in medicine, will number not less perhaps than three thousand pages, each and every one of which is occupied by closely-printed words describing disease; the ordinary reader, turning over these pages, observing the recondite paragraphs and the apparently complex aphorisms, would have nothing to do but to close it in sheer despair of making head or tail of the matter. The physician, however, finds no single line or induction complicated or confused; for the appreciation, he has fitted himself by the study of as many thousand pages of physiology, this, in its turn, having been preceded by a tome of lessons dissected out from the cadaver.

Several times in the course of these essays use has been made of the idea of a lever. A man knowing no-

thing of the complex associations of such an instrument, if shown that moved to or fro it controls the force of the locomotive, would thus be seen to possess in his own hand a power which readily enables him to move or stop a train, using precisely the same principle which would be employed by the engineer. Between the two, however, resides this great difference: the one stops or starts the train, understanding not how or through what association he accomplishes the object; the other knows all about the matter: the first is not at all able to reason upon the phenomena he himself produces; the second may ascend from the coal which evolves the steam, to the wheels and cranks manipulated through the influence of the steam.

Wonderful as it may seem, indeed, incomprehensible, to him who has just turned the thousand pages, one word, one single word, is the lever of all the tomes which treat of the science of dis-ease. One word describes that upon which the whole great superstructure is reared. The meaning of one word comprehended, man finds himself in the center of the circle, and to him the mysteries of the circlets have ceased to be mysteries. But to learn this word in its fullness, man has, as yet, found no short cut.

“IRRITATION.”—This is the word of such pregnant meaning. Now follow me closely, and heed, for good, a doctor’s prescription.

Whenever a man has anything the matter with him, no difference what, where, or how situated, the trouble arises from the presence, directly or indirectly, of some agent of irritation. This appreciated, the inference at once follows that the relief and cure of the

dis-ease lie in the discovery and removal of the cause inducing it.

Now, we stop for a moment to consider the meaning of the term irritation. It is, as you find it in any dictionary, "that Effect, which arises from the presence of an irritant." An irritant, then, is that which irritates, or which produces irritation. We may make, now, an example. Two men, both in dis-ease, enter a doctor's office; the one complains of pain in his eye, the other of pain in his abdomen. The doctor, appreciating, as his cardinal principle, that both are suffering from the presence of an irritant, proceeds at once to his inquiries. In the painful eye he discovers, very quickly, a particle of sand; this is removed, and the relieved organ returns at once to its normal condition. Passing, now, to his second patient, he finds the matter of recognition not so easy; the presence of the irritant is not to be doubted, but just where it is, and what it is, is a question. As, after the ordinary superficial observation, he fails entirely to get sight of it, he must judge of its presence, position, and character differentially. Here it is seen he differs from the unread man as does the engineer from the lever-mover; he cannot see the thing with his eyes, he cannot learn of it through his judgment, he may not push or pull it away with his fingers; he will only discover and unearth it through his knowledge. It is not a digression, if the doctor just here suggests to the reader that his (the reader's) judgment should perceive that patent nostrums, or any unprescribed medicine, may only do good by the merest chance, by accidentally proving the antagonist of an irritant, a thing which any experience will exhibit to be of

such rare occurrence that it is never sensible or prudent to take the hundred risks against, to the one on the other side. Is there any difference, as the exhibition of common sense is concerned, between the man who takes an unprescribed medicine for an obscure complaint, not at all understood by the prescriber, and the man who starts out on a most important journey, blindly taking a road suggested by one who has not learned even whither he would travel? Perhaps he would get where he wanted to go,—he might get there.

A first prescription, then, will be, and it certainly must prove worth at least half what has been paid for the book: *R.*—When you cannot very plainly see what is the matter with an injured watch, or straighten the bent hand, call in the watchmaker, not the tailor.

Irritation, however, involves as its sequences a certain series of phenomena which anybody may understand, and the understanding will show him what should be done, if it does not show him always just how best to do it.

First, we are to understand that dis-ease is irritation; that irritation is the presence of an irritant. An irritant may be, and indeed is, anything that interferes with the natural functions of a part or parts. A particle of crust in the carious cavity of a tooth is an irritant which worries the nerve. A rheumatic effusion into a joint is an irritant which impedes the free motion of the articulation. Miasm passing from the marsh into the blood is the irritant which in itself is intermittent fever. Super-alkalinity of the blood is the irritant we call the poison of typhoid fever.

An irritant of any kind entering the system, antag-

onism is the immediate result. This is what we call sickness. Nature at once rebels, and arouses herself to cast out the incubus, thus giving us dis-ease. What is now to be done is to help nature, assist our own side. If the crust is in the tooth, we will rinse it out or pick it away. If the rheumatic poison or the miasm has stolen unaware into the blood, we are at once to get from the physician, if we have it not in ourselves, the knowledge required for the antagonism. Whatever will neutralize the irritant will be the cure of our disease, for the discomfort, we recognise, is simply the result of the battle commotion going on between nature and the irritant. Which may conquer lies in the simple matter of which is the stronger.

Nature, for the removal of an irritant, draws up her forces always in a certain order of battle. First the call is sounded far and wide over the system at large; then general commotion is observed; hurrying to the attack from every part is the reserve force. We put our finger upon the pulse, and find it excited. We express this by saying that inflammation is supervening, and this does fully express it, for inflammation is simply a perverted condition of the circulation. But how does inflammation antagonize an irritant? We will see this in instancing an example.

Here is a man who has run a splinter into his flesh, and it has gone so deep we may not get at it to pull it away. In the immediate proximity of this foreign body is a nerve called sentient or sentinel; its office is to keep the nerve-centers informed, telegraph-like, of all that is taking place in its neighborhood. No sooner is its information received than is issued the order which

provokes the disturbance we have witnessed ; it is a simple throwing forward of battalion after battalion, enough, if they can be produced, to cast out the enemy. First come the skirmishers, not many in number ; technically expressed, it is simple vascular excitement,—it is the militia of the immediate neighborhood. These are not likely to effect much good ; they are the seventy-five thousand of our lamented Lincoln ; but soon come the three hundred thousand,—tramping they come from every village and hamlet of the system ; technically, we call this active congestion. Now is inaugurated the order of battle ; the invader is surrounded ; tier after tier the troops intrench themselves between him and supply ; they starve him out by starving the country in which he has settled ; the country starves and dies, but the invader dies with it. Let me make another expression of this. An irritant, we need not consider what it may be, settles at a certain point, producing what we call a boil. The blood stagnates, and nature soon perceives her inability, unassisted, to overcome the stasis. She has, then, only to kill and get clear of the part in bulk. Now the observer perceives a growing induration completely circumscribing the affected part ; this is the earthwork of the battalion,—*i.e.* the lymph thrown out by the blood. Soon the circumvallation is complete,—all circulation is cut off ; the boil, we say, suppurates, that is, it is starved out ; and flesh and irritant are thrown off together. The enemy destroyed, the battalions are called off ; *i.e.* the lymph is absorbed, and, in a short time, equilibrium and quiet are restored. If the rebellion could have been antagonized at Sumter, the seventy-five thousand would have been enough

The sooner a cause is killed, the less the commotion and danger. Now we pass to the wider aspect of the principle.

An irritant entering the blood, unlike a localized irritant, is comparable to a general rebellion. The commotion is everywhere over the system at large, the danger is general, and the weakest, as in the body politic,—however innocent of the disturbance,—is most likely to fare the worst. What is the character of the danger? It may be as an avalanche, which at once overwhelms and buries a man ; but it is much more apt to be like the cave from a bank-side which crushes in the ribs or breaks the limbs. A poison entering the system, and not combated, bears harder and harder, like a continuous strain, until the weakest part gives way, and the rest follows. We see then very plainly here, that the common-sense aspect of the treatment is to find and administer at once the antidote to the poison, or, if this may not be, we must bring all collateral aids to the assistance of nature in fighting the battle. A poison wears itself out, just as a warrior spends his force,—the power that can stand it longest comes out conqueror. But what is meant by such assistance? Better here call at once the physician to advise in the particular case ; but if no doctor be by, then is meant by such assistance ammonia water, brandy, beef-tea, cod-liver oil, rich roast beef, sea-bathing, horseback exercise, any and every thing which stimulates and supports a man. The brandy or the whisky for the rattlesnake-bite ; the rare beef, the sea-bathing, the horseback exercise, for the poison of scrofulosis.

But there is a much more every-day aspect of this

matter, and if the reader will heed fully and understand just what I shall most plainly tell him, it may very well be that his outlay for our book shall some time or other prove the purchase-money of his life.

One of the most common expressions heard, and heard everywhere, is, "I have taken a cold." Where one man has died in battle, a thousand have died from taking cold; and of every thousand dying, five hundred have come to their fate from not knowing what a cold is. As a physician, I am satisfied I do not overstate this.

Now, what I propose here is to tell the reader just exactly what a cold is, and the principle on which the doctor treats it. The whole gist of the matter is very simple, so much so, indeed, that you will likely be prompted to ask "if that is all;" and yet all it will be.

A Cold means a disturbance, from exposure, of the circulation; such exposure may have been either to cold, to heat, or to draughts. Flowing through the circulatory system of a man is that material which we call the blood. In a state of equipoise, or non-derangement, every part has alike of this fluid its proper proportion; there is just so much circulating through his lungs, just so much in his liver, so much in his spleen, so much in his feet; every part has enough, but not overmuch; he is comfortable, in health, in ease.

Now we will make a cold.

Four friends go out for a walk on a sloppy winter's day, and all come back with wet feet. Or the four, on a summer's afternoon, go out for a row on the lake or river; becoming overheated from exertion, each throws off his vest or neckcloth, luxuriating in the breeze which

so rapidly and delightfully refreshes. Next day the four are sick ; all have taken a cold. One, however, has Pneumonia, a second Pleurisy, a third Inflammation of the bowels, and the fourth Lumbago. In other words, all have the same thing, yet all have different diseases. This is their condition. The cold, impinging on the surface of their wet feet, or over their exposed chests and necks, so contracted the small vessels of those parts that all the blood was driven out of them ; this fluid had, of course, to go somewhere, so it intruded on the circulation of other parts ; it became, in reality, through its excess, an irritant ; it overstimulated, it overcongested. In the case of the first patient, the lungs were his weakest organs ; these had not the vital force to contract upon and drive back the current intruding on them, so the fluid forced itself into arteries and capillaries, and gorged them ; this is Pneumonia ; the other parts saved themselves alone through their superior vitality ; they possessed the capability of resistance and antagonism. In the second case the pleura was the weak part ; in the third, the abdominal viscera ; in the fourth, the muscles of the back.

We have, then, our four patients, all laboring under congestions, all afflicted through a common derangement of their circulatory systems ; the principle involved in all being precisely the same. If just here may be accomplished the restoration of the deranged equilibrium, the four will be well on the third morning ; if such equipoise may not be secured, one out of the four will most likely succumb, a second be converted into a life-long invalid ; the third and fourth may escape with more or less injury.

What can be done? The indication is to relieve the overburdened part. How?

We will take the lung as our example. The organ is full, overfull, of blood; the man is drowning from the engorging fluid; the vessels and capillaries of the part cannot contract upon themselves to their own emptying because of this overfullness which is the destruction of their tonicity; assist now to get away any part of this excess, and nature will take care of the balance. To get away part of this blood is then the object. This may be attempted in any way that promises to fulfill the indication. First, if the feet of a man be placed in a bucket of hot water, it is soon remarked that the parts grow red and engorged; this is because the capillaries are enlarged, and the blood, by gravitation and attraction, has filled every part. This blood must come from somewhere; it comes as much from the overfilled lung as any other part; the lung thus, perhaps, unburdened to the limit of its contractile power, the trouble is ended. A single hot footbath, or a repetition of these, has saved a multitude of lives; one might not count them.

A second principle of relief to a congested part is to get into bed and drink hot tea until thrown into profuse perspiration. Now, as perspiration is the water of the blood, a man cannot sweat without casting off so much from the volume of the blood. In this way congestion is often speedily relieved.

A third manner is found in reducing the volume through the use of what are called hydragogue cathartics. A dose of Epsom salts, for instance, may reduce the quantity of water in a man's blood to the extent

of a quart, and this, in a congestion, might very well be his salvation. In conjunction with the depletory medicine the physician almost invariably prescribes opiates; this is with the object of soothing and quieting the irritated and worried nervous system.

A man recognizes he has taken cold through a sense of feverishness and heat that takes possession of him. This is likely his very first symptom; it is the condition of a simple deranged circulation; at no particular point is there especial derangement, but the system at large is in a state of irritability. A quieting, soothing influence, any one may recognize, is just now the indication; it is really the case that the nervous center, like an ill officer, has become fussy from some fright, ordering, if you please, the troops here and there, without apparently any good reason. If the center was less impressible, or a trifle more indifferent, nothing would be felt to be wrong,—indeed, nothing would be wrong. Anything which a man has recognized to be soothing to him is here in place; few things are better than lemonade made very acid, and if, in conjunction with this, the patient will take, on going to bed, twenty grains of the bromide of potassium, the chances are that next morning he will get up well. If he does not, yet feels no worse, or it may be a little better, then he is simply to continue his lemonade and potassium through the day, at least two lemons to be consumed with the first, and fifteen to twenty grains of the latter dissolved in a wineglass of water, three times repeated during the day. Under such a course it is much more than likely that the circulation will be found to calm itself as do the waters after a storm.

We are, however, in our lesson, to look at the opposite aspect of the matter ; perhaps the patient grows worse instead of better. A sense of fullness is felt in the head, or oppression in the chest. This is because a weak part is being overflowed,—the weak point, physically, of the individual. A man can always learn of such weak point through a cold. He has now the condition and indications found and described with the four Rovers. Now is the call for relief loud and pressing. It is the condition of a country overrun and overburdened with its own troops ; these must be gotten away, all of them, and the quicker the better. Here, then, is the demand for the hot foot-bath, the sweating medicines, the diuretics, the cathartics, and, if the individual be of full habit and plethoric, it may be that it shall be necessary to destroy the troops in bulk by bloodletting. This last, however, is seldom necessary ; proper generalship will save both country and troops.

This, then, is a cold, and the principle given is that on which it is treated. To this extent has the reader learned of medicine and become indoctrinated in physianthropy.

To the inquiring reader it will not be without interest or profit to advance one step farther, and to consider the pathological expressions of inflammation. This shall complete for him a little circle, yet, in itself, a full one.

The term Inflammation is derived from two Latin roots,—“in,” within, and “flammo,” to burn,—and signifies a heat, or burning. It is, as we have expressed

it, a perverted condition of the circulation, and may be more or less complete, or marked. The phenomena which characterize such perversion of the circulation, or Inflammation, are, as we see them exhibited on any affected part of the external body, Redness, Heat, Pain, and Swelling. To understand the expressions of these phenomena, is to understand Inflammation. First, then, as to the redness. Blood is red. If a very little red pigment be put into a large quantity of white, it is more than likely we shall fail to perceive that the shade has been altered ; increase the red, however, and the white shades until, at length, the mass shall be red and not white. If one looks at his hand, he recognizes that it is a white with a red shade ; the white is the natural color of the part, and the shade is of the blood ; the hand of a dead man, in which there is no circulation, is white. If, now, the hand is hurt, the blood, on the principle referred to, comes rushing to it from every part of the system ; thus it quickly grows red, and the more the congestion,—that is, the more blood,—the redder it becomes. Redness, then, is simply the presence of blood.

HEAT.—This has a twofold explanation : first, the temperature of the blood itself. A little blood, such as circulates naturally in a part, is not felt to be hot, because its temperature is modified by the atmosphere impinging on every part of the superficies of the body ; but when excess of blood is sent to any part, when in bulk it is poured out, then the quantity antagonizes the refrigerating influence. This is one source of the heat felt in an inflamed part. A second is friction. In inflammation the blood rushes along the vessels with

a greatly increased velocity; the pulse of the part is felt to be double or treble; velocity, antagonized, correlates itself into heat.

PAIN.—Every part of the human system is plentifully endowed with nerves. Pain, in inflammation, results from the pressure of the excessive bulk of blood upon these nerves. The most simple illustration may be found in an aching tooth; the center of a tooth is an ivory-bounded cavity, in which exists what is called its pulp, or flesh; in this pulp ramify arteries, veins, and a delicate nerve. Now, we have only to imagine an accident which shall inflame this pulp, by which we have seen that we mean the sending to it of an excess of blood, to recognize that the nerve would be crowded and worried; pain is its expression of such worriment, and whatever might be the modification made in a nerve through the long persistence of an inflammation, the primary expression of pain has only the single meaning of pressure, as witness the immediate cessation of such pain upon the removal of pressure.

SWELLING.—This, *imprimis*, depends on the excess of blood in a part. An ounce of anything would necessarily make a greater volume, if uncompressed, than would half an ounce. Second, swelling is caused by effusions; when a blood-vessel is overdistended, the water of the blood, or serum, as it is termed, oozes through the attenuated coats. Lymph, another element of the blood, also is effused, or secreted. When a swelling is of serum, it is elastic and like a water bag; when of lymph, it is doughy and pitting.

These, then, are the expressions of the phenomena, and thus are they to be understood. Inflammation not

unfrequently relieves itself through an effusion. A patient suffering from an inflammatory attack breaks out into a profuse perspiration, and his trouble thus finds end. So, oftentimes, is pain relieved through effusion, and the whole train of a local disease aborted. Swelling, then, is seen to be a very simple matter, not, as a rule, furnishing any source for alarm, but rather the reverse.

I come now to take leave of the reader, and, in doing so, am minded to ask him to remember the mask of the incognito we have met under. If one has listeners, it is pleasanter to tell his thoughts than to keep them to himself. If the talks and reflections of these "Odd Hours" have been at all relished, or have had found in them any import of good, it might be that, on a future occasion, objection will not be felt to another visit from

JOHN DARBY.





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